LAURENUS CLARK SEELYE

HARRIET SEELYE RHEES

Charles H. Payson
Fund

LAURENUS CLARK SEELYE

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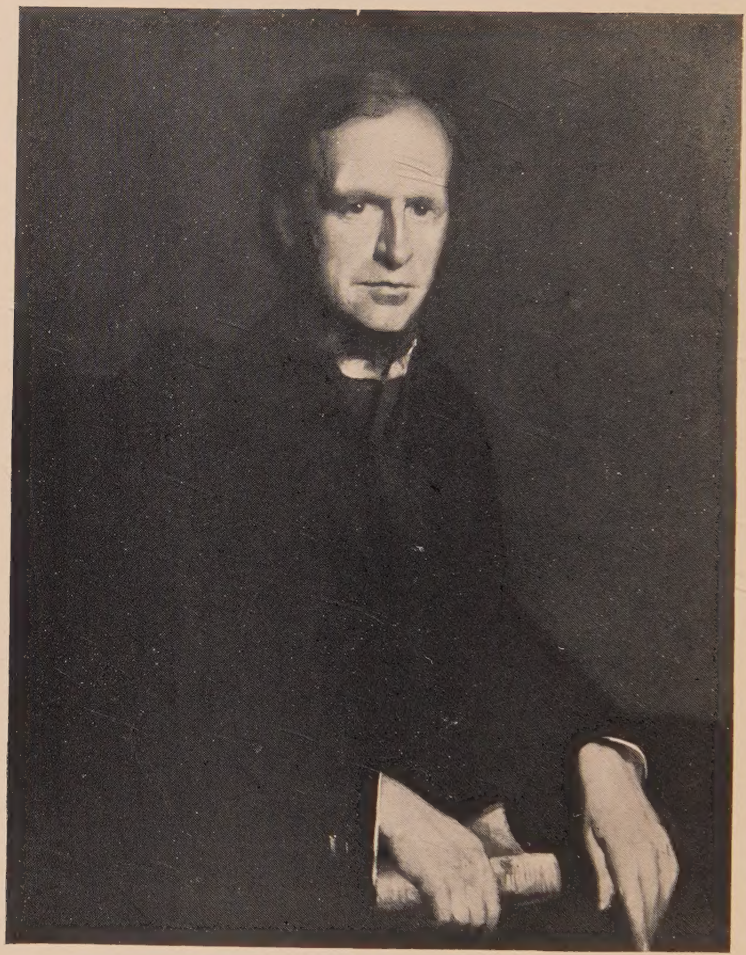

L. Clark Seelye

O'Neill

LAURENUS CLARK SEELYE

First President of Smith College

BY HIS DAUGHTER
HARRIET SEELYE RHEES

WITH A FOREWORD BY
WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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TO

RUSH RHEES

THE DEAREST FRIEND THAT I CAN EVER HAVE
WITHOUT WHOSE CONSTANT ENCOURAGEMENT
PRACTICAL HELP AND DISCERNING CRITICISM
THIS BIOGRAPHY COULD NOT HAVE
BEEN WRITTEN

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FOREWORD

I WISH to begin this foreward with a confession. When I first heard that a biography of President Seelye was being planned, I felt serious misgivings. I was fully conscious that of L. Clark Seelye, the man, there was much to say, as any one who ever came within his range must have been conscious. But to the reading public I thought that he was mainly of interest as the President of Smith College, and that in writing the history of his thirty-five years in this position he had largely satisfied public curiosity and thus anticipated any future biographer in the use of the most interesting part of the available material. His private life and characteristics, I feared, would interest only a small and intimate circle.

The reading of the following chapters has convinced me that I was wrong. My whole perspective is reversed. Instead of seeing Dr. Seelye as the man who made Smith College, I now see Smith College as one, though the greatest, of the achievements of Dr. Seelye. And this remarkable result is due to two factors: the quite extraordinary combination of charm and power in the subject of the biography, and the union of filial understanding and clear-sightedness in the author.

Mrs. Rhees begins by comparing Mr. Seelye to an old portrait. This is just. He could have been painted by Dürer or Holbein, or some master of clear outline and firmly modeled feature. But this book does much more than present such a portrait of the mature man. It traces with compelling interest his growth from his boyhood in a Connecticut farmhouse, through his life at school and college, his all-important years of travel

in the old world, his short pastorate at Springfield, his career as professor at Amherst — all before he embarked on his campaign for the higher education of women. The impression derived from the story of these first thirty-six years is that of a youth nurtured in a fine Puritan tradition, uncertain in health and often distrustful of his strength to follow his chosen career of the ministry, but losing no chance to add to his equipment, growing constantly in inner power, and expanding in range of knowledge and sympathy and tolerance. One is constantly reminded of the young Milton at the time when he wrote the sonnet on his twenty-third birthday. As the date of Mr. Seelye's return to his preparation for his profession was again and again postponed, he too might have said,

> Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
> It shall be still in strictest measure even,
> To that same lot, however mean or high,
> Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
> All is, if I have grace to use it so,
> As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

With the courage exhibited in undertaking the apparently almost desperate task of founding the college in the face of hostility and lack of means we are already familiar, as we are with the superb faith and courage with which this task was carried to triumphant success. His own story of these years is shortly recapitulated here, with a minimum of repetition and with many new glimpses behind the scenes. What we have not been shown till now is the gracious family life, the chivalrous husband, the playful and affectionate father. The austere lines of the champion and the administrator are softened, and as the story proceeds admiration and reverence are more and more suffused with affection.

The third period, that of the President Emeritus, is

full of a touching nobility. The beauty of autumnal days hangs over the picture of the frail but erect figure. Freed from responsibility he followed with keen yet placid interest the growth and flourishing of the tree he had planted and cherished. One sees him yet as he paced the length of Elm Street or strolled along the paths of the Campus, stopping from time to time to gaze at the oaks and elms, and feast on the spectacle of growth and fruition. He saw of the travail of his soul and was satisfied.

Such is the story of these pages, a moving story, worthily told. I am honored to be allowed to commend them to the daughters of the college he made, and to all who care not only to read a narrative of brave tenacity in the accomplishment of noble ends, but to get to know what the New England tradition at its finest can produce.

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

SMITH COLLEGE,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I DESIRE to acknowledge with grateful appreciation the assistance rendered to me in the preparation of this book by my brothers and sisters, in particular my sister Abigail (Mrs. Charles L. Scudder); by the daughters of my father's brothers, in particular my cousin Miss Henrietta H. Seelye, daughter of Henry; by Professor John R. Slater of the University of Rochester, who has been kind enough to read the manuscript twice and has offered valuable suggestions; by men who were students under my father in Amherst College, and by teachers and alumnae of Smith College who have furnished valuable reminiscences and data. To all of these this book owes much.

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LAURENUS CLARK SEELYE

LAURENUS CLARK SEELYE

* * *

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

THE first president of Smith College was of a type which already belongs to old portraits, a type which, although it was manifest in him from his youth, is seldom found now except in the very old. A gentleman of the old school, a courteous and scholarly figure, one sees him slight and erect, throwing up his head to withstand the attack of some enemy of higher education for women, or inclining it graciously to listen to some tale of trouble, or standing at the chapel desk to deliver the familiar exhortation to his students to conduct themselves like refined young women. Where is the rising generation to look for such stately charm, such dignified politeness, such gentle firmness? To succeeding generations the gentleman of the old school will be the ultra-modern person of to-day.

Laurenus Clark Seelye was a picturesque and lovable figure. Perhaps his life was too fortunate and happy to make a highly dramatic or romantic story, but it was significant and interesting, and he enjoyed it. He did not have to struggle as a boy against poverty or neglect; he did not discover a new country or sail to remote parts of the globe; he did not fight pirates or even soldiers. Nevertheless, he was without question an adventurer and a pioneer. He set out over the uncharted seas of the higher education of women and steered the leaky vessel of Smith College through

rocks and reefs which would have daunted a man of less adventurous spirit; he marched along untrodden ways to establish his institution on firm ground; he fought with untried weapons against strongholds of prejudice and skepticism which had been secure for centuries.

He was a logical result of his New England forbears. However thin the blood of the Puritans may seem in young people of to-day, in him it was undiluted. He had their single-mindedness, their courage, their grim persistence, their dauntless indifference to circumstance, their defiance of obstacles. Had he been stranded on an island of the sea, he would have manifested the same characteristics; no doubt he would have managed to found a colony to promote education and high thinking, or else he would have made a way to escape. Had he been born forty years later, he might even have escaped in an airplane, for his interest in aërial navigation amounted to almost a passion throughout his life.

Among adventurers on land or sea or in the air, most are venturing for the sake of pleasure or gold or fame or romance, or of late for the sake of science or good will. None of these motives influenced the Puritans; they embarked on stormy seas from a sense of duty. They landed on the bleak shores of Massachusetts, guided by that uncomfortable kind of conscience which bids its owner do a difficult thing because he does not wish to do it. Nevertheless, they doubtless had their moments when the lure of the unknown was stronger than the call of duty; a passion for adventure, however austere, was in their blood and they passed it on. Both that passion and that conscience were necessary to the development of the character of L. Clark Seelye.

Both characteristics determined his course as a

pioneer. His career lacked the physical hardships and the romance of the early settlers who were his ancestors. There was no clearing of forests for log houses; but there had to be a clearing of hostility from the minds of men. Various attempts had been made already; there had been other valiant pioneers in the field of 'female education.' The condition of woman's tuition in 1873 had emerged from its mediæval state. Mary Lyon had rescued her sisters from their wistful position as listeners on the doorstep of the district school. A few institutions were offering girls the privileges of a college curriculum, although even these were not giving anything like the opportunities which they themselves are providing at present. The idea that women should be given actually the same education as that received by men was too far beyond the apprehension of the general public to be taken seriously.

The idea was by no means original with the first president of Smith College; it had existed for many years in the minds of a few. When, however, L. Clark Seelye decided to give up his congenial life as professor in Amherst College and cast in his lot with the extremely unpromising adventure of Smith College, he adopted the principle of equal educational privileges for men and women and maintained it with the unflinching determination of his Puritan fathers against an opposition so fierce and bitter that an undergraduate of to-day would have difficulty in believing it. He saw the difficulties and foretold the struggles in the way of the new institution, but his belief in the victory of womanhood was so deep that storms of hostility did not disturb its tranquillity.

Few men have lived to see faith vindicated on such a scale; few are granted so many years in which to watch their dreams come true. The thousands of col-

lege girls throughout this land joyously pursuing the best education America has to offer owe their privileges in part to the fight waged by the first president of Smith College against what were heavy odds in the first decade of that unpopular enterprise. He lived to see hundreds of daughters of alumnæ come to Smith College because of the ideals which he had inspired in their mothers, a living proof of the success of his work.

To the hearts and lives of his beloved alumnæ in every State of the Union, President Seelye could look for the justification of his faith, a faith not limited to the triumph of higher education for their sex. It was far more than the hard-won privileges of learning that he desired for his students. He fought for these against the world, but he considered them only a means to an end, and that end was the development of the highest womanhood. The privileges of learning became an accepted liberty, but he never ceased to strive that Smith College students might approach the real goal of education.

In his day it hardly could have been called overconservative to champion a cause as far beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mind as that of the higher education of women; to fight for a womanhood that was considered too 'advanced' for propriety; to stand for a curriculum thought to be impossible for female minds. Yet, judged by modern standards, the first president of Smith College might seem sadly old-fashioned. He put character before scholarship. He cared more for the welfare and health of his students than for their attainments. He attached more importance to the character of his teachers than to their academic reputation. He devoted his life to giving the best possible education to woman because it would further the best growth of her soul.

Half a century furnishes time for manifold change and development. Two generations ought to represent significant progress. The woman of fifty years ago, even the woman of twenty-five years ago, cannot be a pattern for the present graduating class. As long as Smith College shall stand, however, it will strive for an ideal womanhood. That ideal will differ outwardly from that of its first president, but his spirit still will be felt and his admonition heard: Be ye perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect.

CHAPTER II

BACKGROUND AND CHILDHOOD

THE Puritan forbears from whom Seelyes of to-day like to think they derive most of their characteristics, good and bad, did not differ greatly from other early settlers multiplying rapidly along the New England coast. 'We can take care of ourselves' was an established motto in the early Seelye families, but doubtless they were no more independent than their neighbors. They were 'piously inclined, reverential, yet efficient,' but so were the other members of those Godly communities founded in the name of religious liberty and devoted to the enforcement of religious tyranny.

The name is spelled in various ways; tradition allies it to the name of the Scilly Isles, formerly spelled with like variety. Tradition, moreover, carries the family back to Sir Benedict Sealy or Sely, who was beheaded in 1400 for his loyalty to King Richard; and to Sir Benedict's descendant, William Seely or Sealy, who was mayor of Bridgewater, Somerset County, England, early in the seventeenth century.

Laurenus Clark Seelye never cared to accentuate these uncertain lines in his background, nor would he accept the coat of arms from Burke's General Armory, with its motto, 'Fac et Spera.' His pedigree began for him with Robert Seely, who sailed from the Isle of Wight in the spring of 1630 as captain of one of the eleven vessels of John Winthrop's fleet. This ancestor had all the elements of the true pioneer. After landing at Salem, with his wife, his servant, and his two sons, he made his way with a few like venturesome souls, to the Charles River in search of a spot where

they might found a church with no one more hostile to their religious freedom than Indians. They started a settlement which developed into the village of Watertown, and here Robert Seely established his family for a time while he adventured along the coast, helping to found settlements in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and as far south as New Jersey, a long journey from Massachusetts Bay in those days. He stayed long enough in Watertown, however, to help organize in July, 1830, a branch of that stern Congregational Church from whose domination he never could escape. As the Established Church of the State, it governed his religion, it controlled his politics, and it conferred the privileges which were necessary to his progress. This, however, was all a part of the life which Robert Seely had crossed the seas to be able to live, a part of the liberty which he, like the others under that autocratic rule, believed that he was enjoying.

To gain this liberty, he applied as soon as possible after the building of the Watertown church to be made freeman, that curious status, part political, part ecclesiastical, so important in early Massachusetts and Connecticut. Had Robert Seely been Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Baptist, he could not have helped elect a selectman for his village. No matter how saintly his own character might be, he could receive the suffrage only on the certificate of a minister that he was a member in good and regular standing of some Congregational church. The orthodoxy and political rank of Robert Seely are established therefore from the fact that he was among the one hundred and ten persons who took the 'oath of freedom' at the first General Court of Massachusetts on May 18, 1631, and was thus entitled to vote under the State Church.

All sorts of military positions in the various new

settlements were filled by this Puritan pioneer — indeed, it is difficult to picture him in peaceful domestic surroundings. One cannot guess even how long his first wife kept his hearth bright for him. It is certain that she faced the hard new life with him, we may hope bravely, but her name is not mentioned and there is no mention of her death. There is no record to determine how old Robert was when he died on October 19, 1667, but he lived to see thirteen grandchildren and it is to be hoped that he had leisure to enjoy them.

His descendants brought up large families with delightful Puritan names. Few of them wandered far from the coast, most of them settling along the Connecticut seaboard, in New Haven, Wethersfield, Fairfield, Danbury, Bethel. Except that they passed on sturdy Puritan virtues with the Puritan names, they do not interest us until we come to the seventh generation. 'Squire Nathan' Seelye, born in 1766, in Stratfield Parish, Fairfield, married Hannah Hawley in 1790. The third of their eight sons, Seth, was born in 1795 and became the father of the subject of this biography.

Seth's wife, Abigail Taylor, had a background of the same type as his own, reaching back through seven generations of Connecticut Puritans to John Taylor, who, with his wife Rhoda, came from England in 1639 and settled in Windsor. It is an interesting coincidence that their son John settled in Northampton, Massachusetts, and owned eighty acres of land on what is now Elm Street, not far from the spot where a kinsman, seven generations later, lived and worked for a kind of education which would have seemed to him quite preposterous. It was not John, however, who was the direct ancestor of the first president of Smith College, but the younger son Thomas, who as freeman

ABIGAIL TAYLOR SEELYE

SETH SEELYE

and member of the General Assembly of Norwalk, Connecticut, joined with six others in 1684 to settle the town of Danbury, a few miles distant, a town where most of their descendants were living when one of their number, Samuel Taylor, married Abigail Clark on November 17, 1763, a momentous date, as will be seen, in the life of their great-grandson, Laurenus Clark Seelye.

The girl whom Samuel's son Thomas married was Elizabeth Benedict, likewise a descendant of the original settlers of Danbury, although her family moved to Bethel when she was a child. The manner of their removal may not have seemed extraordinary in Revolutionary days, but it became a cherished bit of family history, kept vivid by the presence in the Bethel homestead of a large oxhide-covered chest with massive hinges and hasp. The chest is now preserved in the Northampton home, with this memorandum on the inside of the lid, written and put there by my mother: 'During the Revolutionary War, when Danbury was devastated by the soldiers, L. C. Seelye's grandmother, Elizabeth Benedict (Taylor), then a child, escaped with her parents who put her into this chest for safety and convenience.' The British entered Danbury in April, 1777, so that Elizabeth, born in 1771, would have been small enough to have plenty of room in the great chest, while the father and mother drove the cart which carried it along the three miles from Danbury to Bethel, long miles to cover when the enemy was burning the town behind them.

Thomas and Elizabeth Taylor were important figures of the little village of Bethel. Shrewd, energetic Squire Thomas became a leader in village enterprises, and the successful management of his farm brought him an income which seems to have increased

his prestige. Something of his position may be gathered from the impression he made upon a small boy of Bethel who became the famous showman, P. T. Barnum. In a reminiscent speech on the occasion of presenting a public fountain to his native village, Mr. Barnum spoke thus of the man who became L. Clark Seelye's grandfather:

'Squire Tom Taylor sometimes wore white-topped boots. He was a large majestic-looking man of great will force and was considered the richest man in Bethel. Mr. Eli Judd was marked second in point of wealth. Every year I took twelve dollars to Esquire Tom Taylor to pay the interest on a two hundred dollar note which my father owed to him. . . . I trembled with awe to think that I stood in the presence of such wonderfully rich men. It was estimated that the richer of them was actually worth three thousand dollars! Esquire Tom Taylor made quite a revolution here by one act. He got two yards of figured carpet to put down in front of his bed in the winter because the bare board floor was too cold for his feet while he was dressing. This was a big event in the social life of the day, and Esquire Tom was thought to be putting on airs which his great wealth alone permitted!'

Squire Thomas had only three children, a son who died young and two daughters; Elizabeth, who married the scholar and philosopher, Laurens P. Hickok, and Abigail, who married Seth Seelye. Elizabeth had no children, but she and her husband were so unselfishly devoted to their nieces and nephews that without their help and influence the lives of Clark Seelye and his brothers and sisters might have been very different, with little encouragement to escape from Bethel. The offspring of Abigail and Seth Seelye numbered ten, a family of quite the usual and proper size. In the mas-

sive family Bible the list of sons and daughters is given thus:

Thomas Taylor	born	Aug. 23, 1818	died	Feb. 6,	1890
Elizabeth Benedict	"	Aug. 16, 1820	"	June 16,	1822
Samuel Taylor	"	Oct. 24, 1822	"	Feb. 24,	1902
Julius Hawley	"	Sept. 14, 1824	"	May 12,	1895
Henry Eckford	"	June 20, 1827	"	Aug. 17,	1913
Elizabeth Benedict	"	Aug. 27, 1829	"	Feb. 22,	1880
Abigail Clark	"	Aug. 27, 1831	"	Sept.	1833
Hannah Hawley	"	Dec. 20, 1833	"	June 9,	1912
Laurenus Clark	"	Sept. 20, 1837	"	Oct. 12,	1924
A Daughter	"	May 1839			

The desire of the mother to have a daughter named after the illustrious heroine of the chest is manifest from the fact that when the first namesake did not live to be two years old she named the next daughter likewise Elizabeth Benedict. The stock of feminine names did not seem to be as plentiful as those for boys. The last little girl, who lived only a few weeks, seems never to have had a name, whereas when the fifth boy arrived the supply, far from running low, seems to have been adequate for still more sons. The origin of the name Laurenus is explained by its bearer in a letter written on the birth of a grandson who was named after him, nearly three-quarters of a century after the first bestowal of the name.

'*Jan.* 26, 1911

'My dear Walter:

'We were delighted to hear from you by telephone this morning and to learn that we were the richer by another grandson. Long life to the dear little fellow!

'My heart warms with love already to my namesake and I trust he will far surpass his grandfather in praiseworthy deeds.

'Let me suggest, if you have already decided to give him his grandfather's name, that you make it Laurens instead of Laurenus.

'Laurens was the name, as I have been told, which my mother first chose for me, but in deference to my father's wish, who wanted me called Irenus, she compromised and the names were united. Laurens was the name of one of the presidents of the Continental Congress and a noted and honored Revolutionary patriot, and also the name of Uncle Hickok, and I think is not improved by the Latin termination affixed to mine. If called Laurens he would still be called after his grandfather and could write his name if desired L. Clark Seelye Jr. But you and Anne should do that which you would like best and we shall be satisfied with your decision whatever it may be — only let me know in season to have it engraved correctly on the cup which I shall be pleased to give him. . . .

'A dozen grandchildren — a number easy to remember and suggestive of immense possibilities! God bless them all!

'Most affectionately your

'FATHER'

Notwithstanding this suggestion, the grandson was given the full name, and it was plain that his grandfather was gratified by the fact! The name Laurenus was always disliked, however, by its first bearer, who never used it except in signing college diplomas. It is impossible to say just when he shortened it to the initial which he invariably used after he entered the ministry. As a small boy at home he was called 'Rene.' In letters written at about thirteen years of age, we find sometimes Laurenus and sometimes Clark.

The early years of Laurenus Clark were natural,

happy, and auspicious, a fit beginning for a life full of joy and affection. As the youngest child of a large family, he was the particular object of the suppressed tenderness of an undemonstrative New England group. Always they made allowances for the delicate little boy and gave him generously of the best that the family could devise in the way of education and worldly advantages. They watched his development with especial pride. In spite of the successful careers of the older brothers, the fairies were supposed to have surrounded the cradle of the youngest son with their best gifts and no one grudged them to him. He liked to talk of his childhood, perhaps most of all in the leisurely days after he had assumed the title of President Emeritus. It was during these leisurely days, at least, that his wife wrote down a few of his reminiscences, as they came from his own lips while they sat together on the porch on summer evenings or by the fire on winter nights. They are given here as she wrote them.

'All that Clark can remember of his grandfather Seelye is his coming down from Danbury now and then, a quiet old gentleman with an ivory-headed cane, and sitting down before the fire. His grandmother Seelye died before his remembrance. Their seven sons, Clark's father and uncles, were among the strongest and best citizens of Bethel. Their names were: Aaron, Isaac, Seth, Frederick, George, Harry, and Ransom. One was engaged in banking business, two others owned large hat factories, most of them were pillars of the church. Seth, Clark's father, was a merchant and also lived on a large farm. All lived and died in Bethel except George whose home was in New York. Harry and Ransom and a sister were blind from their youth.

'Grandfather and grandmother Taylor also lived in Bethel, but the grandfather, "Squire Taylor," died a

few months before Clark was born. He was a forceful man, of strong intellect, lively and jolly, and the grandee of the town, always scrupulously dressed in satin knee-breeches and silver buckles with his hair in a queue. Grandmother Taylor was a woman of great strength of character and strong personality. She lived opposite the Seelye house after her husband's death, and little Clark loved to go over and spend the night with her, when he was a little boy, and get some of her good "clam batter" for supper. He would ask in the morning if he kept her awake. She would not disturb his peace by her answer, but she told his mother that he "kicked like a young colt." She spent her last years in Mother Seelye's family. Grandmother Seelye was disposed to be critical of the girls, Lizzie and Hannah; nothing in their dress or manner escaped her eye, so they were not very fond of her, but she was indulgent to Clark and he loved her. He often sat in her room and watched the sunset while she told him stories.

'The Seelye homestead is attractive in appearance, the house being of the style much in vogue in the early part of the century, with large pillars in front, reaching to the roof, with granite-floored piazza. There was a fine lawn and garden with shade and fruit trees but intrusive railroads have changed the aspect in later years.

'When Clark was a little fellow, about three years old and still in dresses, he found in his grandmother's sink a cup containing what he supposed to be coffee and began to drink it, but it was vitriol and burned him so that he did not swallow it. His little dress was burned by the drops that fell upon it and powerful medicine was given him lest some of the vitriol went into his stomach, so that for some time after he was quite ill.

'He was an imaginative child and easily frightened

and excited. A servant girl who lived in the family worked upon his sensitive nature by telling him fearful stories and filling the darkness with terrors for him, causing him much suffering until he was old enough to overcome it.

'Clark, like most little brothers, went swimming with the older boys, saying nothing about it at home. It was not discovered until one night, when he was going to bed, his mother found his shirt was wrong side out and he was obliged to confess. She was merciful to him, however, and only made him promise not to go into water over his head.

'There were sixty or seventy relatives living in Bethel and Danbury, and there were occasional social gatherings at the Seelye house which Clark says were very merry. He remembers his brother Thomas coming home with his wife soon after their marriage, and a general family party being given for them. Poor little Clark had been vaccinated and was so feverish and ill that he comforted himself by lying with his head in his mother's lap whenever he could get a chance — but his greatest grief was that he could not have any of the frosted cake.

'Among Clark's earliest recollections is a drive which he took when he was about eight years old. Henry drove him and his sister Hannah — about four years older — to Bridgeport for a day's outing, and to each was given a little money to spend. They started about three o'clock on a summer morning while the crescent moon was still in the sky, and the little boy was struck with awe at the strangeness of it. After reaching Bridgeport, Clark and Hannah wandered about the streets trying to decide upon the best use for their money. Finally Clark bought a ten-cent story book, with the complacent feeling that his literary taste

would please his mother, while Hannah bought a doll and both indulged in candy. When they started for home, toward the end of the day, Henry seated himself comfortably with his feet on the dashboard and read the book all the way home, while Clark drove. At the end of the journey he handed the book to his mother saying it was not fit for Clark to read. This was a great blow to Clark, but his mother pacified him by refunding the ten cents.

'It was probably about this time that Clark took his first journey in a steam car and was so filled with wonder and awe that he took off his hat as he entered the car. Clark also remembers taking a carriage journey with his father and mother, seated between them. They went first to Woodbury where Thomas and his wife were living, and from there to Wolcottville where Samuel was settled as a minister. It was soon after his marriage, and Clark recalls the frail young bride, wrapped in a shawl, for she had consumption and lived but a few months after their marriage.

'Soon after this trip, when Clark was about nine years old, his brothers urged his being sent to Woodbury to school and living with Thomas, so the little boy started off with high expectations, quite triumphant over Hannah who was obliged to stay at home. It was not many miles away from home but by the time night came the little fellow was homesick enough. He remembers going into the little room where he was to sleep, with its cold-looking white curtains, and how he crept into bed and cried himself to sleep, without his mother to tuck him up. Before many days he wrote home, begging them to come for him, and some of the boys actually drove over to Woodbury and threw him into an ecstasy of delight until he found he was not to be taken home after all.

'He remained at Woodbury but a short time, for the school broke up, and he was then sent to the Old Hadley Academy where Mr. Henshaw, a friend of Julius, was principal. He also lived in Mr. Henshaw's family. Again he was very homesick although less so than before, particularly after he made friends with Octavia Woodbridge, a girl a little older than himself whom he greatly admired. After leaving Hadley there was an interval during which Clark lived at home and went to school in Danbury. A school friend gave him a pair of rabbits which absorbed much of his time.

'The housekeeping in the early days was carried on in the old New England style, with a girl as "help" who was generally inefficient, so that Mother Seelye was in the habit of attending to the meals herself, doing much of the cooking, and she always went down early to see to the serving of breakfast. "Sally" was the "help" for many years and was allowed to stay on when she became more of a trial than a help. Lizzie and Hannah were taught to assist in the work of the house and Grandmother Taylor was greatly disturbed that they were not made to spin, though the custom was dying out at that time.[1]

'Mother Seelye was a woman of uncommon ability, strength of intellect and rich womanly qualities. She was vigorous, incisive, energetic and ruled the family with a strong though gentle hand. She was especially demonstrative to Clark who, being the youngest of the seven, was her pet. As long as she lived, even after his marriage, he was accustomed to lie on the lounge with his head on her lap while she smoothed his hair, a privilege which none of the others took.

'Father Seelye was a Puritan of the quiet, austere

[1] An old spinning wheel and a rude yarn winder were found in the attic of the homestead when it was taken over by the Bethel Library.

type. He lived in a lofty atmosphere of uprightness and seriousness. His voice was low and rarely heard except in prayer-meeting when it came out loud and high. He had little care for his personal appearance and no idea of style, so that his wife always laid out his clean shirt, tied his neck-tie and brushed his hair, Sunday morning, before he started for church. Clark stood more in awe of him than the older boys and never came to be on the footing of comradeship with him. He avoided his father's eye lest he should be sent out to work on the farm when he preferred a book in the house. Clark never realized that his father had any great affection for him until, when a young man, he was about to start for Europe after a severe illness. His father went to the steamer to see him off and when he said, "Good-bye, my son," Clark saw tears in his eyes which revealed what he had never seen in his father before.

'Father Seelye provided most generously for the education of his children. Thomas was sent to a medical school. Samuel went to the Western Reserve College where his Uncle Hickok, who had married his mother's sister Elizabeth, was president. Julius was very near-sighted and rather unpractical and was not considered as bright as the others, so his father destined him to take charge of the country store which he ran. It was thought that he would make a good sales man and could talk well to the girls about the goods. Clark remembers seeing him measure off calico to them while talking pleasantly. Henry was appointed to the farm because he was strong and understood matters there — but both boys found something better to do. Clark was of no use whatever on the farm and was early sent away to school.

'The seven children were quite different in tempera-

ment. Samuel and Lizzie, like their grandfather Taylor were jolly and rollicking and loved to tease. Julius and Hannah were more like their father; Julius was quiet, a lover of books, meditative and of a religious nature. His near-sightedness was not discovered while he was young and his want of clear vision together with his quiet manner led them to consider him dull, so that his college education was begun much later than that of the others though he soon overtook them. In those days a college-educated man was expected to become a minister and the three boys who received this education grew up with that profession in view.

'One of the little girls, who died at the age of two years, was a child of remarkable beauty and attractiveness, and was almost the idol of her mother. Mother Seelye has told me that whenever she tried to say the hymn:

> "The dearest idol I have known,
> Whate'er that idol be,
> Help me to tear it from thy throne
> And worship only thee,"

she thought of little Abigail and stopped half way; she could never finish it.'

My mother's narrative continues with an incident of Clark's graduation from college, followed by a few words concerning the close of his course of study at the theological seminary. The rest of her story, therefore, is reserved for a later chapter.

CHAPTER III

BETHEL

A SMALL village in a quiet farming country, Bethel, Connecticut, changes little with the passing generations. Huckleberries still can be gathered not far from its centre; Shelter Rock to the north looks down on much that stands as it did during the youth of Clark Seelye. Many of the quaint names of the school districts still persist: Grassy Plain, Plumtrees, Stony Hill, Wolfpits, Wildcat. The greatest change since the day when the Seelye homestead was built occurred as early as 1850 when the railroad was brought to the village and put through a part of Seth Seelye's meadowland. When the station was built not far from Seth's house, that part of the village gradually altered and the whistle of locomotives drowned the comfortable sounds of the lowing of cattle and whetting of scythes.

The little house in which Seth and Abigail first 'went to housekeeping,' on the site of the present homestead, was surrounded by wide acres of woodland, field, and pasture. Some of these acres were Abigail's inheritance from her father; the rest had been acquired by Seth, who had a keen eye for business along with his silent Puritan austerity. Moreover, Seth owned a 'general store,' opposite the home, removed from the rest of the village. No doubt this was a profitable source of income, although it was the farm which held the interest and affection of the family, especially of Abigail, who watched with stern diligence over the details of planting, sowing, reaping, calving.

When Clark was five years old, both business and

THE SEELYE HOMESTEAD, BETHEL, CONNECTICUT

farm had so prospered that Deacon Seth tore down the old house and, in 1842, built the present one, where Clark grew up. It was said at the time to be the finest house in Bethel. At least it was a pleasant, comfortable home to grow up in, although the family living there gradually dwindled, for the older sons married and moved away while Clark was a small boy. These older brothers, especially Thomas and Samuel, once free from Bethel themselves, were insistent that the youngest boy be sent away to school at an age when it would seem that he ought to have been under his mother's wing at home. From the time he was nine years old he was away more than he was at home, although there were many intervals spent on the farm. He was never so useful at farm work as the older boys, though in later days he liked to tell his children how he brought home the cows for milking, and he was made to take his share of such duties as he could perform. An old resident of Bethel remembers as a boy hearing that Deacon Seth Seelye's son, Laurenus Seelye, who was in college, was helping his father with the hay field, during his vacation.

The centre of interest for the family as for the village was the Congregational Church. Seth saw that each one of his children became a member in good and regular standing as early in life as possible, though to none was that fact as important as to the father. Seth Seelye's devotion to his church was a passion only equalled by his love to his wife, passions running deep and inarticulate in his austere and silent nature. His rank as deacon was such a genuine title of dignity that it must have been something grievous indeed which made him give up the position for a time. Reference to this temporary loss of prestige is found in a letter from Seth's brother-in-law, Dr. Hickok, but no reason

is given — perhaps some difference of opinion as to doctrine, some insistence on fundamentalism. Whatever the cause, one can imagine the taciturn Puritan eating his heart out in mute bitterness until the matter was settled. Even during this trouble, nevertheless, Seth Seelye's stern, thin-lipped countenance was never absent from meeting on the Sabbath or from the weekly prayer meeting, and he expected each member of his family to accompany him. 'Meeting seed' (fennel) was grown in the perennial garden and doled out before church to be munched during the sermon. In the early days, before the meeting-house was provided with heat, foot stoves were carefully filled with coals in winter and carried to the family pew.

My father liked to tell of two old ladies of Bethel who were greatly disturbed when the introduction of a stove at length took place in the Congregational Church. They felt that such pampering of the flesh must lessen the influence of religion on the spirit, and it was not the way they had been brought up. On the Sunday morning when the stove was to be used for the first time, the two old ladies fainted during the sermon and had to be carried out of church. The young people of the congregation could not suppress an unseemly hilarity when it transpired after service that the sexton had decided that the day was so mild that he need not light the fire.

It was well that Abigail's zeal for the church was not as consuming as that of her husband, for during the latter years of her life she was not able to walk the distance and was seldom at meeting, since it was not considered seemly to harness one of the horses on the Sabbath. Abigail's religious feeling, nevertheless, was deep and penetrating and influenced the entire family. It was the father who led at family prayers each morn-

ing, but it was the mother who prayed with the child apart when one had been naughty. It was she who insisted that a boy or girl who had done anything to be ashamed of should recite the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm.

As the child stood before the mother and began: 'O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me . . . there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether,' and proceeded through the lines, 'Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? . . . If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me,' finishing with the prayer, 'Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting,' the effect of the moving words and the expression on the mother's face invariably melted the culprit into contrition and remorse.

The youngest of a large family, it was natural that Laurenus Clark should owe much to its older members. His brothers began to control his upbringing and education almost from his birth, and during their lives he depended upon them for counsel and support. As is often the case in large families, the bond between them was remarkably strong and the tie of blood counted definitely with each one. The influence of this group of forceful and successful men upon the youngest brother cannot be ignored. What his early ambitions and later achievements might have been without their example and sympathy, one may not conjecture. Something as to their careers, therefore, is not out of place.

Thomas, the eldest son, had his early schooling in Bethel. Had it not been for the generosity of father

and mother, he and the other four sons might have spent their lives on the farm; even with the support of both parents, it doubtless took determination and initiative on Thomas's part to break away from the little village and go to New Haven to study in the medical department of Yale College. From New Haven, Thomas went to the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, from which he was graduated about 1840. He settled eventually in Cleveland, Ohio, where, in 1848, he built the Cleveland Water Cure, later the Cleveland Sanitarium, one of the earliest institutions of the kind in the country.

It was not surprising that the next son, Samuel, should go to Western Reserve College, then at Hudson, Ohio, where 'Uncle Hickok' was professor, for the Seelye family depended upon Uncle Hickok for guidance in all matters concerning education. After studying theology in Auburn Seminary, Samuel was pastor successively in Wolcottville (now Torrington), Connecticut, and Albany, New York. He doubtless would have stayed in Albany until the Civil War was over, but for a visit in 1863 to his brother Julius, then professor in Amherst College. It was Commencement time, and when the orator for one of the principal exercises failed to appear, Samuel Seelye was asked to take his place. With no preparation, he stepped to the platform before a large and critical audience, and thundered forth an address on the war which electrified his hearers and the whole region, and was the reason why he was called at once to the Congregational Church in Easthampton, Massachusetts. Easthampton was only about twelve miles from Julius at Amherst and about fifteen miles from Springfield, where Clark recently had settled, so that even in days dependent on steam cars and horses, the opportunity for frequent intercourse was attractive

and the strength of family feeling undoubtedly influenced Samuel to accept this call. He lived in Easthampton the rest of his life, active in all that went on in the village, diffusing cheer and inspiring hope wherever he went.

Perhaps the most distinguished of the five brothers who went out from Bethel, certainly the most varied in attainments, was Julius, who, because of his poor sight and his gentle ways, had been considered the dullard of the family. Before he died, Julius Hawley Seelye was recognized throughout the country as a profound scholar and metaphysician, a brilliant teacher and successful college president, a leader in the religious thought of the time and a prominent man in the political life of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

When he was twenty-one years old, 'Jule' had been relegated for life to the country store, of which he then had full charge, his parents considering further education for him not worth while. After the day's work in the dark little store was done, nevertheless, he was straining his weak eyes by candlelight, studying Greek and Latin by himself, so that when his intimate friend who had just entered Amherst College wrote to him in the fall of 1845, 'This is the place for us both! Come right up!' Julius persuaded his parents to let him attempt a college course. He joined his friend in January and entered the class of 1849 in Amherst. A born student, he found himself at once in his proper element, overtaking his class and easily keeping among the first in it. After being graduated from Amherst and from the Auburn Theological Seminary, he studied for a year in the University of Halle, Germany. He was pastor for five years of the Dutch Reformed Church in Schenectady, New York, whence he was called to the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Amherst

College in 1856. From the classes which he taught at Amherst, men went out to all parts of the country who still are conscious of what they owe to the influence of Julius Seelye. His personality as well as his intellect and his methods of instruction were characterized by extraordinary power and authority. He was called the Socrates of Amherst.

As President of the American Missionary Association and for many years a leading member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, he was interested in missionary enterprises in all parts of the world, so that he was glad to accept an invitation from missionaries in India, in 1872, to deliver a series of addresses to educated Hindus in that country. Julius Seelye was recognized by the cultured, high-caste Brahmins as a leader in the learning which had been their pride, and they gathered eagerly to discuss with him the great truths of religion.

After his return from India, he was elected a member of Congress, standing for purer politics, but during his second year in the Legislature President Stearns of Amherst College died, and Julius Seelye was called to succeed him. He accepted this position with reluctance; he had no inclination for the details of administration; his tastes were those of a scholar. In this, however, as in all that he undertook, his essential sincerity and intellectual strength made his thirteen years as president notable in the development of Amherst College.

The fourth brother, Henry, was ten years older than Clark, but these two were comrades in spite of the difference in age which seemed trifling beside the interval of nineteen years which separated Clark and Thomas. Henry was of a particularly lovable, affectionate nature, unselfish and unassertive, and he and

THE SEELYE BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Left to right: Julius, Hannah, Samuel, Clark, Thomas, Lizzie, Henry

Taken in Bethel, 1869

Clark kept up their special intimacy as long as he lived. Each of the four older brothers was over six feet tall with a broad, powerful frame, commanding, arresting figures all, and Henry was the tallest and most muscular of the family. Upon him, as he grew older, devolved most of the responsibility for the farm. Thomas and Samuel left home early, Julius was too near-sighted and unpractical for outdoor work, and little Clark was so slight and delicate that Henry generously spared him wherever he could, often taking upon himself the work that the younger boy was expected to do. Conscientiously he devoted his time, strength, and youth to the heavy work of the large farm, finding no chance to escape until he was twenty-one, when Thomas offered him a position at the Water Cure. Here he met a member of a prominent Chicago law firm, who saw in the tall, gaunt young man such a quick response and excellent ability that he invited him to read law in his office, an offer which Henry accepted eagerly, studying so assiduously that he was taken soon into the firm of Goodrich, Grant, and Goodrich, continuing in active practice in Chicago for more than fifty years. Life never went easily with Henry after the first Chicago fire, but no one saw him discouraged, and his eighty-six years were full of kindliness, generosity, and genial companionship.

The two sisters, Lizzie and Hannah, were the mainstay of the home, helpful in the house and superintending the conduct of the farm outside. Like the brothers they frequently broke away from Bethel, arranging their lives so that always there was one sister at home. Each spent winters with the brothers in Albany, Amherst, or Cleveland, or with Uncle and Aunt Hickok in Auburn or Schenectady, apparently glad to return to the quiet of Bethel and the homestead. After

Seth Seelye died in 1869 and Abigail followed him in 1871, Hannah and Lizzie spent the rest of their days in the old home, keeping up what was left of the farm. The old homestead retains its dignity and continues to dispense blessing and hospitality in the guise of the Bethel Free Library; the spirits of the family which built it and loved it doubtless hover still within its walls, rejoicing, we may hope, in its continued beauty and usefulness.

CHAPTER IV

SCHOOL DAYS AND COLLEGE

ACCORDING to the plan for the education of the youngest son agreed upon by the older brothers, Clark, when he was twelve years old, went to live with Samuel and Maria in Wolcottville. Fortunately three letters written home during this period were preserved by his mother. They present the conscientious and probably lonely child as only letters can. Life at the parsonage sounds cheerless enough for a boy of twelve, even with Fido to enliven it, but from one's knowledge of his exuberant temperament in later life, as well as of Samuel's irrepressible gaiety, one feels sure that not all days were as colorless as the one described.

The first letter has in childish handwriting, on the back of the faded blue sheet, 'Mrs Abigal Seelye,' and at the foot of this outside page is affixed a tiny pink stamp, such as were in vogue at the time, containing proper sentiments enclosed within a fancy border. An addition to the message, written in as small a compass as possible, stands above the stamp, so that it reads:

'I wish you would remember that
A LETTER
SOFTENS THE PAIN
OF ABSENCE'

'Wolcottville Feb 13 1850

'Dear Mother

'I received your letter and was verry glad to hear from you all, it being four weeks since I heard from home. I was greatly surprised to hear of so many fires

in Bethel. There must be some rogues there. You wished me to write to you what I do during the day. I do not think it will be verry interesting to you But as every day is about alike I will just write the History of one day. I get up at half past 6 Oclock in the morning and get ready for breakfast which we have at seven or at ¼ past seven After breakfast and prayers I go to walk. At nine Oclock I begin to study. I then study till twelve. Then I get ready for dinner. After dinner Samuel hears my lessons Then I go down to the P Office. After I get back from there I write till three and study Geography till four. Then I go to walk. At five Oclock we have supper. The evenings I have to myself for reading or doing anything that I please. At half past nine or ten I go to bed. So nearly every day passes. Maria's father has been here. He came Friday afternoon and went back Monday afternoon. He is a verry pleasant man. O how I wished when he was here that my Father and Mother were here also. I was glad to hear that Father had sold Grandmothers place. I think that he got a good price for it to. I was also sorry to hear that Grandmother was so unwell. I hope she may get better soon. Give my love to her and all inquiring friends How does the Rail Road folks get along. Have they worked by our house yet Do you keep Jimmy yet if so how does he get along and how is Irish Hannah getting along. Give my love to her and all the rest. How is my *rabbit* getting along. I think I shall have it up here next summer. I have a great pet in *Fido*. He is one of the prettiest dogs I ever saw. Samuel has been offered *$10 for him* and he would not take it and now he says he would not take *less than 30 dollars* for him. Fido is up here and I told him I was writing about him and he got up and came to me wigling his tail and held out his paw as much as to say tell

CLARK AT TWENTY

CLARK AT TWELVE

them that I am *pretty well.* He will sit up on his hind legs and beg for something to eat and he will dance and give his paw. On the whole he is a verry *wonderful dog* But I want to write a letter to Hannah and I must close

'Please answer this as soon as I have answered yours. And Please write what Thomas said about the Philadelphia Water Cure Establishment is he going or not. Please answer soon and you will oblige your

'affectionate son
'Clark Seelye

'Samuel and Maria both send love to all.'

The following letter to Hannah is undated, but obviously is written the next summer, for the rabbits are no longer a dream and wintergreens flourish. Apparently the sheet of blue paper had been used for practice in penmanship, for across the top are written with great pains several lines of 'A man is known by — A man is known by.' The chirography of the letter shows need of such drill, for it has lapsed sadly from the script of the copy page, although even here it is plain that each character was made slowly and, one fancies, with the tongue out.

'My Dear Sister Hannah

'I recieved your short note and was very glad to hear from you, and hardly knowing what to write I sit down to answer it. But thinking you would expect a letter and not wishing to disappoint you *as I have been* I thought I would contrive a little something if I could and write you a short letter.

'I was sorry to hear that you have had the tooth ache so hard for I can pity you if you have had that. I have got a pair of rabbits. Their color is blue. They

are very pretty I have not sold my purse yet and I do not think that I can for I have not tryed But you cannot begin to think what a hurry I am in to go and get some wintergreens for my rabbits. So you will *Please excuse* this short and badly written note and I will try and make up some other time when I am not in such a hurry. Tell Elib I shall not forget her promise to write next time.

'Your verry affectionate
'brother
'L. Clark Seeyle'

Clark doubtless went home for the customary two months of vacation in the fall which included Thanksgiving Day. In those days they were careful *not* to celebrate Christmas. The next letter, written after his return to Samuel's, shows excellent results from the practice in penmanship. The handwriting on the large sheets of blue paper is almost worthy of the copy-book, especially on the first page where it is inscribed with meticulous accuracy. By this time he had been away from home so often that at the age of thirteen he was treated like a big boy and sent off alone on a journey which, although within the bounds of the State of Connecticut, was so complicated that he was obliged to spend a night in Bridgeport. It is clear that the journey was an important event and a new experience. He probably could have driven the distance in less time, but there may have been no one to take him, and 'the cars' were new and exciting. This letter shows advancement in many ways since February. He takes pains with his expression and is proud of his large words. In so dramatic a description of his adventures he still may be pardoned some scantiness of punctuation as well as uncertainties in spelling. Who the polite Frank was does not appear.

'Wolcottville Dec 19th 1850

'Dear Ones at home

'Thinking that by this time you might be looking for a letter from me and as it is just a week since I left home, I thought I could improve the afternoon no better than by writing home. You wanted me to write all about my journey and so I will as much as I can remember. I arrived in Hawleyville about 11 Oclock and after waiting *two hours* for the cars, they came along. I went on board and arrived in Bridgeport about two Oclock. I went directly to Franks store. After the usual ceremones [he had a struggle with that word — the first trial, crossed out, was 'cerrimones'] were over, I asked Frank if he boarded anywhere where I could be accommodated. He said he did not, and that they had to sleep *three* in a *bed* last night. I then asked him where there was a good hotel. He said that the Sterling & City Hotels were both very good. I thought I would go to the Sterling. I asked Frank if he would go with me. He said yes and so we went. Frank said he knew the hotel keeper and so I tole him to ask him if I could be accommodated there over night Frank asked him and he said yes. I asked how much. He said 37½ cts. I then gave him my overcoat and tippet and then went around the city with Frank. We went down to the steamboat and then we went around a few of the streets and then we walked back to the store, Frank gave me there some raisins and apples. He treated me *very politely*, I stayed there till about dark and then I went down to Baldwins Dining Saloon and got some Oysters. They came to 12½. I then went to the hotel and at half past seven I asked to be shown to my room. I was shown into a room with two beds in it. I told them that I engaged a single room and I wanted it. They asked me if this would not do just as well if I had

it all to myself. I told them yes and they said I should. I very rarely spend such a night as I spent then First I was seized with chills I had put my overcoat on the bed so that I had more clothes on than when I was at home. In an hour and a half the chills passed of and I was seized with a fever. My cheeks and hands were very hot. I lay awake rolling first on one side and then on the other till half past ten Oclock when I heard someone trying to get in, and pretty soon I hear Seeyle called. Haloo says I. I then jumped up and unlocked the door. Wont you let another person sleep in your room said the tavern keeper? Who is it I asked? A gentleman was the reply. The gentleman then came forward He looked like an honest sort of a man, and seeing he looked so well and because I could not very well say any other way, I said O certainly, and so he came in I then locked the door and went back to bed again I soon became very thirsty I thought a good many times I would get up and go down stairs but not hearing any one down I concluded they were all abed and so I thought I would brave it out if I could. At last it became so bad I got up and drank out of the *wash pitcher* A thing I never should have done had I not been compelled to do it by necessity. I then went to bed and a little after the town clock struck one I went to sleep At six Oclock I woke feeling perfectly well except for a slight headache. I got up and went down stairs and paid the hotel keeper and then went down to the Eating Saloon and got some buckwheat cakes which came to 6¼ cts so you see my eating bill was not much only 18¾ cts. I then went to Franks store where I staid till half past eight Oclock I then went down to the depot I found the Housatonic bagage master and got my trunk from him. I asked him where the Naugatuck bagage master was He said he didn't know

I then went around asking evry one I met if they knew where he was till at last I found him. I got my trunk checked for Wolcottville and then went and bought a ticket it came to 62½ cts. I then went aboard of the cars and by and by we started. Pretty soon the conductor came around for the tickets. As he came around he saw I had a halfprice ticket. He asked me where I got it. I told him and he said I ought to have a full price ticket So by that I think I cannot go for half price any more on the Naugatuck R. Road. I arrived safe in Wolcottville at half past one. It was very good sleighing when I got here and is now. I use Samuel's study to study in I study in the morning write in the afternoon and read in the evening. We have first rate living here and enough of it. I have got just 81½ cts now which I have to limit myself at two cts a week to spend if I want it. I cannot think of anything more to write at present. Please to write all of you. I hope to see the next letter filled with messages from you all. Direct your letters to me care of Samuel. Please answer soon and write a good long letter

'yours affectionately

L. C. Seelye

'Laurenus Seelye expenses

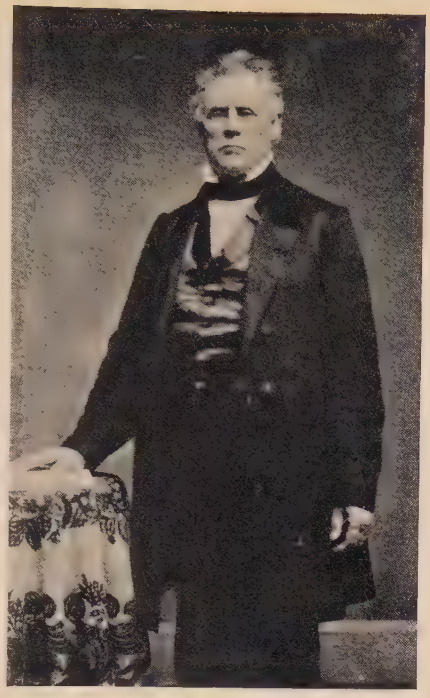
For a supper	12½
For lodgins	37½
" Breakfast	06¼
Fare from B.Port to W	62½
	1.18¾
I have	81¼
	2.00'

Doubtless it was Samuel who persuaded the parents to let Clark go to college, although Uncle Hickok may have had a hand in it. It was Samuel who prepared him for college during the four years which Clark spent in

the Wolcottville parsonage where they had 'first rate living and plenty of it,' as was invariably the case in Samuel's home. One wonders if the boy had any youthful companionship, all this time. The day's schedule allows for none, unless it might be on a demure walk to the 'P Office.' He never went to the village school but studied by himself and recited to Samuel who pronounced him ready for college in September, 1853, when he was not quite sixteen years old.

There was no question as to what college it should be. Uncle Hickok was now professor at Union College; it was to Schenectady, therefore, that the boy was sent, as Samuel had gone to Western Reserve because of the learned uncle. Seth and Abigail did not pretend to know about such matters and Uncle Hickok's word was undisputed in their household. Indeed his influence on his nephew Clark was so far-reaching that it is pertinent to make clear the position of this one-time renowned scholar in the world of metaphysics.

The studious habits of Laurens Perseus Hickok were a subject of pride to his elders and scorn to his contemporaries in his native village of Bethel; nevertheless they gained him a position to teach in the village school and made it easy for him to graduate with honors from Union College and Auburn Theological Seminary. Moreover they caused each institution to call him to its faculty. First, however, he was summoned from his modest Connecticut pastorate to found the department of philosophy in Western Reserve College where he began to develop his own system of philosophy, a work which he continued while he was professor of theology at Auburn. When he was called to Union College in 1852 as vice-president and professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, he already had published his 'Rational Psychology' and 'Moral Science.' Owing to the



'UNCLE HICKOK'

'AUNT HICKOK'

ill health of President Nott, Dr. Hickok was forced to take over gradually the entire administration of the college, yet he invariably spent long hours in his study. Even after he became president on the death of Dr. Nott in 1866, he labored continually on the exposition of his system of metaphysics. In spite of the demands on time and strength during his years of teaching and administrative work at Union, his 'Mental Science' and 'Rational Cosmology' appeared within that time and he was preparing the books which were published after his retirement, 'Creator and Creation,' 'Humanity Immortal' and 'The Logic of Reason.' Mere abstruse titles these works seem to-day except to serious students of metaphysics, but in their day they were recognized widely as important contributions to philosophical thought.

'He easily takes rank,' said Dr. T. S. Hamlin of Dr. Hickok at the One-Hundredth Anniversary of Union College, 'with the three or four greatest metaphysicians of the age, and with the two or three greatest theologians. His thinking was remarkably profound. The elements of his system were clear to every attentive student; his ultimate reasonings tax the acutest intellect to follow. His beautiful integrity, simplicity, humility; his unfeigned piety; his genuine interest in his pupils endeared him to every one who fell under his influence.'

Clark lived with Uncle and Aunt Hickok during his four years at college. Their childless and immaculate house was always open to their nieces and nephews who found it a comfortable if not genial home, notwithstanding Aunt's meticulous housekeeping. One must scrape one's feet on the door mat and be watchful not to bring dirt into the house. No speck of dust was tolerated. Aunt's ambition was to have her tablecloth continue two weeks without a spot. It was only towards

the youngest nephew that the ingrained austerity was occasionally softened and Clark was devotedly fond of both uncle and aunt. His strong family feeling was further gratified by the fact that his brother Julius was recently settled over the First Dutch Reformed Church in Schenectady.

Writing to Clark's father soon after the boy's admission to Union, Dr. Hickok assures him, 'He is getting hold of study well and promises to make a good scholar. He is very contented and happy. Julius has been quite sick for a few days with a swelled face.... He is as popular as ever with the people. Clark has had a nice time on the plums, pears, peaches, and pies that are sent in to Julius who has more than he can manage.'

The condition of Union College and of Schenectady at the time when Clark Seelye was in college is given in his own words. For the Commencement of 1913 he, a venerable alumnus seventy-five years old, was invited to be Honorary Chancellor and deliver the principal address of the graduating exercises. It was a strong presentation of the college ideal, a comment on current objections to collegiate methods, 'some of them wise and some of them foolish'; also his 'mature convictions, after a somewhat prolonged educational experience, concerning the permanent and inestimable value of the liberal education for which Union College has always stood.' The following extracts give a picture of the surroundings of Clark Seelye's college days:

'Sixty years ago I was admitted to the freshman class of Union College. Schenectady was then a small, quiet city, retaining many of the characteristics of its Dutch settlers — we used to call it old 'Dorp' — and the passing canal boats and railway trains never seemed to disturb its drowsy quiescence. Electricity, that mysterious force which has so mightily aroused and ex-

panded the city's dormant energies, was then hardly recognized — except in telegraphy — as an important industrial factor. There were no ocean cables, no wireless telegraphs, no automobiles, no aeroplanes. The vast antagonistic combinations of labor and capital which now menace industrial peace had not been formed. Slaveholders were among my fellow students, and few persons then living expected to see slavery abolished during their life time. No university worthy of the name had been established in this country. No college of the first rank was open to women, and — there were no militant suffragettes. Darwin had not yet published his work on 'Origin of Species,' and the impending conflict between the humanities and the sciences, between required and elective studies, had not perceptibly agitated college faculties. . . . Sixty years ago, that a sound body was necessary to a sound mind was admitted in theory but disregarded in practice. Intercollegiate games were unknown and out-of-door sports rarely indulged in by undergraduates. The sanitary conditions at Union College when I was a student were almost barbaric. A salutary reform has taken place. . . . It is reassuring, as one enters the college campus, to see the same dignified buildings, unchanged in form and color, which greeted him in his youth; the same broad, hospitable terrace, capped by the stones on which he sat and sang the songs the undergraduates are still singing; the same landscape stretching far away across the Mohawk valley to the unchanging western hills.'

In another part of the address is mentioned the purpose for which Union College was formed, the effort to escape from the too-pronounced sectarianism of most colleges of the day: 'Union College, to her glory be it said, was the first to break away from a dominant

ecclesiasticism and to advocate a religious freedom in harmony with a liberal education. Her example has been followed by most American colleges with beneficial results.' This freedom from sectarianism doubtless was welcome to Clark Seelye even in college days. Who can say how far it may have accounted for the strong anti-sectarian feeling which influenced his later years?

Such was the college at which L. Clark Seelye spent four years of his youth; a college surrounded by conditions no more primitive than those of the land of which it was a part, a college which stood then as always for freedom, for high ideals and high scholarship, a college of which he ever was proud to call himself a son.

His days in Schenectady seem to have passed happily if uneventfully. He had little to recount concerning them in later life, although he was prone to tell his family incidents of his early years which he thought instructive, dramatic or amusing. The fact that he made his home with his uncle and aunt may have caused comradeship with the students to be less intimate than it might have been had he lived on the campus. It did not isolate him from college activities, however; he was a member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity and he had many friends among Union men.

In my mother's narrative, except for the bare mention of the fact that Clark entered Union College in 1853, there is nothing concerning his college life until the following of his graduation which took place in June, 1857:

'Clark graduated the summer before he was twenty with high honors, being valedictorian of his class and receiving the forty-dollar prize medal for speaking. His father and mother came on to Schenectady to attend the exercises and hear the speaking. He said he

could see his mother now, just as she looked as he stood there on the stage and met her eyes. After he had finished speaking, there was the usual clapping, but there were older boys yet to speak who he thought would take the prize, and he never once thought of it for himself. In fact he had no great opinion of his own acquirements — for the reason, I think, that, being the youngest child in a large family, his efforts were more or less laughed at by his brothers and sisters.

'Since he had no particular interest in the other speakers, he left the hall and went around to "Jule's," his brother, who, with Libby his young wife, was just starting housekeeping, Julius being the minister of a church in that city. He found them freezing ice-cream, and so turned in and helped them and then returned to the hall where the committee was preparing to announce the prizes. To his great surprise his name was called for first prize! The boys cheered vociferously. They rushed for him and carried him around the hall in triumph on their shoulders. His subject was, "The Actor and the Thinker." The medal still lies in the bank.'

Of the next stage in my father's life there is little to note. It had been arranged in the family from his early childhood that he should become a minister, but since Uncle Hickok was no longer at Auburn, he was free to choose any other institution for his theological studies. Andover Seminary appealed to him because of its liberality as well as because of its delightful situation in quiet New England country, and Uncle Hickok approved. Clark cherished pleasant memories of his stay in Andover. He always kept his affection and reverence for certain of the seminary professors, especially Professors Park, Stuart and Churchill. The only Andover days of which he often spoke, however, were

those connected with his serious illness. Of this my mother's story gives an account:

'After leaving Schenectady Clark studied a year at Andover Theological Seminary. His course was broken up the second winter by a severe attack of pneumonia. He had thought to harden himself by wearing no flannels in winter, but having become much heated one day by skating, he accompanied a young lady home at a slow pace, received a severe chill and came down with pneumonia. He had no nurse and a poor doctor and depended only upon what care the students could give him. He insisted upon having a bath in the tub every day and kept it up even after his illness was understood at home and his sister Lizzie went to Andover to nurse him. There came two beautiful mild days in February, about the time he was well enough to go home and he reached there without serious injury.

'He kept up the same heroic treatment at home, against all advice, and his cough became so severe that his life was almost despaired of. His mother, however, never gave up hope, and she kept up his courage until gradually he recovered, and after a suitable time he went to Europe with Thomas and his wife.'

Naturally a bath in the tub every day would be considered heroic treatment by a New England family in the scantily heated houses of those days. One can imagine the distress of Clark's mother and her brave efforts to counteract what she considered the effects of such imprudence. In spite of discouragements, however, he seems to have been able to take another journey in April or May and to have been put under the professional care of Thomas at the Water Cure. From his sermon records one finds him preaching at the Sanitarium on May 29, and his 'call' was evidently burning within him for, in spite of the persistent cough,

the records show that he preached thirteen times that summer, in Cleveland, Chicago, Albany, Danbury and Bethel. This was expected of a theological student during vacation and Clark was counting on going back to Andover in the fall.

Thomas, however, was not satisfied with the younger brother's condition even after a 'suitable time' had elapsed, and it was he who advised postponement of the return to Andover. Thomas's first wife had died in 1857; he married again in 1859, and, as the Water Cure was prospering, he planned an extended honeymoon in Egypt and Palestine. When he proposed that Clark should accompany them, urging the benefit of a winter in warm countries, the entire family agreed that nothing could be more opportune.

CHAPTER V

TRAVEL

THE period of travel and leisurely life abroad, amounting in all to nearly three years, gave Clark back his health, which was their primary object. Had he been strong enough to continue his course at Andover, he never would have allowed himself the pleasures which these enchanting months provided. Indeed, even with Thomas's professional advice to quiet the protests of a New England conscience, his natural exuberance at the prospect before him had to be repressed and, as a serious-minded theological student, he justified the journey to himself by the consideration of the numberless sermons he could get from it. From his notebooks it is plain that he looked upon each place, each ruined temple, each pressed flower, each view, as material to forward his ministerial career, and there is not the slightest doubt that it all helped. Not only in allusion, illustration, description and vividness, however, did his sermons gain. The value of the background which these years furnished to the rest of his life cannot be overestimated. The cultural education, the enlargement of view, the gain in tolerance, the general broadening of horizon which come from travel were conspicuous all his days. He never tired of talking about his experiences abroad. His children were familiar with every stage and incident. From his many pictures and souvenirs, they were acquainted with the aspect of the places he visited and the works of art he saw. Memories of this period furnished an inexhaustible treasure-house, and no journeys of later life ever gave him

what these youthful wander-years contributed to his development.

Early in October, 1859, he sailed for England on the steamer 'New York' with a friend, Eugene Douglass, who was to be his companion for nine months. Thomas and his bride Finette went a few weeks later by sailing vessel. Clark's father, with Lizzie and Hannah, saw him off at New York, an exciting event for the two sisters, as is evident in a letter written by Hannah to her sister-in-law, Maria, in which complacency over the benefit to Clark from the presence of his sisters on the dock is interlarded with inquiries as to the amount of worsted needed to crochet a 'sontag' and hood.

The long weekly letters to the 'dear Folks at home' were collected by Clark's mother, at his request that he might keep them 'for reference,' and the packet of thin blue sheets still makes delightful reading. As foreign postage was dear, he scrupulously covered with small, cramped writing the three sheets which he told the family were all that could be sent for one stamp, filling each out to the last half-inch with business-like conscientiousness. The narrative stopped with more or less abruptness at the end of the third sheet and was resumed from that point the following week. Nevertheless, if the week's news contained matter of sufficient moment to warrant another stamp, he did not hesitate to fill six sheets instead of three, and he invariably gave his family their money's worth in interest as well as in quantity.

The first letter, written on the steamer, admits a little homesickness, quickly dispelled by the buoyancy of youth, or, as he thought, common sense. 'I felt rather *blue* when I caught the last glimpse of Lizzie and Hannah from the stern of our vessel. It was the first reality of separation and I had, I assure you, all those

doubts and fears which would naturally arise at such a moment. But I concluded that it was best to reserve all such lugubrious feelings for occasions when they would be more appropriate, and after gazing at that little group on shore until every feature and form was lost in the distance, I endeavored to make myself as comfortable as possible and to enjoy the scene through which we were passing.' There follows some merriment at the expense of the seasick fellow passengers, especially of the miserable Douglass, who resented the superiority of a constitutionally good sailor like Clark.

After two weeks of rough weather which Clark enjoyed hard-heartedly, they landed at Southampton and the two young men crossed to Havre, proceeding at once to Rouen. This was their first real foreign city, and the cathedral and public buildings made a deep impression — indeed, the initial impression produced by the Hôtel de Ville added definitely to their education. In later days my father used to tell with relish of their arrival in Rouen. It was in the evening and they had no idea what hotel to stop at. They had heard some fellow travellers, however, mention the Hôtel de Ville, so they ordered the driver to take them thither. My father, gesticulating himself in true French fashion, used to dramatize the efforts of the *cocher* to explain. He told of his surprise when they drew up before a huge, dark building, closed and inhospitable. He did not mention this to his parents, but of the impression made by the Cathedral he wrote:

'We wandered out the first night without any definite aim or without knowing where we were going and came all at once on the great Cathedral. It was the first really great and venerable building of the kind I had ever seen and I was greatly impressed with it. It

is in itself one of the grandest cathedrals in Europe and it perhaps made a deeper impression upon me coming upon it so suddenly, and coming, too, from a land where such a sight is never seen. We could see nothing of its carvings or decorations in the darkness, all that could be seen was that immense pile lifting its towers and turrets high above us, looking greater and grander in comparison with the petty little stores which surrounded it. I sat down on the pavement and just looked and looked and wondered and admired.'

In Paris, while they awaited the arrival of Thomas and Finette, Clark and Eugene lived with a French Protestant family who knew no English. Here they studied and practised French assiduously. About the first of December the united party of four started south, stopping for ten days in Florence, then by boat from Leghorn to Cività Vecchia and by train to Rome. The letters are full of descriptions of noted places visited, of sights seen, of the elaborate ceremonies of the Roman Church witnessed not only in Saint Peter's but in the Sistine Chapel where the Pope officiated with much pomp and grandeur. On December twenty-fourth they started for Naples, but Clark and Eugene found themselves back in Rome again for Christmas Day. Travelling was not simple in 1859. Clark wrote to his sister Hannah:

'You will be a little surprised, I suppose, to receive another letter from me at Rome, as I believe I wrote in my last to Mother that I expected to leave Rome for Naples the next day. Well, so I did, and at ten o'clock Friday morning I took the cars for Cività Vecchia intending to take a steamer there for Naples. Thomas and Nettie had taken the six o'clock train. . . . The first person I saw at the Depot in Cività Vecchia was Thomas who informed me that the boat due that

day would not, in consequence of the storm, be in before Monday. Three days in that dirty cheating town did not appear very attractive, especially as by remaining there we should lose all the sights of Christmas. I found that there was a train returning to Rome in an hour, and immediately determined to go back, it being both cheaper and more agreeable to spend three days here than at Cività Vecchia. Thomas, however, concluded to remain, considering it a little too much work to transport all his baggage backwards and forwards. For it is more of an undertaking than you would naturally suppose. In the first place our passports must all be visaed at the police office, and then all our baggage must be taken to the custom house and searched before we could be allowed to return. None of our bags had been opened, and they had only just come from Rome, but it made no difference, they must all be overhauled before they could be allowed to return on the next train. After going through with such formulas, we came back here again, found our old room still unoccupied and the old woman overjoyed to see us. . . .

'The public services commenced last evening at nine o'clock in the Sistine Chapel. We heard that there was to be music in Saint Peter's and thinking as a matter of course that it would be free to all, went in our ordinary clothing. But we found on arriving that instead of being at Saint Peter's it was in the Sistine Chapel and that, as the Pope was present, no one could be admitted without a dress suit. . . . I presented myself for entrance but no, I had a superabundance of broadcloth and could not go in. Immediately we rushed off to our room in a carriage, dressed ourselves in black, pinned up the skirts of our frock coats, and went back *to church*. This time I took care that the

pins should not come out as before, and I had no trouble in passing the Swiss guards and going in with the other dress coats. Once in, I quietly unpinned the skirts, not caring to wear such a garb any longer than possible, and then proceeded to see all that was to be seen.'

The youthful descendant of austere Puritans, fresh from his native village, was in no sympathy with the pomp and ritual of the Roman Church. At that age he refused to see anything behind it, although as he grew older and understood the Church better he was always friendly to it, welcoming Catholic students to the college, promoting cordial relations between Protestant and Catholic churches throughout the Connecticut Valley, feeling respect and friendship for the priests in Northampton and the region roundabout. His crude wonder, therefore, at the Christmas service in the Sistine Chapel is best passed over as an instance of immature ignorance.

They sailed at length from Naples to Malta where they secured their dragoman and outfit for the Nile trip, loitering there for several days while they awaited the boat for Alexandria. Visitors at Malta in those days were doubtless few, for it was not long before the minister of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Valetta learned that there was a young theological student on the island and begged him to preach for him on Sunday. Clark hesitated, for he had brought no sermons and the thought of the necessary black gown and white cravat appalled him far more than the composition of a sermon. He consented, however, when he found that the minister had been ill and that gown and cravat would be provided for him and were not so dreadful. It was one of the experiences he liked to remember and describe to his children in after years. We could see him

as he walked on the ramparts thinking out his sermon, his coat-tails flapping, the gulls wheeling about him in the fresh breeze above the sparkling sea. We could see him as he strode up the aisle preceded by the pompous beadle who ushered him into the pulpit and locked him in. We could see him as he stood, a slight young figure, while the kilted Scotch soldiers filed in and took their places. He used to say that the whole setting inspired him to such a degree that the sermon went with ease and he felt himself uplifted by surroundings and occasion.

At least he made an impression on his undemonstrative brother, as may be seen from a letter written by Thomas to his mother from Cairo. The oldest and the youngest sons of the family were learning to know each other.

'As Clark has given me but half a sheet,' Thomas wrote, 'I must fill it up mainly about him. Firstly, I don't think you treat him quite fairly. He was all a tiptoe when we got to Alexandria to get his letters; we went to the banker's at once. I found a nice package of letters for me,[1] but not one from home for him. The poor fellow almost cried with disappointment. It did seem pretty hard. Now he has written home nearly every week, long letters, and not a word in return. . . . He is a noble fellow — I am very proud of him, besides loving him very dearly. He is considerably self-willed and likes to have his own way — you know that runs in the Seelye family — but we get along very harmoniously without any jangle. . . . I don't know that you have any reason to be ashamed of the ability of any of your sons, but you seem to have reserved the glory for the last. He is decidedly the most talented of any of your boys, and we shall all be willing to acknowledge

[1] Thomas had left his two children with Samuel and Maria in Albany.

it one of these days. He preached an extempore sermon in Malta, the Sunday we were there, and it was a wonderful effort under the circumstances. I never thought him quite so smart before.

'This journey is going to be worth a great deal to him — but it is also going to be quite expensive. I wish Father would send Clark $500, as soon as he gets this. . . . I think Father can never spend his money more profitably than on him now. He may not return it to you in a crown of gold, but he will be, I doubt not, a crown of glory to your declining years. . . .

'Affectionately

'THOMAS'

In 1859 Cairo was still mediæval, with a very different atmosphere from that of the modern city which tourists have made of it to-day. 'I can scarcely realize,' Clark wrote to Henry, 'that I am only four days journey from Europe and the civilization of this 19th century, so completely changed is everything around me, so entirely different are the customs and people from those of the descendants of Japheth that, in crossing the Mediterranean, I seem to have entered another age and world. Were it not for the railroad and telegraph which the go-ahead Franks have made, one might easily imagine the world here some centuries younger, and not find a single grey-hair reminder of its age. And these marks of progress are so much out of the way that they are only noticed when used, so that here, in the midst of the city, one may be said to see the times of the Arabian Nights lived over again with but little variation.'

During the leisurely weeks on the dahabiyeh Clark kept a diary for his mother, writing of visits to ruined temples along the Nile; to the tombs of the kings; of

gallops into the desert while the boat was being held up by wind; of snake charmers and dancing girls. The Nile life was summed up in a letter to Lizzie written as the boat reached Cairo again.

'. . . Suffice it to say that all is not *dream life* on the Nile; that for twenty days the wind blew a hurricane in the wrong direction; that we just missed the boat for Jaffa by two days; that our dragoman was the emblem of stupidity and our reis of indolence and cowardice; that the crew were lazy and did not work, and that, instead of coming down from Thebes, as we confidently expected, in a week, we were just double the time. *So much* admitted, I can say with a clear conscience that I never spent seven weeks so pleasantly in my life, never saw so many cloudless skies, never breathed air that it was such a luxury to breathe, never grew so fleshy and strong in the same space of time, never saw so many curious and wonderful things, never had life glide away so imperceptibly, and yet never was more rejoiced to see any place than Cairo once more. For you can scarcely conceive the longing one feels, after being without any news of civilized life for two months, to hear of what is and what has been going on in the world. The whole of America and Europe might have been changed in that space of time, the *Union dissolved* and a hundred other terrible things might have happened.

'Cairo never looked so beautiful as after seeing the mud huts of the country. It is certainly one of the most curious and interesting places I ever saw, and we were not conscious until donkeying in and seeing the spruce-looking Europeans coming out of the hotels, how much two months of travel had blackened our faces and tattered our garments. But had we not seen Philae and Karnak and Memnon? and it was meet that we should

look rusty and wayworn! We leave for Jerusalem either to-morrow or next Tuesday, and the boat to-day for the hotel. I will write you all from the Holy Land. . . .'

In Cairo Clark found the longed-for letters with the welcome draft from his father. His answer is full of affection and a bantering humor which gives evidence of the freer footing which now existed between the undemonstrative Seth Seelye and his ardent youngest son.

'CAIRO, *March* 17th, 1860

'MY DEAR FATHER:

'Your letters make as it were great epochs in our lives — long anticipated and long remembered. For fear of alarming us too much, Mother, like a good barometer, informs us sometimes beforehand that the mercury is rising, and that before long we may expect a "change." "Do not be surprised," she has written in her last two letters, "if you receive a letter from your father before long." Well, we thought we would try and not be, and after composing our excited nerves as best we could under such circumstances, awaited the grand event. And here again Mother's prudence was visible. Supposing very naturally that the sight of your handwriting would cause every hair of our heads to stand on end, she very considerately directed the letter herself, and so we innocently opened it, expecting to find another warning of the approaching "*change.*"

'It would be difficult perhaps to describe our feelings when we saw there on white *gilt-edged* paper the long expected handwriting. Having been honored only once in our lives, I believe, with a similar favor, it was, I assure you, a proud moment. The only drawback to our happiness was the fear, as we saw the *gilt-edged* paper, that you might be getting *too extravagant* in your old

age. The joy which a letter from you would naturally excite was perhaps heightened by the news that you had forwarded across the Ocean a little more of *that* which is *so needful* in this part of the world. I thank you, Father, very much both for the money which you have been so generous to give, and for that which was best of all — the many kind words and wishes accompanying the gift. It was hard to keep the big tears from starting as I read off here in old Egypt the renewed evidences of that love to which, under the Providence of God, I owe all that I am or hope to be. It was hard also to feel content to be still a recipient of that bounty which has never been niggard of its gifts. God grant only that I may live long enough to return a little of the care which you have so liberally bestowed. . . .'

After a cold and boisterous passage to Jaffa, the party secured horses, tents and equipment for the trip through Palestine. The letters from Palestine are not as frequent as hitherto, for Clark was ill in Jerusalem with some infection which pursued him all summer. A letter to 'Han' gives a vivid account of an attack on the camp at Marsaba by bandits while the party was on its way from the Dead Sea to Jerusalem. None of the party was hurt, although Clark put a bullet into his own hand while he was excitedly trying to reload Douglass's 'repeater.' The scar from this wound and the story connected with it were well known to Clark's children in after days.

His farewell to the Holy Land he describes for the Bethel family in a later letter: 'We had been encamped since our return from Jericho on the Mount of Olives and our last full view of the Holy City was from that spot where it is seen the best. The sun was just gild-

ing the crescents of the mosques and the cross of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre when our tents were struck and our cavalcade put in motion. . . . Climbing one of those stony "hills that lie round about Jerusalem," we saw for the last time its minarets and domes, feeling, it must be confessed, rather glad that henceforth Jerusalem was to be only a remembrance. For the *memories* are the greatest pleasures of a trip in Palestine, and the places are generally left without much regret. . . . One would never take the trip, I suspect, for the pleasure; and if it were not for the associations connected with it and the increased knowledge that one obtains of Biblical life and geography, Palestine would see few Howadji. There are few places where one is so constantly annoyed and disgusted, and yet there are few places that one recalls with so much pleasure as those in the Holy Land. In the retrospect, the dirt, fleas, beggars, are all forgotten and the places become once more the homes of the prophets and apostles and of Him who was greater than they.'

They journeyed by Bethel, Shechem, Nazareth, through Galilee, losing their way and having varied experiences as they rode to Damascus and thence over the Lebanon, stopping at Baalbek, to Beyrout. Thomas and Finette went back to Italy and home by way of Paris, but Clark and Eugene took a boat that touched at Smyrna and Greece and brought them along the Dalmatian coast to Venice. The beauty of Venice made a deep impression, but Clark was affected likewise by its sad position under Austrian dominion.

'An Italian with whom I was conversing,' he wrote, 'said, speaking of Garibaldi, "Ah, we would do the same if we could, but we can't move!" And it is about so. Austria is conscious of their spirit and has a very

fine body of soldiers stationed there with cannon planted so as to sweep their grand piazza and canals in an instant.'

The two young men made their way to Munich where they lived for about two months in a German family, studying the language. Douglass intended to spend the following winter in Germany and greatly desired his friend to stay on with him. Clark wrote to his father, putting the case to him with characteristic humor:

'MUNICH, *June* 8th, 1860

'MY DEAR FATHER:

'You must congratulate yourself when you think that I am the last of the flock and that I am also very nearly fit to be "turned out to grass" and pick up a living for myself. There are no more sons to be sent through college and to Europe, and when you get me back to America, I hope there will be no more need to loosen the purse strings for them. You have done your part *nobly*; if we fail, at least no blame can be attached to you. But you doubtless remember, for I am sure you are reminded often enough, that I am where *grass* is scarce, and that you will either have to bring me where it is plenty or else export a little for me to live on here. The question now is, in other words, whether you prefer to dispose of your stock this fall or keep it over until next spring. You know from experience, or at least *Mother has told you often enough* so that you *ought* to know that *stall feeding* is very expensive and that there is considerable risk run, that sometimes the animal gets fatter and fetches a bigger price, "*and then agin it don't.*" Do you want to *stallfeed* your youngest another winter or would you rather dispose of him this fall? Hear what he has to say for himself. . . .'

The letter explains that Clark would like to study at a German university, Berlin or Halle, before settling down to the ministry, that living in Germany is cheap and the advantages many, but that he will do as his father desires. What the father answered is not clear, but the boy's health continued so troublesome that he grew homesick and, after a short trip in Switzerland, he left Douglass in Heidelberg and sailed home from England about the last of August.

Once home, he planned to return to Andover in the fall. He was still wretched, however, and his throat troubled him so constantly that as the time drew near for the opening of the seminary he became dejected and discouraged about his health and frequently spoke of giving up his dream of becoming a minister. One can imagine the concern of the family, the distress of the mother who could not relinquish the picture of her youngest son in the pulpit which she had so constantly kept before her mind's eye. The brothers considered the problem, and when one of Samuel's wealthy parishioners in Albany desired a companion for his son on an extended trip abroad Clark's qualifications were presented. The position was offered to him and accepted as a heaven-sent opportunity.

As the 'chaperon' was given *carte blanche* and as his charge, Charley Alden, only a few years his junior, was a docile and lovable youth, the following two years were almost ideal. Clark stipulated that he should be allowed to finish his theological studies in German universities as life in Germany was all in the line of experience for Charley. Notwithstanding Clark's delicate throat, therefore, they settled, early in January, in Berlin where, in spite of dissatisfaction with the harsh and cheerless climate and frequent yearning for the sunny skies of Egypt, they stayed until late in April,

Clark attending lectures and both young men studying German. The spring and early summer were spent in Heidelberg where Clark finished his theological studies. Eugene Douglass had joined them in Berlin and when he followed them to Heidelberg in late May, the weeks became such happy ones that the memory of tramps on the hills, stopping for 'Dicke Milch' at some Gasthaus, was perennially vivid. Descriptions of Heidelberg life were favorites in later days with Clark's children whose curiosity as to 'dicky milk' was never satisfied.

Clark's health was too frail for him to consider returning home to enter the army, but the war in America naturally occupied much of his thought at this time. In the summer of 1861 he wrote his parents:

'Here in this little city everything goes on as quietly and calmly as if there were no such thing as war and secession in another part of the world. Twice a week the Mail comes in from America, and then a company of some half dozen of us get together and get excited over the news. But it calms our minds wonderfully to sit down with some composed old Dutchman afterwards and endeavor to keep him company in his sauerkraut, onions, sour milk and beer. Sometimes I wish I was also there. It seems hard to be forced to such a quiet life when my country is passing through such a life and death struggle. . . . In two weeks I expect to leave for Switzerland where I shall spend about a month and then go over into Italy. At first I thought I would spend the winter in Egypt, but the war has about decided me to spend it in Naples or Sicily. The climate there is nearly as mild as in Egypt and I shall be a little better situated for receiving news.'

Clark and Charley tramped through Switzerland, stopping for the grape cure in Lausanne. In Venice

SWITZERLAND, 1861

THE YOUNG MINISTER, 1863

they met Americans whom Clark had known in Palestine, and with this group they spent the fall and winter in Rome, taking an apartment together on the top floor of an old palace on the Piazza del Popolo. In later days my father often told his children of those delightful weeks in Rome. Their meals were brought in piping hot on top of a man's head — an enchanting method it seemed to children. After a day of sight-seeing, they gathered about the lamp on the round table in front of the cosy fire, while one read aloud on Roman history or art. A story that the children enjoyed was of how Charley one day brought in some big chestnuts and, planning a pleasant surprise, put them as they were on the glowing coals and quietly sat down to read, when — 'first he knew, pop — pop — pop — *out* flew the chestnuts *all* over the room, burning great holes in the beautiful yellow satin furniture!' The children were wide-eyed as this was acted out before them.

The reluctance with which Clark and Charley left Rome for Sicily in February was largely due to the homelike charm of the apartment with the yellow satin furniture. 'I have never left a place in Europe with more regret,' Clark wrote home, 'and it was really with a feeling of homesickness that I caught a last glimpse of the domes and crosses of the Eternal City. For we had had there a home as near like our own as is possible in a strange land among strangers. . . . Cività Vecchia, however, is never left with sorrow. The traveller is yet to be found who desires to prolong his residence in that den of scoundrels.'

From Sicily they voyaged to Malta on what Clark described to Thomas as 'the same dirty old tub' on which they had suffered together the previous winter. From Malta they were fortunate enough to secure passage on a Peninsular and Oriental ship to Gibraltar, a

trip which seemed to them so luxurious that Clark wrote he was almost tempted to yield to Charley's pleading that they make a trip around the world. The difficulty of getting news from America on such a journey decided him against it; perhaps also the question of his health. He wrote at this time in great discouragement about the condition of his throat, again suggesting that he might be forced to give up the ministry. He was depressed, moreover, at the thought that he was not helping his country at this time of need, although he realized that he would be of little use. One small service, nevertheless, he unwittingly performed for the Union when he first reached Spain. The letter relating this is dramatic enough to be given in full.

'GIBRALTAR, *Feb.* 20, 1862

'MY DEAR PARENTS:

'We started yesterday morning from Gibraltar for a visit to Tangiers. It lies on the opposite side of the Straits and I was anxious that Charley should get a glimpse of African and Oriental life. There were only a few passengers on board the little screw steamer which was to convey us, and they were all busy in watching the numerous other vessels which lay alongside. The two of greatest interest to us were the renowned Sumter and the Tuscarora. The Sumter was quite near but the Tuscarora was on the other side of the bay in Spanish waters, and could only be discerned through an opera glass. As we were thus engaged watching the insignificant Confederate flag and straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of the Stars and Stripes, two other gentlemen came and stood near us and began also to observe the two vessels. In an instant I perceived that they were Americans and I inferred from their manner and tone that they were Southerners. A few general

remarks engaged us in conversation which soon turned very naturally on the two vessels and their comparative merits. I inquired very innocently how it was, after Russell's proclamation, that the Sumter was still permitted to lie in British waters, and was told as innocently that it was because she had no coal. I then gently insinuated that perhaps after all she was not very desirous to coal up while her formidable neighbor lay on the other side. "That makes no difference," was the reply, "the Sumter has played the Federal war steamers many a trick and can do it again."

'Not wishing to get into a dispute, and being as fully convinced as I wished to be of the political standing of my companions, I quietly turned the conversation, and in a few moments walked away. Not long after, one of them came up to me again and said he presumed I was an American. I admitted the fact and informed him also, in answer to other inquiries, that I was from the North, and still owed allegiance to the Federal Government. I learned also in turn that he was former consul at Cadiz, but had been removed by Lincoln and had now cast in his fortunes with his native State of Georgia.

'"And your companion is also, I presume, a Southerner?"

'"Yes, he is from Alabama, and has been abroad some six or seven months, *travelling for pleasure*."

'He started an argument immediately to prove the justice of the Southern cause, but I told him that I thought the subject at present was in such a position that words were wasted in attempting to prove the right or wrong of the matter, and that now deeds and not words must settle it. His companion, who had been standing an attentive listener, ended the conversation by remarking that "millions of bones must bleach on

the hills of the sunny South before the question is settled by war; for every Southern man has resolved to achieve Southern independence or perish in the attempt."

'This rhetorical flourish did not perhaps produce so deep an impression on the audience as might have been expected. Conversation was again turned on general subjects, and breakfast soon turned attention to other things. We found, however, that our fellow passengers were going in the same boat to Cadiz and were not intending to stop at Tangiers. The ex-consul was a very gentlemanly man, with a huge black beard, and seemed to endeavor to render himself as agreeable as possible. His companion was tall and slim, with a black moustache, and seemed rather reserved and as if he preferred not to enter into any conversation with strangers. During the passage he drew from his pocket a small Colt's revolver which he displayed rather ostentatiously and handled so carelessly as to disturb somewhat the equanimity of some of the lady passengers.

'The voyage was very rough, but it was only for four hours and the weather was fine so that we could remain on deck. The coast of Morocco was very picturesque with its numerous green hills, but did not give us much idea of the burning sands which are said to be beyond.

'The steamer at last cast anchor in the bay of Tangiers, and a number of turbanned boatmen soon surrounded it, shouting in the usual vociferous Oriental style. We inquired of our Southern friends if they intended to go on shore and received a negative reply. Accordingly we bade them good morning and left, never expecting to see them again. But it was very rough and we were some little time on the gangway before we were able to seat ourselves in the boat which was to

take us ashore. Scarcely had we arranged ourselves when our old Secession acquaintances appeared and entered the same boat. The surprise was mutual. They thought that we had gone and we thought that they were not going; but it seems they concluded it would be rather *tedious waiting* on board six hours until the steamer sailed — at least that was their excuse.

'There was, as usual, no wharf — nothing except a long, sandy beach, so that our boat ran aground several yards from shore. It seemed at first as if we were likely at least to get our feet wet, but a crowd of half-naked Moors dashed instantly through the water to the boat and commenced a furious struggle for the possession of our persons. One man caught me by the right arm, another by the left, while two others caught hold of my legs, all screaming, "My back!" "On my back, Masser! Ise very strong!" I looked at my companions and they were all in the same fix. Canes were brandished, we kicked and struggled ourselves free, but it was only to fall again into the same clutches, until in despair we threw our arms around the neck of the nearest and were borne triumphantly from the scene of conflict.

'It was only, however, to face another enemy no less formidable. A crowd awaited us on shore, all able to speak a few words of English or French, and all anxious to serve as guides. In vain we protested and affirmed our capability of guiding ourselves. Some half dozen constituted themselves voluntary body-guard of each person and thus escorted we started off to see the town. It differed very little from various other Oriental towns which I had already seen. The houses were perhaps rather better, but the turbanned crowd with their gay costumes, the play-house beggars with their usual display of silks and fancy-colored calicoes, the

dirty narrow streets were all very similar to those in Egypt. Charley, as I expected, was in ecstasies. All seemed so new and strange that he was quite delighted to stand and watch the passers-by.

'In the little hotel which an English woman keeps we found again our boat acquaintances whom, in the confusion of landing, we had lost sight of. They seemed to have come to call on an English officer who was staying there for his health.

'Hearing that the American consul lived in the next house, we went to call on him. He received us very cordially, stating that it was not often that he had the pleasure of seeing Americans in that part of the world. He was a plain Ohio farmer, had only been out three months, and was not yet entirely reconciled to the customs of the country. We stated casually that we came that morning with the ex-consul from Cadiz, and he called him immediately an arch Secessionist, stating that he intended to arrest him if he ever set foot in that land.

'"Well," I remarked, "you can have an opportunity, for he is in the next house." "I'll do it!" he exclaimed and left the room.

'In a short time he returned with the intelligence that the companion of the ex-consul was no less a personage than 1st Lieutenant of the Sumter, and that he intended to arrest them both. I inquired if he had any right or authority to do it and whether he might not bring the country into another Trent scrape, but he thought from the treaty of the United States with Morocco he would be justified in doing it. "At any rate," he remarked, "the authorities are ready to do it for me and I think we shall succeed."

'Presently a Moorish official came rushing in in great excitement, wishing to know what they should do with

the prisoners when they had secured them, inasmuch as they had no place where they could be confined. The consul obviated that objection by telling him that he could keep them in his house until he could send them on board the Tuscarora. It was then arranged to take them whenever they came down to the shore to go on board their steamer. We were also intending to return the same evening, and being anxious to see something of the town took leave of the consul, promising if possible to be on hand at the appointed time, and started off to explore the town, with many misgivings as to the plan of our official.

'An hour or two was spent in wandering through the Moorish bazaars and buying a few mementoes of the place, and then we turned to the seashore. On our way we met the consul, preceded by a band of what he said were Moorish soldiers, but who did not differ outwardly from any other of the Arabs in the streets. All was going on just right, he said. The Secessionists were only a short distance behind, and as soon as they reached the landing place the soldiers would be ready for them. He was much excited, however, and I could see from the nervous twitching of his lips and the large drops of sweat on his forehead that he was by no means so sure of the result. We soon reached the landing, and the Moorish soldiers stood around very unconcernedly awaiting the arrival of their prey. They looked more like old women than soldiers and the only weapon of war which they possessed seemed to be an old-fashioned sabre the hilt of which was only just visible beneath the folds of their long burnouses. I thought of the Colt's revolver which I had seen in the morning and concluded that two men each armed with such a weapon could easily put such a crowd to flight.

'The two victims soon made their appearance, con-

trasting strangely in their simple European black with the brilliant flowing robes and turbans which followed them. On they came, looking rather curiously at the singular crowd waiting to receive them, until at a given signal the Moors sprang forward and seized them. They did not attempt to make any resistance, but simply glanced at the consul and instantaneously seemed to understand the matter. They were allowed no time for explanations, but were hurried on by the Moors through a mass of astonished Arabs, up through the streets to the consul's house. We had no time to follow and were obliged to content ourselves with a few hasty words with the consul and a last glance of our Southern enemies as they disappeared with a Moor on each arm and several in front and behind.

'We are, of course, very curious to know the result and are, with the other Americans here, quite apprehensive of the consequences. As yet we can find no legal grounds for the act. The government, however, would not be a very dangerous foe, although it might serve to deepen the prejudice which exists against us in Europe. . . .

'With unbounded love I am
'Your aff. Son
'CLARK'

From Gibraltar, Clark and Charley went by boat to Seville; thence, 'in a lumbering old diligence,' to Granada; on horseback to Malaga; by boat to Alicante; thence, perhaps on horseback, to Toledo, and 'by the cars' to Madrid. Clark wrote of much difficult riding, so that it may have been on horseback that they reached Valencia, whence they took steamer for Marseilles and Leghorn. It was all hard travelling with poor accommodations, but though Clark declared him-

self worn out after a month in Spain, the rough life seemed to do him good. In spite of a tempestuous voyage to Leghorn, he returned to Italy in better health than when he left it.

Ordinarily he was an excellent sailor, but of this passage he wrote: 'Could you have been with me the past week . . . you would have wondered *why people travel for pleasure* when they have a good home on terra firma. *Tossed*, *tossed*, *tossed*, until every bone seems out of its natural position and every stable object endowed with a peculiar rocking movement — which has been the result of a week's voyage in an equinoctial gale on this horrible sea.'

They lingered about Florence and in North Italy, reaching Paris towards the last of April. Clark was enthusiastic over Paris. It seemed good to be so near home; he met many old friends there, including Eugene Douglass; best of all he found there a good batch of letters from his family.

'Paris itself seems more beautiful than ever,' he wrote. 'Even in three years it has changed very greatly. Napoleon is determined to make it the finest city the world has ever seen and I think he has succeeded. He is continually tearing down the old houses, widening and straightening the streets, so that any one who saw Paris ten years ago would scarcely recognize it to-day.'

In the same letter he writes: 'Mother, I am seized with an almost uncontrollable longing to see you and to put my arms about your neck and give you a genuine old-fashioned hug. The only way I have to vent my affection is to clutch my cushion or to astonish Charley by throwing my arms around his neck and squeezing him until he begs for mercy. Yet very little gets loose in this manner and I am getting so full of the affection

which has been working and fermenting in my soul for the past year and a half that I fear I shall burst if I don't obtain speedy relief.'

Relief did not come at once. They waited in Paris for the arrival of Samuel Seelye and Maria who tried in vain to persuade Clark to turn about and accompany them on their 'grand tour.' Moreover, Charley must see London and Oxford; Scotland and Ireland could not be left out; so they spent some leisurely weeks in Great Britain before they finally started for home.

'Let's try and have the whole family together in August,' Clark had written from Spain, 'and, Providence permitting, I will be there.' One may picture his joy in being once more in the family circle, although one cannot say how many of the brothers and sisters gathered in Bethel to greet him. Of one thing one may be sure, that his ardent, affectionate nature, always so unpuritanical in its expression, vented itself in a 'genuine old-fashioned hug' for his mother.

CHAPTER VI

THE YOUNG MINISTER

WAITING for a 'call' is a trying experience for a young minister, like the tense readiness for the first patient in the new office of a young physician. Samuel was undoubtedly active in securing opportunities for the youngest of the family to try his wings, for Clark spent the fall of 1862 with him in Albany. Various invitations to 'supply' unoccupied pulpits were accepted, but no definite call came until early in December when two arrived at about the same time, making decision difficult. The correspondence relating to these calls as well as to all which he received later was carefully kept with copies of Clark's answers. The unanimity of the vote and the insistent desire for the young minister expressed by each church are noteworthy.

Early in November, Clark preached in the Second Congregational Church of Bridgeport, Connecticut; the following Sunday in the North Congregational Church of Springfield, Massachusetts. He was a total stranger to both churches, so that he was astonished to receive a visit from the committee of the Springfield church who informed him that they would be glad to tender him a call if he would give it favorable consideration. Taken by surprise at the promptness of this offer, he gave them no encouragement but agreed to preach for them again and study the situation. Before he had a chance to return to Springfield a formal offer came from the Bridgeport church, asking him to become its pastor at a salary of one thousand dollars. One can see the young candidate discussing the two churches with

his astute brother Samuel, and it is plain that he gave careful consideration to each call.

At length he wrote to the Bridgeport church with characteristic candour: '. . . While appreciating most deeply the confidence and unanimity of feeling which your church and society have manifested, and acknowledging the many attractions they present as a field of labor, I am still obliged to state frankly that the salary you offer is not sufficient to enable me to meet those demands which would naturally be made on me as your pastor. I therefore feel it my duty to decline the invitation which you have thus so kindly and cordially made.'

When this letter was read to the church committees, 'gathered after Divine Service Sabbath morning, Dec. 14, 1862,' they voted an addition of two hundred dollars to the salary already offered and urged Clark to reconsider his decision. Meanwhile a formal call had come from the North Church in Springfield, emphasizing its unanimity and offering a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. Again the question was laid before Samuel and Maria. Bridgeport was not far from Bethel, it was familiar country and Clark had relatives there. Nevertheless, in spite of the unanimous wish for this young minister, the church had been torn by dissension on other matters. One of the deacons, cherishing the prevalent idea that to a minister difficulty should be only a spur, had urged 'its divided feelings, personal differences and consequently its languishing condition' as a reason why Clark should be eager to undertake the uphill task of reuniting the congregation. This incentive did not have the desired effect on Clark's clear vision. He again declined the call of the Bridgeport church on December 23. He was attracted strongly by the zeal and unity of the Springfield church. On De-

cember 29 he accepted the call to become its pastor and at once took up his residence in the city.

When he was installed as pastor in January, 1863, his popularity already was so great, especially with the young people, that the church could not hold all who wished to attend the ordination services. Chairs were put in the aisles, people were standing in the doors. Two young men who could not find standing room climbed over the ceiling and listened through the ventilator. Interest was heightened by the fact that important parts in the exercises were taken by the two older brothers of the young minister. Julius Seelye preached the ordination sermon, and the charge to the pastor was given by Samuel Seelye, both doubtless proud to welcome thus the youngest of the family.

It was a short pastorate but the impression left upon the church by the two and a half years of ministry is remarkable. Clark was serious and mature for his age, with a little air of distinction gained from his travels and study abroad. Nevertheless he was only twenty-five, ardent, handsome, with ruddy cheeks and brilliant eyes, full of an enthusiasm which had an immediate effect upon the church. From the first he was especially popular with the young men. He was called 'The Young David.' People were eager for a chance to rent sittings and as long as he was with the church there were not enough seats to hold the audience. His success was said to be 'almost meteoric in its brilliancy.'

There is at hand a sketch in his own words of his first and only pastorate. When the North Church celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in 1896, he was the guest of honor at one of the Jubilee meetings. The picture which his address presented of the young minister in those days of the Civil War is given with characteristic vividness and humility:

'. . . Although more than a generation has passed since my ministry here, time has not effaced the memory of its joyous days. As I recall the young man who was installed over this church, January 20, 1863, I am reminded of the lad who had only the five barley loaves and the two small fishes with which the five thousand were to be fed. It was my first pastorate, and in view of the meagreness of my physical and mental resources for the work demanded, my parishioners might naturally have asked as did Christ's disciples, "What are these among so many?" The marvel is that they were able to subsist on the scanty fare. Surely they could not have subsisted had they not also been fed with that bread which cometh down from heaven. The history of the Christian church in every age repeats that marvel of the loaves and fishes. . . .

'Indeed as I look back upon my ministry after the lapse of thirty three years, I feel it was another illustration of the text of my first sermon: "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." . . . My pastorate here repeated a common experience. . . . The human element in it all seems more and more insignificant, so that whatever of strength or of spiritual uplifting came to this people during the two and a half years of my ministry, I must gratefully and reverently ascribe to Him who is pleased by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. . . .

'The times were unusually favorable to the proclamation of gospel truth. The nation was in the midst of a deadly struggle to maintain its life. . . . That conflict aroused a popular enthusiasm for righteousness and a sensitiveness to moral issues. . . . Old passages of Scripture became invested with new meaning. . . .

Current events gave fresh and impressive object lessons for Christian doctrine. . . . Pastor and people often went to church profoundly stirred by news of battles in which those dearest to them were engaged. . . . Two instances may be mentioned as illustrations. One of these occurred on an annual fast day. Our armies had been defeated; many households were in mourning for those who had been slain. It was a period of general despondency and the people were in a faltering mood. The preacher selected for his text that passage from Samuel when the messenger came to Eli and said: "Israel is fled before the Philistines and there hath been also a great slaughter among the people and thy two sons, Hophni and Phineas, are dead and the ark of God is taken. And it came to pass when he made mention of the ark of God, that Eli fell from off his seat backward by the side of the gate and his neck brake and he died." The passage was familiar and men had often heard it without emotion, but it was suddenly transformed and became no longer the story of ancient tribes in bygone centuries in which men had no present interest. It seemed to picture the slaughter of our own people, the death of our own children, the danger of our own national shrine. The sermon would not bear repetition. It is too crude in thought and language; but I can never forget the deathlike stillness which fell upon the audience as soon as the text was read, nor the impressive solemnity and devout attention which pervaded the audience during the entire discourse. The imperfect words of the speaker were supplanted by the superior eloquence of the occasion, and the audience was stirred as by a divine spirit.

'The second instance was when Lincoln was assassinated. The news came Saturday morning. . . .The people quietly gathered without consulting their pastor

and draped the church in mourning, and Sunday morning it was crowded with worshippers. There was no time to prepare a funeral sermon and no record exists of what was said. If I remember rightly the preacher took for his text: "How are the mighty fallen"; but it was not his words that stirred the audience. The ghost of our honored and martyred president seemed present. The voice also of a divine avenger, of the king of kings, seemed to be heard, giving to the service of God's house that day a pathos and spiritual power which I have never seen equalled.

'Amid scenes like this my early ministry here was passed and quickened. . . . It was in the midst of the most disheartening and discouraging days of the Civil War that my ministry began, and it ended here soon after the surrender of Lee and the declaration of peace. It is not surprising, therefore, that a great spiritual awakening should have synchronized with these political struggles. . . . The accessions to the church by profession of faith were unusually large, for men heard the word then with greater gladness and were better prepared to believe in a self-sacrificing Redeemer. It was also a transitional period in theological speculation. Men were turning from the formal and mechanical explanations of the older orthodoxy to more vital conceptions of Christian truth. When I was first examined before the council of churches with reference to my fitness for ordination, the questions which were put with greatest pertinacity and ingenuity were with reference to the salvation of those who had died in infancy. . . . The various answers and subtle cross-questionings have long since been forgotten, but I do remember it seemed an amusing circumstance that my principal antagonist in that controversy was also a bachelor, and that we two should figure as the chief disputants on such a

theme. It would be difficult today to repeat in any council such a discussion. . . .

'All rallied affectionately around their young pastor and supplemented by their zeal and strength his deficiencies. They bore with commendable patience his immaturity and cheered him by their steady coöperation. They gave far more than they received, and the memory of the two years and a half which I spent here is one of the brightest of my life. . . .'

In the course of this address the speaker had said that no person who had an important part in the church during his pastorate was still alive. He was amused, therefore, when at the close of the meeting a well-dressed man, a wealthy manufacturer, came to him and declared that he had had an important part in the church thirty-three years ago.

'What office did you hold?'

'I pumped the organ, and it was the hardest work done in the church during your pastorate!'

From the memories cherished by the North Church for over sixty years one realizes the devotion of the congregation to the magnetic youth who stirred them each Sunday with his message, who daily moved among them with his charm and enthusiasm. Many stories were told of him by his parishioners, such as the following which the old ladies loved to repeat to his wife a little later:

On a Sunday morning, a few weeks after his installation, it became evident during the sermon that something was wrong with the minister's collar stud. Every few moments the collar rose to his chin. For a while he struggled with it, giving it hasty pushes downward, the congregation growing more and more tense, until at length he stopped preaching. The congregation watched breathless as he coolly took from his pocket

a pin holder given him by an adoring church member — made with two silk-covered discs of cardboard stitched together, the pins stuck in the seam — something thought to be an appropriate present for a gentleman. Extracting a pin from this convenient gift, he deliberately fastened the refractory collar, after which he proceeded unruffled with his sermon and the congregation breathed again.

Among the most earnest and loyal members of the North Church in 1863 were Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Holland. Dr. Holland was not only the leader of the choir which was famous throughout the countryside, but he was likewise a leader in other activities of the church and zealous for its welfare. He had been interested in securing the new minister and at once took him under his protection. At that time Dr. Holland was a modest physician practising medicine in Springfield, but sending his brilliant letters to the *Springfield Republican* over the signature 'Timothy Titcomb.' It was not until 1870 that he moved to New York as the distinguished author and the editor of *Scribner's* (later *The Century*) magazine. When Clark Seelye went to Springfield, Dr. and Mrs. Holland were still living in the 'little buff cottage' where they dispensed a charming hospitality which the new minister had frequent opportunities of enjoying — a hospitality, indeed, fraught with momentous and happy consequence for him.

On a Saturday evening in May, he was invited to supper to meet Mrs. Holland's lovely young cousin, Henrietta Chapin of Albany. The next morning Henrietta went with Dr. and Mrs. Holland to church and the young minister walked home with her. It was the second Sunday in May, mild and brilliant, the sun shining, the apple blossoms blowing. The two young people lingered along the road, and on that walk Clark

HENRIETTA CHAPIN

made up his mind to marry Henrietta, a determination carried out with blessed results. It was love at first sight for both, a love that never failed in more than sixty years.

As long as they lived they celebrated the second Sunday in May like two lovers. Early in the month my father would begin to call attention to the fact that we might expect the apple blossoms and sunshine on the second Sunday. Sometimes the apple blossoms were just coming out, sometimes they were nearly gone, but they never disappointed, nor did the sunshine. It was invariably a family festival never forgotten at home or abroad, nor can the second Sunday in May ever be like other days, so hallowed a place has it always held in the family life.

Something of what the memory of the day meant appears in these extracts from letters written by my father to my mother on the few times when they were apart on that anniversary:

'*May* 12, 1900

'. . . It seems as fair as it was when we first met thirty seven years ago on the second Saturday in May at the little buff cottage, and you played for Samuel and me "The Fountain." I wonder if that scene comes back to you as freshly as it does to me — the bright sunshine, the fresh spring leaves and the blossoming apple trees. We little knew how momentous was the occasion and how prolific of good it would prove. Well, I doubt whether we would have dared to hope then for so many blessings as we have since received. Love has brought its sorrow as well as its joy, but the sorrow is transitory and the joy eternal, and so is life, and I trust the earthly griefs will seem hereafter like the showers which bring seeds to their fruitage. . . .'

'*May* 11, 1902

'. . . It is just as bright and clear as it was thirty nine years ago today when I looked at your face in the North Church and wondered what our destiny might be. How much better it has been than I dreamed of then or dared to hope for!'

'*May* 13, 1917

'. . . The second Sunday in May has been true to its tradition — a day as bright and beautiful as that never to be forgotten day, fifty four years ago!! — a day filled with blessed memories of unnumbered mercies. My heart overflows with love to God for giving me such a dear wife and such dear children and grandchildren. Every year seems to add to our gifts, and whether the remaining years be few or many — and they cannot be many — we shall never cease to rejoice in the good we have experienced, and I look forward with increasing faith to greater joys still in store for us. God bless you, my darling.'

Henrietta Chapin's background was of the same Puritan type as that of Clark Seelye. Samuel Chapin and his wife, Cicely Penny, came to this country from Paignton, Devonshire county, England, in 1635. Seven years later he ventured from his first home in Roxbury into the wilds of western Massachusetts as far as the Connecticut River and became one of the founders of Springfield. Saint-Gaudens's statue of 'Deacon Samuel' which stands in Merrick Park, Springfield, portrays him striding sturdily to church in Cromwellian garb, the heavy Bible under his arm, his mouth set in the unyielding straight line so often seen in New England. His descendants are proud of this stern progenitor and his uncompromising uprightness.

They like to trace in him characteristics which tradition says drove his Huguenot ancestors from France to England at the time of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. They may claim to recognize such austere traits in his offspring of to-day, but what New-Englander does not know that an austere exterior often covers a soul of extreme gentleness and that inflexibility frequently accompanies deep sympathies?

Henrietta Chapin's grandfather Silas was descended on his father's side from Japhet, the eldest son of Deacon Samuel, and on his mother's side from Henry the second son. Colonel Silas was a prominent figure in the village of Chicopee, a few miles from Springfield up the Connecticut River. It is recorded of him that he was energetic and thrifty, highly esteemed and trusted. On his last muster day it is said that Colonel Silas spent one hundred silver dollars entertaining his friends. Nevertheless he seems to have found the demands of his large family too heavy, for his son Lyman, Henrietta's father, was sent out into the world at the age of thirteen to seek his fortune.

Eventually Lyman Chapin settled in Albany, where in 1826 he married Harriet Sheldon. Harriet's mother, Hannah Hartshorn, then the impecunious widow of a Nantucket sea captain, was a descendant of those Ingrahams who should have inherited the property on which now stands the town of Leeds, England, being the great-granddaughter of the Sarah Ingraham to whom the estate was left. At the time of Harriet's marriage there was still hope that the original will might be found and that the heirs might come into this inheritance. It was not until the time of the next generation that the property finally went to the crown.

Lyman Chapin prospered to such an extent that it was he who helped the brothers and sisters of the Chicopee family, educating their children or starting them in business. There were always nephews and nieces in the Albany house, one of the nieces being Elizabeth Chapin whose marriage to Dr. J. G. Holland took place from Lyman Chapin's home. The stately old house has given place to the rectory of Saint Peter's Church, and the other dignified residences near it on State Street have gone before the inroads of business. It was a delightful home for the three daughters of Lyman Chapin of whom Henrietta was the youngest. All three sisters attended the 'Albany Female Academy,' where, in addition to varied accomplishments, their education was not considered complete until each had made a linen shirt for her father. Later Henrietta was sent to Miss Porter's school in Farmington, Connecticut. She had been there only a little over a year, however, when the sudden death of her mother left the father so heartbroken and prostrated that Henrietta gave up school and devoted herself to him in the big lonely house. Both the older sisters were by this time married and living elsewhere.

When Henrietta came to visit Dr. and Mrs. Holland in May, 1863, her father had died and the State Street house had been sold. Mrs. Holland had come to Albany for a last visit in the home which she loved, before its associations should be scattered with the furniture which was to be sold at auction. Henrietta remembered later that Cousin Lizzie had much to say about a new minister, though she was too preoccupied with her own grief to give heed at the time. She promised Cousin Lizzie, nevertheless, to come to her in Springfield when all was over in Albany.

So to the 'little buff cottage' she went in that fateful

May, finding repose in its sunshine and apple blossoms. That this repose may have been disturbed by the frequent visits of the young minister did not lessen its beneficence. Watchful Cousin Lizzie and 'the Doctor' unquestionably considered his presence salutary, for when they saw how things were going in May, they extracted a promise from Henrietta on her departure in June to come back to them in September before she should settle herself with her married sister in Brooklyn.

The summer's separation seems to have brought the two young people closer. The horseback intimacy of the spring was renewed. Nearly every day there were long rides into the beautiful country. One pictures the ardent young minister, absorbed in his wooing and caring nothing that the congregation doubtless was on tiptoe by this time. The brief entries in Henrietta's little diary furnish no clue to her feelings, although Mr. Seelye's name appears in each day's space. 'Rode horseback with Mr. Seelye.' 'Mr. Seelye here to tea.' 'Mr. Seelye here in evening. Played muggins.' 'Horseback with Mr. Seelye.' Yet it was a swift and passionate courtship and before September was over they were engaged. With the same ardor Clark urged a speedy marriage. They were married in Brooklyn November 17, 1863, six months after they first met. It may have been Clark's mother who suggested this date, for she like him was named after the great-grandmother, Abigail Clark, who was married to Samuel Taylor precisely one hundred years before, November 17, 1763.

Dr. and Mrs. Holland were very happy over this marriage. Had they perhaps furthered it, in spite of the responsibility of angels to which the following letter attributes it?

'SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
'*Nov.* 15, 1863.

'DEAR COUSIN HENRIETTA:

'Will you accept from Elizabeth and myself this little testimonial of our affection on the occasion of your marriage? It goes to you with abundant good wishes — wishes as warm and hearty and far reaching as ever attended woman to the altar. We love you very much. We love him who will soon be your husband, and we believe that your "match," at least, "was made in heaven" and that angels had a hand in it. Angels, we suppose, may use saddle horses and riding sticks and country cousins as "feeble instrumentalities" for the accomplishment of their designs, as in the present instance, without interfering with the celestial character of their productions.

'We anticipate much pleasure and great profit from the presence of a pastor's wife in our parish. We shall come to you with all our little griefs, ask your advice on all sorts of subjects, and look up to you for guidance and counsel. . . .

'Yours truly

'J. G. HOLLAND'

At the end of the honeymoon, the bride and groom went to Bethel where all the brothers with their wives and children had gathered for the Thanksgiving festival. The little bride, who had been brought up rather conventionally, was somewhat taken aback by the casual ways of this large household and overpowered by the tall, bluff brothers-in-law, all of them over six feet. She often spoke later of that Bethel Thanksgiving; of how shy and strange she felt; of how embarrassed she was when Lizzie and Hannah, with their uncompromisingly straight hair, made much of her

THE YOUNG MINISTER AND HIS BRIDE

curls which fell at the back of her head in the fashionable 'waterfall'; of the big brothers who sat around the living room with their chairs tipped back against the wall, keeping up a lively fire of chaff and banter, chiefly from Thomas and Samuel against Julius and Henry, while Clark lay on the sofa with his head in his mother's lap. A letter from Lizzie written soon after this visit shows how warmly the new sister was taken into the family.

'BETHEL, *Dec.* 10, 1863

'DEAR NETTIE:

'Mother is writing to Clark, so I send a little word of *remembrance* to you. Although I can hardly realize that Clark is married, it is not at all difficult to remember that there is *one more loving heart* in our home circle.

'We were ready to love you, dear Nettie, for Clark's sake, for we all love him and his friends are dear to us, but these few Thanksgiving days told us that not only for *Clark's* sake but for *Nettie's* sake also, should we love you. I hope through the coming winter our hearts may be warmed by an occasional letter from you — I will do my share in return.

'Hannah has gone to Albany and Schenectady for the winter, so I am all the one left for father and mother. We must have letters from the absent to compensate. — Don't let Clark forget his weekly letter, for Mother is always disappointed not to receive it.

'With much love to Clark and yourself, dear Nettie,

'I am yr. aff. sister

'LIZZIE'

The young couple had rooms for about a year at the Massasoit House, at that time Springfield's best hotel

— a care-free, happy time it was, which, nevertheless, they were glad to end by taking a small house during the second winter, where, in May, 1865, their first child was born and named Ralph Holland.

During the preceding summer Clark's desire to go to the front had been gratified, if only for a few weeks. The fact that his health was not robust enough to allow him to join the army had been a source of constant regret to him. As a minister he was exempt from draft, but this consideration did not satisfy him. He was glad, therefore, to get to the front for six or eight weeks of service under the United States Christian Commission in the summer of 1864. This organization dating from about the time of the U.S. Sanitary Commission, was formed by the Young Men's Christian Association of the loyal States, and performed the same sort of service that was rendered by that Association in the late war. Clark often spoke, in later days, of this experience but no one remembers to what part of the front he was assigned.

To a young minister the first pastorate is frequently but a stepping-stone to something higher. It is not surprising, therefore, that Clark soon was approached by other churches. The most important of these was the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church of New York which began overtures as early as November, 1863. Coming at about the time of his marriage, Clark evidently gave it some attention, for in February, 1864, a formal call came, offering three thousand dollars as a 'nominal salary' and making a strong plea. This field undoubtedly was more important than the one in Springfield, but Clark's letter of declination was decided, in spite of urgent letters from leading men in the church. He and Nettie were immeasurably happy in Springfield, where already they had many

friends; life in a large city did not appeal to either of them.

Early in 1865 the call was renewed. One of the deacons wrote: 'Never have the people been drawn to any man as they have to you.... If my own convictions were not strong both as regards yourself and the church, I would not again press this subject upon your consideration.... The church will vote you a salary of $5000 per annum, and if you want any more I will either raise it or pay it, if you will let me know the amount — anything that is within the bounds of reasonableness. If a three months' vacation in the coming summer should be desirable, we will arrange it from June to September.'

This was an amazing offer to a young minister, and Clark did not dismiss it before he had consulted his brother Julius and his Uncle Hickok. Undoubtedly, however, Henrietta's influence was what prevailed. The bronchial affection, which Clark had thought cured by his life abroad, had recently reappeared. In spite of his hope that his health at last was equal to the prosecution of his chosen career, the strain of regular preaching had brought back the old trouble, and the state of his health was making his wife anxious for him. A New York church seemed to her the last place to choose. She would have preferred to stay in Springfield, but Clark's discouragement in regard to his throat became so great that a change of profession as well as of scene seemed the wisest course. Julius already had presented Clark's name for a vacancy on the faculty of Amherst College and was confident of his appointment. When, therefore, a definite call came from Amherst in March, offering the Reverend L. Clark Seelye the Williston Professorship of Rhetoric, Oratory, and English Literature, it was accepted gladly.

It was not easy to leave the North Church. The bond which had grown up in the short time between the young pastor and his people was singularly close — a bond so close that the memory of it was treasured for over sixty years by both minister and church. Clark's letter of resignation is full of his strong affection:

'. . . Your Pastor stands to-day where inclination and duty point to different paths. Were I to follow the promptings of human affection alone, I would gladly remain with a people which has become dearer than all others to my heart. Strong indeed are the bonds which unite us. From the commencement of my ministry you have sustained me with perfect unanimity and cheered my heart with the warmest affection. In you I have found no cause for complaint nor source of irritation. With a love which I cannot express, my heart clings to this people to-day. Here are my strongest attachments and I feel at the thought of separation like a child who leaves for the first time his home. Could I convince myself that I could best fulfill my duty to God and man by spending my life with you, the conviction would give me only joy. But the same Christ who led me here seems now to lead me elsewhere. In His Providence I have been called, as you know, to labor in another portion of His vineyard.

'Coming as the call did, without my seeking or desire, I felt obliged to consider prayerfully and thoughtfully whether it might not indicate God's will concerning me. After such consideration, it has seemed to me the position to which I have been invited in Amherst College is much better adapted to my imperfect health and strength than this, and I have felt my permanent usefulness would thus be greatly increased by accepting it.

'Following, therefore, I trust, the direction of One who loves us all, I have decided to resign the pastorate of this church. . . .

'Wishing you grace, mercy and peace from God the Father and our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and praying earnestly that at last we may all gather in the general assembly and church of the first born where Pastor and people abide forever in the presence of their God, I remain

'Your aff. Pastor

'L. C. SEELYE'

The action taken by the church on this resignation shows the same affection. Its tender unselfishness is touching in spite of the elaborate phraseology. After voting 'that we accept with deep regret the resignation of our Pastor, Rev. L. Clark Seelye,' the letter from the committees of the church continues:

'In presenting to you this action of the North Church and Society, we are instructed also to express in their behalf something of the affection we entertain for you and the sorrow we feel at the prospect of your early departure from us. However, we can but feel that we have been ungrateful and unworthy of you if, during the two years you have been with us, your untiring industry in our behalf and disinterested, self-sacrificing affection for us have not called forth in our daily conduct towards you responses that speak in deeper and stronger tones than any formal professions that we may make at the hour of our separation.

'The past two years have been eventful years to us all, memorable in our National and church history, but to each member of this church especially memorable for individual growth and progress in the Christian life under your teachings. When we look back

upon those dark and gloomy days of defeat and disaster, when we were beginning to feel in our hearts that God had forsaken us and naught but despair and desolation awaited us, how thankfully do we remember your never-wavering confidence in the justice of our cause and in its ultimate triumph, and the never-failing sources of consolation you opened to us in the word of God. But it is as the blessed instrument of our Heavenly Father in leading with so gentle a hand so many wandering souls back to the arms of a forgiving Saviour and in rekindling in many a heart the spark of faith and love that had so nearly gone out in the darkness of unbelief that we shall remember you the most gratefully and lovingly so long as Christianity has any charm for us. . . .

'But now as we notice with deep regret your failing strength and impaired health, we can but fear that we may have unnecessarily placed upon your shoulders burdens too great for your strength; that with too much anxiety for ourselves and too little consideration for you we may have troubled you with our little trials, doubts and fears. Forgive us if we have needlessly added anything to the necessarily heavy burdens that you have borne so cheerfully and conscientiously. Especially we ask your forgiveness if we have requited your constant kindness with one unkind word expressed or uncourteous act performed. . . .'

The persistence of this attachment was unmistakable whenever in his later life L. Clark Seelye was invited to speak in the North Church. His last appearance there was in March, 1922, when the church celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary. In spite of the burden of his eighty-five years, he was glad to address his old parish once more and he was welcomed with the roman-

tic affection which had become a tradition in that congregation.

The tribute embodied in the resolutions passed by the North Church at the time of his death is impressive when one considers that its subject was with the church but two years and a half, and that more than sixty years had passed since they called him to be their pastor: 'Dr. Seelye's pastorate at North Church was of short duration but it was long enough to demonstrate his winning and persuasive power as a preacher and to endear him to the hearts of his people as a pastor. . . . He was not militant; yet there was something soldierly, steel true and blade straight in his bearing. Without carrying arms, he was a captain of the army of faith; a leader of the marching hosts of humanity. He was scholarly without ostentation or pedantry. He was reserved; yet the friendliness of his nature brought to his friends a warmer glow of satisfaction than the noisy demonstration of others. There was a power in his personality which was deeper than speech, a dynamic force which was measured by achievement, like the force of the electric current which, unseen and unheard, shines in light and power which carries under the seas and through the air messages of sympathy and understanding.'

CHAPTER VII

THE AMHERST DECADE

On the day that the baby, Ralph Holland, was one month old, Clark and Henrietta left Springfield with many regrets and drove in a buggy to Amherst where they established themselves in a pleasant little house across the street from the home of Julius Seelye.

The ten years at Amherst, as they looked back at them from the strenuous years that came later, seemed particularly peaceful and idyllic. The village entirely satisfied them, not only for its own attractions, but for the beauty and healthfulness of its situation, lifted high enough on the hills, as it is, to enjoy a keenness of air not breathed by dwellers in towns nearer the banks of the Connecticut. They felt the daily charm of the Pelham hills spread out to the east; they enjoyed the long line of the Mount Holyoke and Mount Tom ranges rising boldly from the river meadows to the south, seeming in their irregular procession to connect the eastern hills with the foothills of the Berkshires on the west behind which the sun often set in a blaze of color which glorified Northampton at their base.

Springfield remained a happy memory, but Amherst took abiding hold on their affections. The social life in the village and in the small faculty circle promoted intimate contacts and they made delightful friends. Relieved of the strain of two weekly sermons, Clark's health improved steadily and he found his work stimulating and congenial. He had been an omnivorous reader, but he had made no special study of English literature, nor had the thought of teaching entered into

his plans for the future, so fixed had been his conviction from boyhood that he was 'called to preach the gospel.' Having adopted the new profession, however, he responded to its demands with characteristic energy and enthusiasm, renewing his familiarity with the English poets and applying himself to the study of early English literature and English history.

In these days, when the problem of almost every American college is to keep its numbers from overflowing its capacity; when interest in the individual is, therefore, more or less casual or fortuitous, the size of Amherst College in 1865 seems enviable. It was a matter of course that a strong personality should be quickly felt in so small a community — indeed, what Amherst graduate of that period still lives to whose inner eye the picture of each one of his professors is not clear and vivid? Who of them failed to be influenced by that group of strong thinkers, brilliant teachers and unselfish companions?

With President Stearns the faculty numbered seventeen and the students two hundred and three when L. Clark Seelye began his teaching. His brother Julius already had made a strong position for himself in the college — indeed, Clark felt that he never could be the equal of the profound and brilliant professor of mental and moral philosophy. As a matter of fact, his place at Amherst always was overshadowed somewhat by the very extraordinary power of Julius, but to the innate humility of the younger brother this seemed only natural. Both brothers, however, were equally simple-hearted and oblivious to the question of popularity. They knew that their relative merits were discussed by the students, that they were spoken of irreverently as 'Jule' and 'Clark,' and they were as amused as any one when one of the classes produced a

photograph in which the heads of the two brothers were grafted on the shoulders of Raphael's cherubs from the Sistine Madonna with their dimpled arms and hands.

Nevertheless, Clark had not been long at Amherst before men who cared for things literary began to select that college for what it offered in the department of English. Distinguished alumni declare that what influenced them in going to Amherst was the reputation of the young professor of English. A member of the board of trustees of Amherst writes: 'I had a brother in Harvard, so the natural thing for me to do would have been to go to Harvard myself. However, I was particularly anxious to improve my English, and the reason I decided upon Amherst was largely because of what I had heard as to the very strong English work of Professor L. Clark Seelye. He had the reputation of being the best teacher of practical rhetoric and composition in any of the colleges.' [1]

Another well-known alumnus writes: 'My first knowledge of Professor Seelye of Amherst College came through a young and able clergyman who, while a guest in our family, told us with great satisfaction about the brilliant work that he was doing as a scholar and teacher in the department of Rhetoric and English Literature. The clergyman had, I believe, had some influence in directing the attention of the trustees to the desirability of securing Dr. Seelye for that work and, because of his own enthusiasm, he caused me to go to Amherst with large expectations. . . . My expectations were fully met . . . Professor Seelye, as part of the work he offered, was giving lectures on the Celtic period and they appealed strongly to all of us. . . . We had the pleasure and the advantage of meeting him in

[1] Letter from George A. Plimpton.

his home and among his books and of having his keen and helpful criticism of our essays and so-called "orations" from the platform of the old college chapel and assembly room. Amherst was strong in a true sense in those days, and the impression that it left on the minds and the characters of the pupils was one that it is hard to-day for any college to parallel. A very large element in this impression was that which was made in the English Department by the brilliant and enthusiastic head of that section of the collegiate work.' [1]

Although there was supposed to be an instructor to help with the Freshmen and Sophomores, there is no record of one until 1869, and Clark Seelye seems to have had contact with all four classes. With the three lower classes there were lectures and recitations in rhetoric and sentence structure, with drill in composition. After a few years there was a course in 'English Classics' for Juniors. The course in English Literature was open only to Seniors, with recitations during the fall term and lectures during the first half of the winter term. One would not expect a lasting impression to remain from those few weeks, yet letters from Amherst alumni of the period show that a surprising amount of literature as well as of inspiration and of personality must have been crowded into that short time. The interest, moreover, had to be concentrated into the recitation or lecture hour, for the outside study was confined to the dryest of text-books, Shaw's English Literature, with its long lists of dates, birthplaces and other uninspiring details in the lives of English authors.

'In my day,' writes a member of the class of '70, 'we did not read and study the individual books of English authors as is commonly done to-day. . . . So it was a

[1] Letter from John Bates Clark.

fine thing and ever to be remembered with gratitude that a strong personality, appreciating the greatness of English speech and thought, gave himself wholeheartedly to the service of immature boys who unto this day acknowledge and bless its winning power.'[1]

It has been interesting to look through these lectures to Amherst students, so carefully preserved among L. Clark Seelye's papers. Their subjects include Oratory, Rhetoric, Reading, The History of Literature, Feudalism, Tournaments, Chivalry, Troubadours, Italian Influence on English Literature, Beowulf, The Niebelungen Lied, Irish Bards, Our Indebtedness to the Celt, The Antiquity of Celtic Literature, The Ancient Fenians. There is evidence of careful study, of wide reading, of eager research, but one is struck most of all by the fact that what appealed to this ardent young professor was the romantic side of English literature and history, and it was this which he offered, with his infectious enthusiasm, to the romantic young spirits before him. No wonder that the lure of it took hold of their imaginations, as it had of his own, and that they remember it to this day.

The subject which seems to have made the greatest impression on the students — undoubtedly because he himself became so absorbed in it — was that of Celtic Literature. It may be that his interest in the Celts was first awakened by Matthew Arnold's essay on Celtic Literature which appeared in 1867. If this were so, he surpassed his teacher in enthusiasm and research, for his lectures cover a wider field and show more prolific study than Matthew Arnold's stimulating book. He published three articles on this subject; 'Our Celtic Inheritance,' in *Putnam's Magazine* for May, 1870; 'The Antiquity of Celtic Literature,' in *Putnam's* for

[1] Letter from William K. Wickes.

October, 1870; 'The Ancient Fenians,' in *Scribner's* (now *The Century*) for March, 1871.

Clark Seelye's lectures on the Celts began in 1868 and continued with undimmed enthusiasm until he left Amherst. Even men who were interested chiefly in natural sciences were captivated and still remember the eagerness with which the claims of Welshman and Fenian were presented. Few of the boys had even heard of Celts, much less imagined that their Irish friends possessed such a background of legend and poetry. It was an innovation which would not have been dared by a previous professor, hence was something of an adventure. Perhaps this accentuated the atmosphere of Celtic mystery, magic, and charm which seems to have been communicated to the classes in a way that few forgot.

Clark bought rare books for himself and recommended others for the college library. Long after the manuscripts of his Amherst lecture were dusty and dim, he enjoyed taking from his study shelves the 'Four Books of Ancient Wales,' Lady Guest's volumes of 'The Mabinogion,' the texts of 'The Ormulum' and 'Layamon's Brut,' the translation from the Icelandic of the 'Burnt Njal.' The importance of this subject was naturally overshadowed by the demands of his later life, but in one small detail he remained true to 1868 — he never changed his pronunciation of Celt with a soft 'C.'

The class of '69, coming to Amherst as Freshmen at the time of Clark's arrival in the fall of 1865, adopted him as a member, called him 'Clark' in easy comradeship in spite of the mild dignity which surrounded him, and made him welcome in manifold ways, to all of which he responded naturally and simply. In truth, he was hardly more than a boy, just twenty-eight that

September, and younger than some of his own pupils who had been teaching school to earn money for college. Moreover, he was not only young but handsome, eager, and magnetic. An enthusiastic member of the class of '69 writes: 'The strength, the animation, the flush and color, the depths and flashes of those wonderful eyes, the extreme beauty of his countenance — *far the most beautiful I have ever seen* — the whole splendor of his personality, even now, after fifty-five years, rises into 'the eye and prospect of my soul' like a vision of some poet's dream. . . . He led us through the fields of English Literature and Poetry when every lesson hour was suffused with the warmth and light and vigor of his matchless and mysterious charm and presence. The impression made upon me, not merely mentally but as a whole man, was immense, body, soul and spirit.' [1]

In addition to English Literature and Rhetoric the professorship included 'Oratory,' which sonorous term covered perhaps the most important branch of Clark's activities. In this, until he had an assistant, he met all four classes throughout the year. There were lectures on Oratory as well as on Rhetoric; Freshmen and Sophomores memorized and declaimed selections approved by the professor; Juniors and Seniors were required to declaim 'original orations'; and there was a special course in 'extemporaneous oratory' in preparation for the Hardy Prize Debate.

Across the fifty-five or sixty years come echoes of the 'oratory' of Clark Seelye's Amherst days. 'Amherst College had had something of a tradition, handed down from the days of Beecher and Storrs, of excellence in public speaking,' writes a member of '69. 'This tradition was enormously reinforced by Clark

[1] Letter from William Russell Scarritt.

Seelye.... It is an art in which he himself was a master so that he taught its fundamental principles with remarkable success. To this day Amherst is justly famed as a training school for public speakers and I think that it is fair to say that it owes a great debt to Clark Seelye.... He trained the student to clear thinking which was to him the basis of clear speaking.' [1]

Another member of the same class sends reminiscences of Freshman 'declamation.' 'The early recollections of his teaching call up the scene in room eleven on the third story of the old chapel building, where he initiated us into the art of oratory by asking us to join in shouting at the top of our voices over and over again, "Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!" He had a lot of fun and youthful vim in him, and let it go for the mere joy of noise-making. We were all and always fond of him from the beginning. I remember when Donald, who was often at his house on Faculty Street, got on the subject of smoking, which led him, after Clark had expressed himself rather strongly against it for a young boy, to resolve to *stop* at once, and he celebrated his determination by sealing up a cherry-stemmed briarwood pipe with wax and handing it to *Mrs.* Seelye to keep for a year.... He was always kind, ready to help in every way and a boy among us.... He was possessed of a monumental patience, good nature, and gentleness in all intercourse with his classes and individuals, whenever we met him in or out of recitation hours. We were always welcome at his house and enjoyed the freedom and kind hospitality he and Mrs. Seelye showed us.' [2]

Every Wednesday afternoon all four classes met for

[1] Letter from Francis H. Stoddard.
[2] Letter from Francis Draper Lewis.

'declamation' in the old college chapel. This occasion seems to have been principally for Senior orations, but the lower classes were expected to be present and to manifest their interest in a suitable way. Interest of a sort, perhaps not always suitable, was invariably present on those Wednesday afternoons, for they were electric with class feeling. Moreover they were regarded as a relaxation from the rigidity of recitations and they sometimes had proved too much for the disciplinary powers of Clark's predecessor. Clark, however, never seems to have lost his essential dignity.

The tension of maintaining order during 'declamation' however, kept him alert in spite of his outward calm, nor did his influence cease when the hour was over, as appears from the following in Dr. Stoddard's letter — the sort of thing the professor had to be on the watch for, those Wednesday afternoons: 'After the exercises it was customary for the students to withdraw in the order of classes, Seniors first, Freshmen last. The exits were down two narrow flights of stairs leading to the great hall below with massive doors which led to the outer world. As the Sophomores reached this lower hall, the frenzy of class consciousness overcame them. They swung to the heavy doors, formed in battle array and met the following Freshmen for a battle contest. . . . Not loath, the Freshmen accepted the gage, and the fight that ensued raged for some minutes with terrific fierceness and with prospect of much carnage. Suddenly above the tumult and the battling rang out the clear and yet sweet voice of Clark Seelye. Without a trace of irritation, without a shadow of arrogance, he addressed the fighting students. Startled by the voice, moved perhaps also by curiosity as to what message he might give, the students halted the battle for a moment. "Why will you,

gentlemen," I recall that he began, "Why will you risk the loss of your whole college course for the tickling sensation of a moment?" And then calmly, quietly, powerfully, he counselled them and a miracle happened. The Sophomores nearest opened the great doors and the two classes, smiling to each other, passed out together into the sunshine.'

In the same letter Dr. Stoddard contributes another picture, with the remark: 'Sixty years is a long time away, and it is a tribute to Clark Seelye's early manhood that a Freshman of those far-off days remembers him vividly.... In the Autumn of 1865, the young professor with the human sympathy which was as active with him then as in all the long years of his later service, had joined with his wife in giving a welcoming reception to the entering class. Clark Seelye was then in his twenty-ninth year, a fine example of youth and vigor. His beautiful wife, almost the same age and with a dignity and grace well befitting, completed the picture. I shall never forget the impression which his personality made upon me, and the impression of beauty, dignity and friendliness made by his charming wife.'

With all Clark's simplicity and lack of self-consciousness, there went a certain polish and courtliness of manner and a scrupulousness in dress which were felt even by the students of Amherst days. Dr. Brownell writes not only of the cordiality of his interest, but of 'his ever present urbanity. This last,' he continues, 'was a characteristic that marked him and made for him a position, as it were, of his own. Amherst was more rural in those days, and he was decidedly exceptional in imparting the tone and air of the great world into its rusticities — a note of personal and social elegance in habit, bearing, gesture, and breadth of view, withal a

touch of the romantic, appearing in the cloak, as of classic, witnessed by the silk hat. I dare say he wore shirt studs — a mark of mundane polish in those days before pearl buttons became imperative — as Professor Dwight did, who came from the metropolis for a brief course of lectures in the spring. *Sed hae nugae sunt!* you may exclaim. But they had their æsthetic effect socially. . . . L. C. S. was also in touch with the great world, as it seemed to us, as well as having been there. . . . He preached occasionally, though (being an Episcopalian) I did not often hear him. I recall, nevertheless, his manner of polished earnestness and his easy gesture, as of course the voice which he shared with his older brother — deep, rich and without the nasal note.'[1]

'I remember with great distinctness,' writes a graduate of '76, 'the impressions made by his chapel talks. These manifested a very strong, forceful personality who was intensely interested in young men and their problems, and knew how to address them most vigorously and forcefully. Looking back over the years, I feel that, had it been his lot to be called to the presidency of a college for young men, he would have been as eminently successful in that field as he proved himself to be in a college for young women.'[2]

It is no surprise to those who were familiar with L. Clark Seelye's perennial joy in young people that the impression made by his personality upon college boys fifty or sixty years ago should remain clear and vivid. In his Springfield church his popularity with the young people, even with the children, had been unexampled. His quickness to get the point of view of youth, his interest in youth's concerns, his simplicity, natural-

[1] Letter from William C. Brownell.
[2] Letter from Edward H. Knight.

HENRIETTA CHAPIN SEELYE
About 1864

ness and sense of humor invariably drew youth to him. His affection for all young things was one of his strongest traits. Children adored him; he always had some amusing story or trick for them. He could handle a baby as well as if he had been a woman, and he knew the right thing to say to it or about it. Wherever his lot might have fallen, his power with young people would have been conspicuous.

This responsiveness was shared by Henrietta in her less exuberant way. They kept open house in Amherst, and college boys especially were welcome at any hour. The class of '69 used to avail itself of its privileges as 'his class' with particular comraderie. One of their number, Winchester Donald, later rector of Trinity Church, Boston, made himself so at home in the little house on Faculty Street that Clark and Nettie called him their eldest son. They would find him playing with the children when they returned from a call; he would come in and send the mother upstairs for a nap while he took care of the children; he would rush into the house and ask for sympathy and advice in his love affairs. There is yet an English ivy growing on the old president's house in Northampton, 'slipped' from the Amherst house, known as 'Donald's ivy,' for it had grown in his room in the old East College.

Perhaps not many of the students were as intimate as Donald, but they were repeatedly at the house. Clark received them in his study for conferences over their 'compositions,' often detaining them to show them his books. There were, moreover, frequent 'parties' when 'the library,' and the 'sitting room,' on either side of the front door were filled with groups from town or college. For more formal gatherings all four rooms on the ground floor were thrown open, the dining room back of the library and the bedroom back

of the sitting room. As in many country houses two or three generations ago, the father and mother slept in a room off the sitting room because it could be kept warmer and was convenient with little children. This offered no obstacle, however, for even the most formal receptions. Clark had a tall screen made which shut off the bed on such occasions; other evidences of domestic use were hidden, and hospitality was unembarrassed and free.

The demure loveliness of Henrietta was as much a magnet as Clark's enthusiasm. Letters from Amherst alumni of that decade speak warmly of Mrs. Seelye's beauty, her charm and grace. In spite of the increasing family, she always was ready with fun and gaiety. Nor were her sympathies confined to the students; she shared her husband's popularity in the village. Even the poet recluse, Emily Dickinson, shut in behind her evergreens, learned of the attractions of the young professor's wife and included her in the dainty offerings of delicacies which she sent with her incomparable notes to Amherst friends. Henrietta liked to wear natural flowers inside the poke brim of her 'cottage bonnet,' instead of the artificial ones called for by fashion. Without doubt she looked adorable, and when Emily Dickinson heard of this her endeavors to see her became more frequent. One note demanding an appointment to meet her 'at the foot of the back stairs by moonlight alone' became a family phrase, but was unfortunately destroyed with other notes, in Henrietta's orderly way.

The happiness of both parents as their family increased was entirely characteristic. A large family was what both desired and no sacrifice for it seemed to them too great. When the second child arrived, the mother was dangerously ill; for two days she lay unconscious and prayers for her were offered in every

church in the village. When, therefore, the father knew that a third child was coming, he was worried and anxious, and it was with a heavy heart that he hitched up the horse and buggy, on an evening in May, and drove for the doctor. The weight on his heart was lifted unexpectedly soon, however, for when he re-entered the house with the doctor, it was ringing with the lusty cry of the baby, and the mother lay laughing heartily at its screams. Clark was so filled with relief and joy that the next morning, with characteristic buoyancy, he felt that he must celebrate in some way. Something must be done to capture this day and its thankfulness. He dashed 'up street,' therefore, and got the photographer to come down at once and photograph the house from the side which should show the window of the room where mother and baby lay. The picture, taken from Julius's yard across the street, shows that Clark considered the occasion worthy of his silk hat as he perched jauntily on the porch rail with Ralph, his first born. A nurse holds the second child, a baby of a year and a half, while sister Hannah likewise sits on the rail and the new baby's nurse sternly guards the entrance to the mother's room.

This child was named Abigail Taylor for her grandmother Seelye, as the first daughter had been named Harriet Chapin for the maternal grandmother. The girls were the only ones of the children who had purely family names. The more romantic names of the boys reflected the studies and literary interests of the father. The fourth child, Arthur, arrived while the legends of King Arthur were fascinating Clark, and the boy knew this and was particularly devoted to the 'Idyls of the King,' carrying his Tennyson in his pocket when he went for a tramp. Just which Walter of romance was prominent in my father's thoughts when the fifth child

was named Walter Clark no one remembers, although it was understood that he was named for some hero. The middle name went back to the great-great-grandmother from whom Laurenus Clark Seelye was named. There was a little daughter who died at birth, making five children born in those ten happy years at Amherst. Never were children more welcome or better loved. The large family was never too much for my mother, slight and delicate as she was — indeed she used to say that, when the interval between Arthur and Walter grew so long that she was afraid she might have no more children, she could hardly bear the thought.

Amherst was an ideal place in which to bring up a family. Almost any part of the village was a safe and salubrious playgound. The air was invigorating all the year round; it was not necessary to take the children away in summer, as was found advisable after the family moved to Northampton. Amherst, indeed, offered such joys in the summer that friends chose that time to pay long visits. One of my mother's Farmington friends, Mrs. Theodore Thomas, brought her family of small children and spent the summer at the Amherst hotel, which meant the delight of more children in our yard all day. The father of these children, the famous orchestra conductor, came frequently for 'over Sunday' ('week-ends' did not exist), and made such a strong impression on small, wondering children that they never forgot it during the concerts of later years.

Another factor which contributed in large measure to the happiness and comfort of Amherst days was the devotion of sister Hannah, who not being needed in Bethel, spent much of her time with Clark and Nettie in Amherst. Hannah was ever ready to drop her sewing and run if she heard a child cry. 'Well, I got my

THE AMHERST HOME

needle in!' was often her remark after an interrupted morning, and it mattered not how short a distance her needle advanced if the progress of the household was furthered. She was always ready to take the children into the garden that the living room might have a respite; or she would help bundle the children into the 'carryall' and drive them and their mother off for an afternoon in the woods. On a Sunday afternoon her favorite and successful device for promoting peace, while the father and mother got a chance to rest, was to divide her sparse yellow hair into four sections and allow the four older children to comb it at the same time.

The presence in Amherst of Uncle and Aunt Hickok added to Clark's happiness. After Dr. Hickok resigned from the presidency of Union College in 1868, he built a comfortable house in Amherst for himself and his wife, next to that of their nephew Julius and nearly opposite Clark's. Here he quietly continued his thinking and writing, publishing his last three books from his Amherst study. Clark's children stood in awe and fear of Uncle and Aunt Hickok (their Christian names seem never to have been used) for they were of the reserved and austere New England type and the children never saw them unbend. When we were taken to their house we were enjoined strictly not to make a noise, not to scuffle our feet on the carpet, and to say plainly, 'Yes, Sir,' and 'Yes, Ma'am,' counsels which did not enhance our affection for them. They seldom noticed us at all, although Uncle Hickok occasionally addressed us in his gentle, abstracted way as 'Sis' and 'Bub.' My father and Uncle Julius, however, were devoted to this uncle and aunt who had been kind to the children of Seth and Abigail, no matter how austere to others. My father liked to talk his problems over with

them and valued their judgment and advice. It was Uncle Hickok who repeatedly said to his two nephews, 'Retire when you are seventy. If you wait till you are older, you will begin to think you are too young!' He himself was an example of the wisdom of that advice, and he lived to enjoy twenty serene years in the house which his nephews had thought he was too old to build, dying at the age of ninety in 1888.

Clark was proud of his little Amherst house. He enjoyed working about the place and in the garden. He was proud of his strawberry bed and his vegetables, the seat around the apple tree and the gravelled walks. He often spoke of how bare the little place had been when he bought it and of how he had enjoyed planting the hedge and every tree and shrub.

Like most of the Amherst professors he was invited to preach frequently, not only in the college chapel but in the near-by towns and in the larger cities. His carefully kept 'sermon record' shows that during the ten years in Amherst he preached nearly every Sunday. On the same page with the date and text of the sermon preached was entered likewise the 'honorarium,' when one was received. This made an appreciable addition to the meagre professorial salary, although Clark enjoyed preaching whether for recompense or not. When he gave up the Springfield church it was his declared purpose to reënter the ministry after his throat and his general health should have improved; preaching, therefore, continued to interest him as much as teaching. The consideration given to calls to several important churches received while at Amherst indicate that the possibility of becoming a pastor again was in his thoughts constantly.

The importunate and generous friends of the New York Fourteenth Street Church had resigned them-

selves at length to the relinquishment of their hope. About a year after the time that Clark declined their offer in favor of the modest position at Amherst he received an urgent call to the Center Church in New Haven, and the eager desire of the parish for his presence is evident in the correspondence. A letter from Clark's mother, among this sheaf of pressing appeals doubtless was hard to resist. She had been disappointed when Julius had accepted a call to a college instead of a church. To have her beloved youngest son leave the profession for which she had destined him in her prayers had been a blow the severity of which she constantly hoped to see alleviated by his return to the ministry.

'BETHEL, *March* 19, 1866

'MY DEAR SON,

'You have been on my mind day and night and my constant prayer is that you may be guided in every step that you shall take by the spirit of God. . . . If you are able to preach and have been called in the providence of God to that office, it seems to me that you can do more good than in any other position. I never felt as if Amherst was the place for you, although I may be mistaken. *You* ought to be the best judge. . . . Take time to pray and deliberate and let the great question be: Where can I be the most useful and do the most good in my master's service, and may God direct you aright. . . . How I wish I could see you and *talk* instead of writing.'

Another invitation to which Clark gave careful and prayerful consideration came the following year from the Park Street Church in Boston. The formal call, beautifully inscribed with many flourishes on heavy

paper, not only makes a flattering appeal, in spite of its complacency, but lays an astonishing injunction upon the Reverend L. Clark Seelye to discharge a debt for Amherst:

'BOSTON, *Jan. 14th*, 1867

'. . . And now, dear sir, permit us further to remark that we have been seeking divine guidance in the search of a Pastor for nearly a year and, with a single exception, have been unable to think of any one but yourself; and never have there been such earnestness, such unanimity and such enthusiasm in regard to any one, as have been exercised toward you, and you receive our first call. . . . Here on this outlook of Zion may the faithful watchman do more for the Master than from any other point in all our dear New England; and probably in all the land. Its influence cannot possibly be confined to this city nor to New England; it extends further — even to the ends of the earth.

'We call to mind the early days of Amherst College; and it should not be forgotten that Park St. Church has proved herself a friend in her time of need; and by your acceptance of this call, you will help discharge a College debt of long standing. A Christian brother writes us as follows:

'"Rev. Doct. Humphrey, the first Pres. came to Boston every year for quite a number of years, soliciting pecuniary aid. . . . Members of Park St. Church were in the habit of making up yearly offerings;[1] . . . and well do I remember Doct. Humphrey's public appeals from the pulpit of Park St. Church, that if we would stand by the College in its infancy, the time might come when they would furnish our church with a

[1] Names of the donors are given.

THE WOODEN WEDDING
1868

Pastor; adding — "Brethren of Park St. Church, we must depend upon your continued aid until better times shall dawn."'

'We believe that the time when Amherst College should give us a Pastor has come: and the Lord has set his seal of approval on the man. We pray the Lord to save the College from so painful a record, as having the means now of rendering such an important service to the Church, and yet withholding because they *would not*. . . .

'We may be allowed to add as the general conviction of all those who are competent to judge, that while there is abundant cause for you to be held in high esteem by all the friends of the College, the office occupied by you can be much more easily filled by the appointment of other gentlemen who possess the requisite literary qualifications and whose tastes are unsuited to the ministerial profession, than the office of Pastor of so important a church as Park St. . . .

'If, indeed, the Lord has not directed this Church to lay upon you this solemn responsibility, then we might in future hesitate in all attempts to interpret the divine indications and dealings. . . .'

Surely a challenge which could not be treated lightly. It was reënforced by letters from pastors of other Boston churches; from the Reverend J. M. Manning of the Old South, then close by; from the Reverend E. K. Alden of Phillips Church, and others.

Clark was quite aware of the importance of Park Street Church, and this call received attention as serious as was urged for it. It evidently made more impression upon him than the other invitations for he mentioned it frequently in after years. Moreover, he took a full month for deliberation upon this offer. The

rough draft of his answer is dated from Amherst, February 13, 1867.

In October, 1872, he had some correspondence with the Harvard Church in Brookline, where apparently he had preached more than once. A letter from one of the deacons contains much the same entreaty as those heard from other churches: 'We have believed for quite a long time that you were the man to lead us on. Our people have never quite given you up, but about once in three months have raised the cry, "Can't we have Prof. Seelye?"' A committee from the church asked to be allowed to come to Amherst to confer with him but he discouraged this and the matter never came to a formal call.

One pictures the young professor talking with that best comrade and wise counsellor, his wife, concerning these invitations to leave Amherst and reënter his first profession; one is sure of their conscientious scrutiny of the problem on all its sides; one sees Clark crossing the little street to lay the matter before his brother Julius, and going next door to Julius's to listen to the experienced judgment of Uncle Hickok. It is safe to assume, moreover, that he likewise sought another trusted friend and sound counsellor. One pictures him receiving sage and well-considered advice from that Nestor of the Amherst faculty, its most accomplished scholar and beloved professor of Greek, Clark's warm friend, William S. Tyler. Between the older and the younger professor there was a strong bond. Clark's admiration for Professor Tyler was deep and affectionate. He revered him for his profound learning, for his lofty ideals, for his wisdom and broadmindedness, and he loved him for his sanity and his human sympathy. The older man returned this affection.

Something of Dr. Tyler's estimate of the younger

professor is to be found in his own words. Amherst celebrated in 1871 its semi-centennial, for which occasion William S. Tyler prepared an interesting and illuminating 'History of Amherst College During its First Half Century.' In his characteristic and delightful style he wrote thus of the professor of English who had been in Amherst then six years:

'The trustees made unanimous choice of Rev. L. Clark Seelye as Williston Professor of Rhetoric, whereby Springfield lost a Congregational Bishop greatly honored and beloved, but the College gained a professor of Rhetoric and Oratory and English Literature who, though he came with the avowed expectation of staying only a few years and then resuming the ministry, is proving himself more and more the right man in the right place, is resisting attractive calls to the pastoral office and devoting himself most assiduously to the study of English Literature in its very sources and to the duties of his office, is preaching powerfully by the life as well as the lip, during the week as well as on the Sabbath, to two or three hundred young men, and seems to be taking root in a college where, if he only has the grace of perseverance, he may in due time make thousands better teachers and preachers, authors, savants and scholars for his influence over them.'

It was Professor William Tyler himself, nevertheless, who was perhaps chiefly responsible for thwarting that grace of perseverance which he had so sagely counselled. Already he was president of the board of trustees for what seemed an unsubstantial dream, Smith College, and it was he who urged the choice of the young Amherst professor, L. Clark Seelye, for its first president.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BIRTH OF SMITH COLLEGE

SOPHIA SMITH lived and died in the quaint old village of Hatfield, about eight miles from Amherst up the Connecticut Valley, a village in which her family had held an honored and substantial position for many generations. Thrifty by instinct, the Smiths had been successful farmers and shrewd investors, 'forehanded' in their provisions, economical in their outlay. Although not wealthy in a modern sense, they had the faculty of keeping their money and seeing it increase, and their ordinary life made few demands upon it. An uncle of Sophia, Oliver Smith, had left about four hundred thousand dollars to found two institutions in Northampton, Smith's Agricultural School, and 'Smith's Charities,' a curious foundation from whose income this elderly bachelor planned to help two classes of young people who seemed to him, in that not so remote day, to need special assistance. It still provides marriage portions for worthy young men and women, but the funds for the second object — to furnish a start in life for apprentices who had been 'bound out' — find no journeymen beneficiaries in this factory-ridden age.

Sophia's father, Joseph Smith, prospered in his farming, like other members of his clan. His modest house was as comfortable as most austere New England homes of his day; he was fond of seeing his women folks well dressed; but the family lived frugally and carefully, spending little and with little to enjoy, so that the ten thousand dollars which Joseph left to each of his four children seemed more than sufficient

SOPHIA SMITH

for the wants of their rather drab lives. After the death of both parents one of Sophia's brothers had married, her two sisters had died, and she, counting herself an old woman at sixty-five, was living with Sarah, the 'help,' in the old farmhouse, deaf, lonely and with few interests, when in 1861 her unmarried brother, Austin, who had been carrying on successful speculations after the fashion of his Uncle Oliver, died suddenly in Boston, and what seemed like a large fortune descended, unexpected and unwanted, to her.

It presented itself chiefly as a burden to her New England mind and conscience. What use should she make of it? How best devote it to the glory of God? As a means of pleasure it was not to be considered; to enhance her own comfort it was not necessary; the thought of softening the bleakness of her life did not occur to her. In her perplexity she turned to her young pastor, the Reverend John Morton Greene, instinctively seeking to put upon the shoulders of the minister a load which a member of his parish found too heavy. When his scholarly soul shrank from advice on a subject involving so much money, Sophia put her hand before her face and wept. The burden was too much for her — why should she have to face it alone? Perhaps it was her tears or her loneliness that moved her pastor, or his own unselfishness and his conscientious conception of his duty. Reluctantly he consented to help her find a way to dispose of her unwelcome property, and, with his usual scrupulousness, he gave his mind to the problem with such consecration that soon his heart and soul were in it and it became a passion which influenced the rest of his life.

In the narrative which Mr. Greene has left of his connection with Smith College, a narrative edited and enlarged by his daughter, he describes the searchings of

heart, the hesitations and questionings, the humility of his parishioner, in her conscientious wrestling with the responsibility before her. One feels the stern Puritan instinct which forbade that the money should be spent on herself, the morbid doubt of her own desires. One feels, likewise, the patience of the young adviser, his determination, his devotion and his vision. The cause of education was in him a passion and that of the education of women a consuming fire.

Nevertheless Mr. Greene's loyalty to his alma mater prompted him to put the cause of Amherst College ahead of that of women's education, when he first began to consider the best uses for Miss Smith's money. Mrs. Greene, on the other hand, to whom he instinctively turned as soon as his harassed parishioner had left his study, urged the school of her own youth, Mount Holyoke Seminary. Efforts to interest their neighbor in either of these institutions, however, were fruitless. In vain Mrs. Greene persuaded teachers from the Seminary to drive over the bad roads to Hatfield and call with her upon Miss Smith. In vain Professors William Tyler and Julius Seelye made the equally difficult journey from Amherst and poured the needs of their college into the ear-tube of the silent and non-committal lady before them. She never had seen the Seminary and did not wish to; she never had been to Amherst and refused to visit it. It was plain that some other outlet must be found. An academy for boys and girls in Hatfield was suggested, a woman's college in Hatfield, a deaf-mute institute in Hatfield.

Deacon Hubbard, Miss Smith's lawyer and neighbor, who had been admitted to the deliberations almost from the beginning, urged a library for their village, but Mr. Greene felt that the size of the fortune warranted something more significant than this.

Moreover, his Puritan instincts caused him to distrust the luxury of a large number of books in a small village. 'I am fearful that such a library as Miss Smith proposed to establish in Hatfield would not be a blessing to it,' he wrote to Deacon Hubbard. 'Books, unless they are good ones, are a great curse to a community. Such a large sum as she proposed would give them so much to spend for books that they would not be careful to get only good ones, but every kind of book would be brought in — and you know how prone the young are to take the bad rather than the good. In my judgment the interest of $5000, as a perpetual fund, would be an ample endowment for the library.' [1]

The suggestion which Miss Smith considered most favorably doubtless appealed to her because of the sense of loneliness and solitude caused by her own deafness. In 1861, she decided to leave the bulk of her property to found a school for the deaf in Hatfield and her first will was drawn up to that effect. Even with this document signed and sealed, however, the flame of Mr. Greene's hope for a woman's college burned undimmed. The thought of help for Amherst had to be relinquished, but he did not lessen his zeal for the cause he actually had most at heart, in spite of discouragement encountered on all sides. He neglected no opportunity to foster in Miss Smith an interest in woman's education, lending her books on the subject, and calling her attention frequently to the deplorable condition of her sex. He wrote to presidents of New England colleges for opinions on the advisability of founding a college for women, with depressing results. 'All to whom I wrote opposed such an idea; and some of them said that such a plan was not only

[1] *Sophia Smith and the Beginnings of Smith College*, by Elizabeth D. Hanscom and Helen F. Greene, p. 57.

"foolish" but "hazardous" and even "dangerous" and "wicked." They called me "visionary" and warned me against carrying out such an "abnormal and perilous scheme, if I should ever have a chance to do it."' [1]

It was but a confirmation of Mr. Greene's faith in an All-Wise Providence when, in 1867, the endowment of a school for the deaf in Northampton by one of its citizens, Mr. John Clark, made further argument on that subject unnecessary. There seemed now nothing in the way of the furtherance of the higher education of women. The seed planted by him in Miss Smith's mind, a half-dozen years before, and carefully nourished ever since, had begun to show signs of fruition. He therefore applied himself with confidence to drawing up a plan for a woman's college which should meet with her approval.

He had taken a church in South Hadley in February, 1868, but he made frequent and toilsome trips to Hatfield and Amherst to discuss the project which now absorbed him. In these days of automobile highways, a drive up the Connecticut Valley in March may not present itself as an adventure requiring special courage, but to one who remembers the quaking mud and bottomless sloughs of the Hadley 'flats,' the picture in Mr. Greene's narrative of the overworked minister struggling with horse and buggy through the spring mud of 'roads indescribably bad, in places almost impassable,' would be convincing proof of his devotion if such were needed. It is gratifying to know that this devotion was rewarded. His Plan for a Woman's College was finally finished and approved by Miss Smith and incorporated into her final will.

At the time of Miss Smith's death, in June, 1870,

[1] *Sophia Smith and the Beginnings of Smith College*, p. 45.

Mr. Greene had moved to Lowell, Massachusetts, as minister of the Eliot Church. Here he continued to devote the best part of his time and attention to the cause of Smith College — a cause so uncertain that his faith and courage were as necessary to it as his time and attention, and he gave unstintingly of all.

In the Plan as first drawn up, the name of the new college was to be Sophia Smith College and its location Hatfield. Her own village had seemed to the donor the natural and proper recipient of her gift, the community which should get whatever material benefits might arise from its development. The final will, however, provided that the name should be Smith College and the location Northampton, on condition that that town should contribute twenty-five thousand dollars — otherwise the college was to be established in Hatfield.

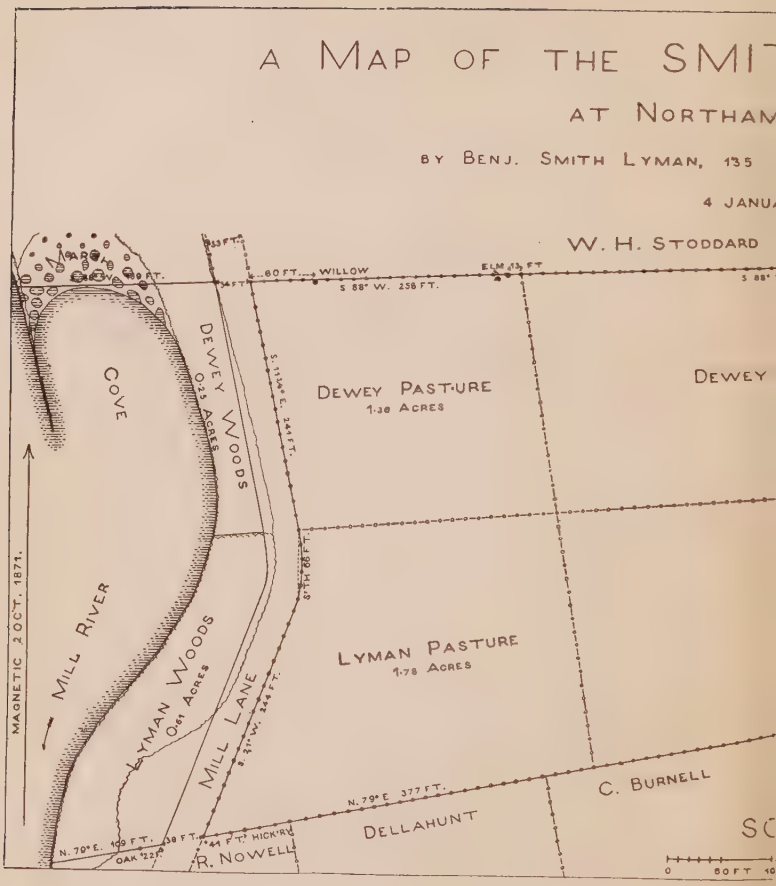
Northampton was not enthusiastic. Twenty-five thousand dollars seemed a large sum. Perhaps the fact that the people of Hatfield were angry at the prospect of losing a college for their village may have stimulated among the citizens of the larger town some interest in securing such a doubtful blessing for themselves. Rather grudgingly the required amount was raised.

On March 3, 1871, Smith College received its charter, with 'full power and authority . . . to grant such honorary testimonials and confer such honors, degrees and diplomas as are granted or conferred by any university, college or seminary of learning in the United States.' This was the first charter of the kind issued by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to an institution for the higher education of women. Wellesley, which was opened the same year as Smith College, was first chartered, in March, 1870, as Wellesley Female Seminary. Mount Holyoke Female Seminary was not chartered as a college until 1888.

The board of trustees named in the last will of Sophia Smith was a group of strong, highly educated, remarkably able men. All were from New England, all but one were graduates of New England colleges, all had faith in the cause of the higher education of women, all were full of courage and enthusiasm for the institution which they were instructed to establish. They met in Northampton about a month after the charter was granted, and organized the board with William S. Tyler as president, George W. Hubbard treasurer, and John M. Greene secretary.

Various sites had been recommended and considered for the new college, and the trustees deliberated carefully over this their first responsibility. At length they bought for twenty-six thousand dollars the homestead of Judge Dewey with the strip of land extending from Elm Street to Mill River. A few weeks later the adjoining homestead of Judge Lyman with its similar strip of land was bought for twenty-five thousand dollars, the two lots furnishing together about thirteen acres. This was as much as the trustees could afford to spend on land and, even to their sanguine imaginations, it seemed more than ample.

Their next duty was the choice of a president, and this proved a more difficult task. The committee presented several names to the board: the Reverend Eben S. Stearns, principal of the Robinson Female Seminary at Exeter, New Hampshire; President James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan; Honorable Birdseye G. Northrop, a member of the board of trustees, then secretary of the board of education of Connecticut. Among these the trustees could unite only upon President Angell, who preferred to remain at Ann Arbor. Many of the members of the board thought that the kind of man needed was one

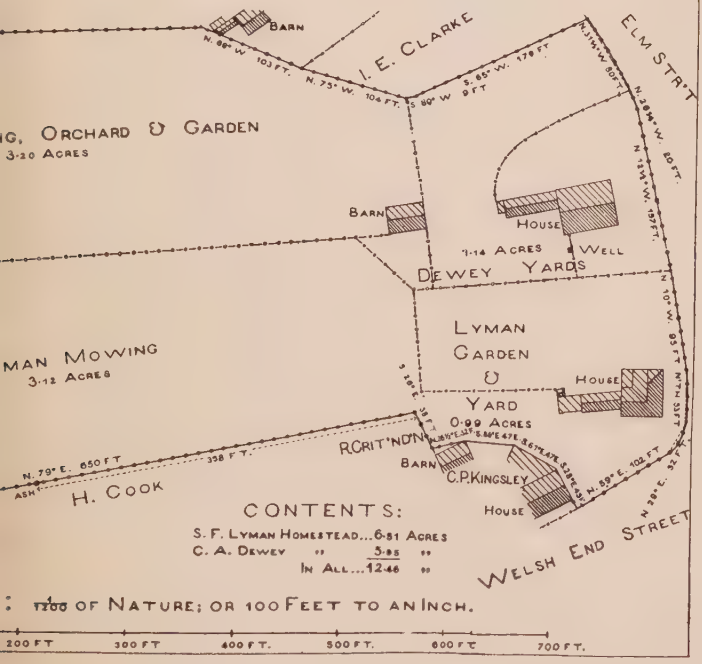

A MAP OF THE SMI
AT NORTHAM
BY BENJ. SMITH LYMAN, 135
4 JANU
W. H. STODDARD
WILLOW
S 88° W. 258 FT.
ELM
DEWEY PASTURE
1.30 ACRES
DEWEY
COVE
DEWEY WOODS
0.25 ACRES
MILL RIVER
LYMAN WOODS
0.61 ACRES
MILL LANE
LYMAN PASTURE
1.78 ACRES
MAGNETIC 20 OCT. 1871.
N. 79° E. 377 FT.
C. BURNELL
DELLAHUNT
R. NOWELL
N. 70° E. 109 FT.
OAK
HICK'RY
0 60 FT

COLLEGE LANDS

, MASS.,

FIFTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

2.



CONTENTS:

S. F. LYMAN HOMESTEAD...6·81 ACRES
C. A. DEWEY " 5·85 "
IN ALL...12·46 "

: 1200 OF NATURE; OR 100 FEET TO AN INCH.

200 FT 300 FT 400 FT. 500 FT. 600 FT 700 FT.

who had made a considerable reputation already, so that the college might have a certain prestige at the start. Professor Edwards A. Park, Professor Julius H. Seelye, both members of the board, Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, and others were suggested.

The name which appealed most strongly to all the members of the board was that of the young Professor of English at Amherst College. In spite of his earlier hope that L. Clark Seelye would 'take root' in Amherst, Professor Tyler's loyalty to Smith College was now so controlling that he put forward most urgently his young friend's qualifications for the presidency of a woman's college. Professor Seelye was a brilliant scholar, a cultured gentleman, a consecrated minister of the gospel, and Professor Tyler even asserted that he was the best business man in the town of Amherst. The board decided unanimously that this was the man they desired.

Clark Seelye must have known of the projected college before this position was offered to him in the summer of 1872. With his brother Julius and his friend Professor Tyler on the board of trustees, it would be strange if he were not familiar with the story of its endowment, but it had had no particular effect on him. However, with what seems like an unjustified assumption of his interest in Smith College before the least encouragement had been given by him, the committee of the trustees was instructed to confer with Professor L. Clark Seelye of Amherst College, 'in order that they may with him form a course of study and plan a building for recitations and general college purposes.'

With due conscientiousness Clark studied the first circular of Smith College prepared by Mr. Greene, gave the committee some suggestions as to details

and added a significant paragraph urging emphasis on music and art. His interest, however, was polite rather than personal. The responsibility of starting and directing a college for women on the three hundred thousand dollars left for this purpose by Miss Smith did not appeal to him, and he definitely declined the informal offer of the presidency. A far-sighted business sagacity, so surprisingly united in him with a romantic, impulsive temperament, showed him clearly the difficulty of establishing a college of the right sort with the slender funds at the disposal of the trustees, ample as they had seemed to the optimistic vision of Miss Smith and Mr. Greene.

Moreover, he had grown fond of Amherst and its college during his seven years of professorship. The development of his courses in English and Oratory absorbed and fascinated him; he found his contact with the boys invigorating and stimulating; he enjoyed his work and his friends. Amherst had a healthful climate and was a charming place in which to live. He had indeed taken root there and he had no desire to change.

The trustees of Smith College, on the other hand, in spite of their disappointment, determined to profit by the wisdom of the young professor. To their enthusiastic imagination, Miss Smith's legacy had seemed to present such a wonderful opportunity that it must appeal to the man they selected. If their optimism had received a jolt, however, it was a salutary agitation. With characteristic earnestness they set to work to try to increase the endowment of the college before they should proceed further in their quest for a president. Mr. Greene, who was granted six months' leave of absence from his church, was appointed agent to solicit funds throughout New England. His pro-

spectus, entitled 'The Higher Education of Women,' was issued and three hundred copies printed for his use. Armed with this he spent his time visiting wealthy and influential people and writing articles for the press, a task which would have dampened the spirit of a less valiant character.

The hope of raising subscriptions in and around Boston was cut off by the disastrous Boston fire of November 9–11, 1872. People who were approached in other parts of Massachusetts could see little difference between a Woman's College and a Female Seminary, and considered the Commonwealth sufficiently provided with girls' schools. Beyond the Commonwealth it did not seem worth while to look. If Massachusetts were not interested in the best education of her daughters, what could be expected of the less favored regions beyond her borders?

In Northampton a disheartening indifference prevailed. In spite of the circulars issued by the trustees of Smith College, in spite of articles sent to local papers, letters to individuals and every appeal to pride and pocket that ingenuity could devise, no spark of interest glimmered. Professor Park of Andover, an ardent trustee, had written to Mr. Greene in his early optimism: 'In your Northampton interview, will it not be enough to point to Amherst and Andover, towns which have been *created* by the Literary Institutions in them?' Unfortunately this was not enough for Northampton.

Notwithstanding the general apathy, the trustees hoped to persuade the town to raise seventy-five thousand dollars for the first college building, to be called Northampton Hall. Although many influential citizens braved the cold winter's night to attend a meeting in the Edwards Church in December, 1872,

the impassioned appeals to civic pride and personal advantage made by Mr. Greene and Professor Tyler roused little interest in the rather hostile group before them. There were two subscriptions of one thousand dollars each; one from Captain Enos Parsons, the other from Deacon George W. Hubbard, both conditioned on the raising of the rest of the seventy-five thousand, but there was no further response. Northampton people were skeptical. They felt that the town had done enough in pledging twenty-five thousand dollars to get the college away from Hatfield. There was no longer such an incentive and they saw little prospect of any gain for themselves which would warrant further outlay. If it had been a college for men, even with Amherst College across the river, no doubt they would have taken a different attitude. A female college was too great a risk.

To add to the depression of the trustees, Mr. Greene's leave of absence was exhausted, with no tangible result, although his preaching at least had spread the gospel of the higher education of women in many parts of Massachusetts. The fact that he resigned his position as soliciting agent, however, did not mean that his courage was diminished. Even though the president of the board, Professor Tyler, wrote in January, 1873, that he was about ready to give up the ship, even though Professor Park's optimistic energy was unavailing, John Morton Greene's confidence in the ultimate success of Smith College continued steady, cheerful and serene. For more than a decade he had devoted his best time and thought to this cause, and decades were as naught to the fervor of his zeal.

Moreover, it began to be apparent that the delay in starting the college had not been wholly unprofitable, in spite of vain solicitations. The trustees became

aware that time had been their best friend in an unresponsive world. When Clark Seelye had been approached in the summer of 1872, the amount of Miss Smith's bequest had been estimated roughly at somewhat over three hundred thousand dollars. In spite of the fact that the land already bought had been paid for out of the income of the funds on hand, they had been so well invested that $8184.93 had been added to them. In 1873 the cash balance was $383,693.22, and an addition of $42,500 was expected from the final settlement of Miss Smith's estate.

When the trustees had done some calculating and found what the months had done for them, their courage rose. They felt that the financial position of Smith College was at length sufficiently secure to warrant a second appeal to the man for whose ultimate acceptance of the presidency they never had given up hope. He, meanwhile, had had nearly a year in which to think about the matter, and it had been kept before his attention by the two Amherst members of the board of trustees. As early as April 24, 1873, Professor Tyler had written to Mr. Greene: 'Prof. S. is becoming more and more interested in the College and unfolds ideas and plans in conversation with me which are large and grand and yet wise and practicable and which confirm me more and more in my conviction that we are not mistaken in our man. I have little doubt that he will accept and will soon signify his readiness to do so.' [1]

News of the change in L. Clark Seelye's sentiments toward Smith College was passed on to other members of the board, and as the spring weeks passed their hope grew confident. In his own self-effacing volume, with his quaint and modest use of the third person, he explains the gradual revolution in his feeling:

[1] *Sophia Smith and the Beginnings of Smith College*, p. 99.

'During the interval since the first overtures were made, his own attitude had somewhat changed and his interest in the higher education of women had been increased by the offer which he had declined. He had too intimate associations with intelligent women to doubt their intellectual capacity and he deeply sympathized with the efforts to secure for them better educational opportunities. He had a clearer vision of what a college for the higher education of women might accomplish, and the vision grew more attractive.' [1]

Therefore, at the annual meeting of the trustees, June 17, 1873, Professor L. Clark Seelye of Amherst was unanimously elected President and Trustee of Smith College.

He accepted the appointment in the following letter:

'To the Board of Trustees of Smith College,
'Gentlemen:

'With a deep sense of its responsibilities, and in humble dependence upon Divine strength and wisdom, I accept the Presidency to which you have elected me. I shall also be very happy to coöperate with you as a member of your board of Trust.

'It is my intention now to make a short trip to Europe, in which I shall hope to gain some valuable suggestions for the college from a closer acquaintance with the most noted institutions of learning in the old world.

'On my return, which I expect will be about the first of next November, I should like to proceed immediately to the elaboration of plans for our college buildings, so that they may be started next spring, and be finished at the time designated for the admission of students.

[1] *The Early History of Smith College*, by L. Clark Seelye, p. 16.

'With this letter I submit for your consideration a draft of a circular; which, if it meet your approval, I will forward to all our principal high schools and seminaries, that the young women of our country may be informed of our intentions and may prepare themselves accordingly.

'That circular will also give you in brief the idea which, with your assistance, I shall endeavor to realize in the college.

'And permit me to say, gentlemen, in undertaking a work so difficult and so delicate, it is one of my chief encouragements that I am to be associated with a body of men so much wiser and more experienced than myself. The assurance that I shall have your hearty sympathy and coöperation does much to relieve the pressure of that heavy burden of solicitude which I naturally feel. But for such an assurance I could not have consented to accept so important a trust. Be assured I shall endeavor to prove worthy of your confidence and to faithfully fulfill the duties of the position to which I have been called.

'Thanking you for these expressions of your esteem and trust, I remain,

'Very respectfully yours,

'L. Clark Seelye

'Amherst College
'*July 10th* 1873'

How different the uncertainties of this new responsibility from those which Clark had assumed hitherto! The duties and problems of the ministry had been familiar to him from his early life with Samuel and they had been before his mind since boyhood. The demands of a professorship had not been unlike those of the ministry; neither minister nor professor was

expected to possess special executive ability, nor to trouble his head about business matters. When Clark made up his mind to exchange the peace of Amherst for the perplexities of the unpromising experiment which he was asked to conduct, it was with many doubts.

It was a decision which required courage and a zest for adventure. It was an undertaking for a young man willing to try an uncharted course where the need for careful steering was imperative. Hostility to the higher education of women was loud and bitter. To subject women to a mental strain for which the Lord had not fitted them seemed to the public a dangerous venture. Moreover the hazard of starting so ambitious an institution with the resources on hand seemed an even greater risk. When L. Clark Seelye accepted the presidency in 1873, the tangible equipment of Smith College consisted of thirteen acres of land, one building (the Dewey House), a fund of a little over four hundred thousand dollars, ten scholarly trustees and one inexperienced young president.

One must take account, however, of this young president — enthusiastic, ardent, devoted; one who never recognized the chance of failure; keen, far-sighted, wise, in spite of his lack of experience. One must take account, likewise, of the trustees — similarly men of vision, ready to start out with their scanty endowment and found an institution for women on a more daring plan than any thus far attempted. They refused to cut their coat according to their cloth; a Female Academy would have been easy, but they never relinquished their ideal. They were ready, under the lead of the new president, to establish a Woman's College with unprecedented requirements for admission, with inadequate equipment, sure that there would

arise from these beginnings an institution equal in all respects to the best of our colleges for men. After their year of waiting, they were more than ever convinced that the untried young minister and professor was capable of handling the difficult financial problems before him, as well as of dealing with the delicate questions bound to arise in guiding youthful females along the stony path of higher education.

Having accepted the responsibilities of the new task, Clark now gave himself to it with his customary thoroughness. He resigned his position in Amherst College and set out at once on his journey to Europe, loath indeed to go alone. In later years he often spoke of his sadness as he said good-bye to Henrietta and the five little children whom she felt she could not leave. This was the longest and the widest separation of their sixty-one years together and it took courage on both sides.

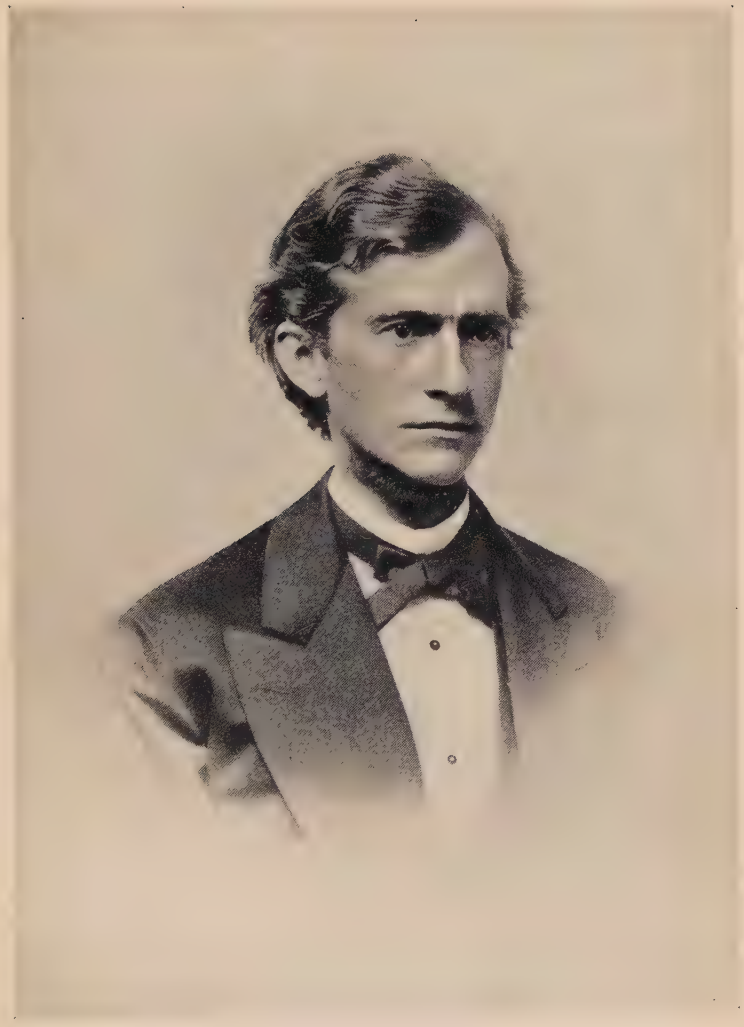
He spent about three months studying the educational institutions of Germany, France, Switzerland, and England, giving especial attention to Girton College for women which had been established recently at Cambridge. On his return to this country in October, he was invited to visit Vassar College and he spent some time studying conditions there. He had attended the graduation of a niece at Vassar at about the time when he was first approached by the trustees of Smith College. The size of the college and the consideration of the funds needed to carry on such an establishment had made the Smith College proposition appear fantastic to him then. Now, however, he was ready to study it as a sister institution, a study made easy by the generous frankness of President Raymond.

From these studies and observations, Clark arrived at certain definite convictions: 1st. Although women

were to be given the same education as that provided for men, this should not be at the cost of any of the attributes of refined womanhood; 2nd. Smith College should have no preparatory department; 3rd. The students should live in relatively small groups, each with its own home life and individuality. This last idea had been included in Mr. Greene's Plan. Clark may not have known that it had been urged by Mrs. Greene from her experience in Mount Holyoke Seminary, but his own observations confirmed her judgment. These points were fixed before a brick was laid on the new site.

The next two years were busy with building and with the various problems of curriculum and administration. The president's house and the academic building, College Hall, were begun as soon as the frost was out of the ground in the spring of 1874. Nearly every day, rain or shine, the president drove over the seven miles from Amherst, finding absorbing interest in each detail of the new work. The two houses already on the land had to be moved. The one formerly belonging to Judge Dewey was to make way for the president's house and was pushed back to a position behind the site chosen for College Hall. Here it was to suffice for a dwelling house for the first classes — the word 'dormitory' was taboo. The Lyman house was trundled down to the farther side of Green Street where it was placed facing the pasture and the mountains. Rumor said that one of its occupants so resented the college for girls that she insisted on having the house turned with its back to the usurper, and that as long as she lived she never looked at the building which had taken the place of her old home, but turned away her head as she drove past.

In May, 1875, Clark drove his family over from



PRESIDENT ELECT
Amherst, about 1872

Amherst and established it in the newly finished president's house. The time of moving must have been strenuous, with five little children about the house, but it was made acutely difficult for my mother because, a short time before, the second daughter, Abigail, had had a serious fall which made her ill and helpless for many months. Realizing how hard the drive to Northampton was going to be for my mother and the sick child, my father rushed to the village on the morning of moving-day, and bought the largest doll he could find, one that had been in a shop window as a model for children's clothes. We children, on our way from school, had often stopped and looked at it with the impersonal admiration that one has for a star, so that our awe and incredulity when my father placed this in Abigail's arms can be felt to this day. It is what makes the picture of that drive across the Hadley 'flats' still vivid — the wonderful doll in Abigail's arms, as she sat bolstered by pillows next my mother who held little brother Walter on her lap. The oldest boy, Ralph, with Arthur, drove the express wagon, transporting necessary impedimenta, no doubt, but chiefly solicitous for the welfare of the two mother cats and their combined families of seven kittens who were to move into the cellar of the new house. The kittens might have made their appearance at a more convenient time, but there never was any question of leaving them behind.

The work on College Hall was pushed so that it might be ready for the entering class in September. Miss Smith's will provided that not more than one half of the bequest might be used for buildings. President Seelye realized, however, that the entire amount was needed for the permanent fund, and on accepting the presidency he had insisted that no buildings should

be put up until enough interest had accumulated to pay for them. The president's house, costing $19,000, and the academic building, costing $76,876, were finished, therefore, without seriously encroaching upon Miss Smith's original legacy, and this continued to be the policy of the college under President Seelye's leadership.

The Inaugural and Dedicatory Exercises were held in College Hall on July 14, 1875. The simplicity which marked the occasion, so momentous in the history of education, would not be tolerated in this day of academic pomp and millinery. Instead of serving as an opportunity for the display of silk gowns, colored hoods and elaborate insignia, there was little formality of any kind and the only uniforms were those of the staff of the Governor of the Commonwealth. Even the ceremony of delivering to the new president the charter and keys of the new institution was lacking, an omission explained by Professor Tyler as he recognized the labor already bestowed by the new president upon the the duties of his office:

'Usage would perhaps require that I, as President of the Board of Trustees, should now deliver to you, sir, as President of the College, the keys of the College edifice. That, however, in the present circumstances, would not only be an idle ceremony — it were almost a farcical performance. From corner-stone to turret, this edifice, planned by your wisdom and taste, has been reared under your eye — from vestibule to innermost penetralia it has been finished by your hand. The keys have been and are still in your possession, and it would be for you to hand them over to us, instead of our delivering them to you. But in the name and by the authority of the Corporation I do now entrust to your care and keeping all those great interests of edu-

cation and religion of which these keys are the symbol, with full confidence in your character and qualifications for the important office to which you have been chosen.'[1]

From the inaugural address of President Seelye there is place here for only a few brief extracts, enough to show the spirit which was to control the institution during his administration. Paragraphs concerning the courses of study will be quoted in a later chapter.

'We wish it to be distinctly understood that it is neither the aim nor the tendency of the higher education to make woman less feminine or less attractive in those graces peculiar to her sex. It is to preserve her womanliness that this College has been founded; it is to give her the best opportunities for mental culture, and at the same time the most favorable conditions for developing those innate capacities which have ever been the glory and charm of true womanhood. . . .

'The chief business of the College, as I have stated, is mental culture. It is neither a sanitarium nor a sanctuary. It usurps neither the functions of the hospital nor the church. Its distinctive object is mental perfection. . . .

'I believe, in order to secure the best intellectual work, the College should seek directly the highest morality of its students. I believe that Christ and his words are the highest sources of virtue and spiritual life. For the sake, therefore, of the spiritual health of its students, to promote their virtue, to add to their amiability and teachableness, we would have the College distinctively and unequivocally Christian in its character. Never forgetting that its chief work is intellectual perfection, that it is not the church but its auxiliary, we would have it, with the utmost charity

[1] *Addresses at the Inauguration of Rev. L. Clark Seelye*, p. 8.

for individual opinions, seek those instructors whose influence shall be on the side of Christ, and not against him. . . .

'Tell us not that knowledge is all we need, or that close discrimination and keen analysis are to be valued more than faith in high ideals and lofty spiritual endeavor. . . . "To virtue knowledge" is the sentiment upon our College seal. May the time never come when the spirit of the institution shall reverse the order of these words and make knowledge first and virtue secondary. May He whose Spirit is the strongest inspiration to virtuous living, and whose Mind is the chief stimulus to mental culture, inspire all our efforts, so that the knowledge which is here acquired may be for His glory and the advancement of His kingdom. Him we would reverently acknowledge as our greatest Teacher, as our Supreme Authority. In Him we trust; to Him we dedicate this College; and to Him be the glory and the honor forever, Amen.'[1]

[1] *Addresses at the Inauguration of Rev. L. Clark Seelye*, pp. 27, 29, 30, 32.

CHAPTER IX

THE FOURTEEN YOUNG LADIES

ONE evening, while the family was living in Amherst, my father announced at supper that he had been giving examinations to the first candidate for admission and that she had missed a word in spelling. She had spelled it 'lettice.' This made a great impression on the children — it was something they could understand — and when my father proceeded to drill them in the correct spelling of 'lettuce' they were convinced that they were able to enter college forthwith. They assured each other eagerly that they would listen under the windows of the new college hall while the classes were reciting and when any student missed 'lettuce' they would shout out the proper way. In anticipation of this, they spelled 'lettuce' to each other so frequently that for many years the word was associated in their minds with the entrance requirements of Smith College.

There is no remembrance of other applicants, although it is known that many were turned away who had presented themselves confidently with the ordinary boarding-school preparation. Few would believe that Smith College was different from a Female Seminary. When College Hall was dedicated, as President Seelye told the students at chapel many years later, 'one student had succeeded in passing the examinations and two teachers had been engaged. We did not know whether we should have any more students or not. I knew of two more who might pass the requirements. Every one thought this building rather

large for one student and two teachers and wanted to know what we were going to do. I had many letters urging me to have a preparatory school in connection with the college in order to satisfy the tradespeople and the city for the twenty-five thousand dollars appropriated by Northampton.'[1]

In existing colleges for women, such as Vassar and Oberlin, disappointed applicants would have been turned into the preparatory department connected with the college and have furnished material for future classes. Smith College, however, was to have no preparatory department and was to open with only one class. This policy of admitting one class at a time was partly because there were no students prepared for the higher classes, partly because it would be easier thus to build up the desired traditions of college life, partly because it gave opportunity for the meagre funds to accumulate — and at this time, as for many years to come, an extra hundred dollars was of vital consequence. In spite of the unpromising outlook during the summer of 1875, fourteen students were enrolled before the date set for the opening of the first term on September 9 of that year. Smith College existed at last! A thrilling time it was for those whose dream it so long had been, although when one reflects that this actually was only five years after the death of Sophia Smith, the materialization of the dream does not seem tardy.

Fourteen young ladies (they were not called girls) — what courage and determination, what intellectual urgency, what visions and high ideals were in the hearts of these demure Victorian damsels as they arrived at

[1] From scrapbook of L. Clark Seelye, containing clippings from newspapers during his administration, usually without date or name of journal.

length at the Dark Tower the approach to which they had conquered so valiantly. They may not have realized that their excitement was matched by the keen expectancy with which the president awaited them, but the eagerness of his first greeting was something that each has remembered down the years. Some of them were thrilled at being met by him at the train, others remember his slight figure hurrying across the grass to welcome them in front of the Dewey House. Another remembers alighting at the end of the Dewey House porch when the president came quickly to meet her, 'young, slender, ardent and very cordial.' No future class could have the importance of this one. For the moment the entire college was filled with the conviction of its own significance.

It was with this feeling of their own importance and of the epochal nature of the occasion that the fourteen young ladies met for the morning prayers which marked the actual opening of the new institution. There were hardly enough to file in at the ringing of the chapel bell, but they gathered informally and found themselves occupying two rows of chairs on the south side of Social Hall while the two members of the faculty drifted into chairs on the north side of the aisle, all facing the door to the president's office, through which he entered with his elastic step, and took his place at the little desk on the platform. One of the students played the piano while the Doxology was sung; the president read passages from the Bible; another hymn was sung; prayer was offered by the president, closing with the Lord's Prayer in which all joined. This was the order of morning prayers for these fourteen earnest young ladies, and it continued to be the order of that important exercise at Smith College. How simple the ritual of those few devout

moments, yet how sacred the memories which became part of the life of every student! From the outset each one was conscious of the spirit infused by the president into this daily service. 'During that first year,' writes a member of the first class, 'President Seelye began making on young feminine minds the impression of deep religious faith and feeling which was one of his best gifts to the college. The hymns, the Scripture, his prayers, expressed his own belief as few expositions and declarations could have done.'[1]

After prayers came the thrill of the first recitation periods, but the return to one o'clock dinner at the Dewey House brought the young ladies face to face again with the crude conditions which existed there, without the magic of the president's greeting to make them oblivious as it had done on their arrival. Most of the students were from simple homes and they were ready to accept unquestioningly the inconveniences and limitations which confronted them for the first few weeks, but it was some time before the president, with all his attention to the smallest details, could satisfy himself that the wheels were running with any approach to smoothness. 'Everything was new and strange, and did not work very well,' continues Mrs. Cone's letter. 'That first night the gas was not on and candles stuck in potatoes lighted us to bed. Later the furnace did not work and stoves had to be put in our rooms to keep us warm. The housekeeper did not give us enough to eat, and a different method and a different person (Mrs. Hopkins) had to be found. I remember one windy November night when the blinds slammed, that the president with the janitor made the rounds of the college, fastening things up and seeing to the fires. The walk between the Dewey

[1] Letter from Kate Morris Cone.

House and the college was a mass of mud and then of ice.'

Nevertheless, the young ladies of the class of '79 possessed the spirit of pioneers, nor did they take their position lightly. They were to blaze a trail over which countless women were to follow. For those others it would be made smooth, but for these explorers it often was rough and stony, yet their enthusiasm did not fail. Moreover, though the Dewey House lacked comfort, they felt sure that the president and the two teachers did their best to make the curriculum of that historic opening term fulfil the promises which had been made. There was no doubt in the minds of any of the students that the courses of study were indeed the same that were being taught in 'the best New England Colleges for men' — and in those days no one born in New England troubled to look further.

They accepted gratefully the three teachers who formed the faculty for the first term. There was Professor Josiah Clark, a former principal of Williston Seminary, teacher of Latin and Greek. 'He was a scholar and a gentleman,' writes one of the class, 'a dear old gentleman with beautiful white hair and rosy cheeks. He wore a tailed coat with brass buttons in the class-room.'[1] There was Miss Sarah Humphrey, daughter of a former president of Amherst College, teacher of History and head of the department of Social Culture. There was the president who was to teach English and Biblical Literature in addition to the administrative work. However unimpressive the faculty seats may have looked in chapel, and however disappointing the size of the faculty undoubtedly was that first term, the ambitious young ladies were given scope for their intellects, and when the second term

[1] Letter from Alice Osborne Atwood.

came they were rewarded by the presence of additional instructors and they soon found that the teachers were added as fast as the demands of the curriculum warranted. For the second term Miss Mary Hastings was engaged for mathematics and Miss Maria Whitney for French and German.

The college was too poor to employ many resident teachers. When more advanced work was offered in the second year professors were imported for part-time service from Amherst and Johns Hopkins. 'Now,' writes one of the class, 'we certainly were treated as though we had the minds of men to meet the dawn of a new day!'[1] This use of part-time professors, though made necessary by poverty, may have had its advantages in securing the maximum amount of work from the students of each college. There is a tradition that the Amherst professors pitted the classes against each other, saying in Amherst, 'Gentlemen, the Smith students are taking three pages. We can take four.' And at Smith, 'Ladies, the Amherst students are taking four pages. Can you take five?' The more sophisticated young men may not have responded to this stimulus, but the zeal of the resolute young women was quickened until the professors testified that the ladies 'on the average learned their lessons better and attained a higher scholarship than the men,'[2] a testimony which brought the keenest satisfaction to the young president so jealous for the new institution, so constantly on the defense for educated womanhood.

When in September, 1876, the redoubtable Fourteen returned to Northampton to find sixteen new students, they did not share the president's enthusiasm. Of their

[1] Letter from Mary Adkins Brown.

[2] *Smith College Quarter Centennial Anniversary*, p. 108.

sentiments Mrs. Cone writes: 'When we came back for the second year and found the new students who were to make up the second class in the college, we felt as an only child is supposed to feel of newly-born brother or sister. We are credited with having shown ourselves supercilious and anything but cordial. We were in doubt as to these newcomers being really up to the mark and likely to have anything resembling the ambition and ability to make it a real college which we had.' In spite, however, of a scornful tolerance toward the newcomers, the Fourteen had nothing but praise for the teaching of that second year. Professor Clark's health failed during the winter and his place was filled by the appointment of the Reverend Henry M. Tyler, that accomplished scholar and genial friend whose long service to Smith College has been such a satisfaction to three presidents and many hundreds of students. For the curricula of Junior and Senior years, the critical young ladies of the first class were pleased by the appointment of Miss Bessie T. Capen and Miss Heloise E. Hersey; moreover two scholarly young men fresh from German universities, Dr. John M. Stoddard and Dr. Moses Stuart Phelps, charmed them by their good looks as well as by their intellectual prowess.

It was not so difficult for the spoiled Fourteen to adjust themselves to the presence of new students at the beginnings of the next two years. Such additions were necessary if this were to be the real college they so passionately desired to have it. Moreover, they had little time for these younger sisters, so absorbed and busy were they in the advanced studies of Junior and Senior years. By the time there were four classes in Smith College, it possessed an adequate and brilliant faculty. 'By all of them,' writes Mrs. Cone, 'we were satisfied in our ambition to have first-rate, modern, college-

grade teaching, and I make my bow to President Seelye for understanding what we wanted and so ably providing it. From himself our class had no more teaching after the second year. He always influenced and helped us by what he said at morning prayers and when he preached. We felt him to be sympathetic in the strange, new, upsetting things we were hearing. He wasn't afraid that the truth would hurt us and his confidence in us and in the truth had a very great and saving influence.'

In the zeal of the fourteen young ladies for an education equal to that being given in the best New England colleges for men, it is doubtful whether any of them thought of culture for its own sake. The study of music and art had belonged to female seminaries, and college students should have souls above such dilettantism. None of them knew of the cherished plan for the development of a department of fine arts which had been in the president's mind from the beginning of his consideration of Smith College nor did they realize how early in their college course he began to lay the foundations for such a department. Yet Mrs. Cone's letter shows that the importance of the fine arts was always in his thoughts when he meditated upon the rounded education which should best bring about the ideal womanhood.

'That first year,' she writes, 'we were taken to Amherst to see the collection of plaster casts which Professor Mather had made, and a few casts of our own were bought and set up in the north room of College Hall originally designed for an art gallery. Also a few paintings were bought and some photographs hung in the Dewey House parlors. There were lectures on art to explain these acquisitions. This was all in the way of general culture, which I am sure President Seelye

COLLEGE HALL AND THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE FROM THE CAMPUS ABOUT 1880
Seelye children in the foreground

had from the first in his plan for the college. We were such poor little stiff, over-intellectualized maidens from the country, with not a bit of beauty in our plan of life. Our eyes got opened that first year. . . . In the second year his efforts at getting some music and art into us made considerable progress — concerts often in Social Hall by Mr. and Mrs. Allen, violin and soprano, very delightful. More pictures and casts in the art gallery with some lectures on art. There were some new photographs in the Dewey House, and Hatfield House was just being built, illustrative of domestic architecture. A little, just a little, we stiff young things were getting limbered up.'

Although these ambitious young ladies were absorbing thus unconsciously a part of their education not confined to textbooks, but deliberately planned, nevertheless, by the president, the development of an actual department of fine arts made hardly more than a beginning during the four college years of the class of '79. During their first two years President Seelye was content if he could provide a faculty which should conduct satisfactorily the courses of study offered in colleges for men. Students took piano lessons from a private teacher in Northampton and practised wherever they could find a piano — in the Dewey House, in Social Hall, in the little office next the staircase of College Hall. For a time there was also a piano at the head of the upper staircase, and if one of the Fourteen stood on the landing, she might hear Nearer-My-God-to-Thee-with-variations from three directions at once, a privilege still remembered.

In 1877, two professors of music were appointed, Mr. William N. Clark of Northampton and Mr. George W. Steele of Hartford, who were to give 'higher instruction in music and arrange recitals and musical enter-

tainments.' That same year Mr. J. Wells Champney was engaged to come once a week from New York as professor of drawing and painting. In addition to lectures on art, he gave practical instruction under the skylight of the hitherto unfinished third story of College Hall. Easels were set up at the head of the staircase and an enthusiastic group which included the president's wife ignored drafts and worked in charcoal from a few casts borrowed from the incipient art gallery. Quaint attempts these at a department of fine arts, but gratefully received by the members of the first class, along with the personal efforts of the president to open their eyes, all of which was far more than they had counted on in coming to a 'female college.' More than these crude foundations, however, they were not permitted to see. It was for succeeding classes to enjoy the stately structure which, though slowly, was to arise upon them.

In the circular of 1877 the department of fine arts is foreshadowed in a paragraph entitled 'Æsthetic Culture,' placed between paragraphs headed 'Intellectual Culture' and 'Religious Culture.' When the fourteen young ladies studied the circulars of their day, which they undoubtedly did as faithfully as they did all things, they found that the succeeding paragraphs were entitled 'Physical Culture' and 'Social Culture.' They may not have been struck by the fact that these last two departments were treated as of equal importance with the others, but they may have noticed that each of these five departments received a fairly equal amount of serious attention from the president.

Physical Culture was one of the last things with which these intellectually minded young ladies were concerned when they entered college. Health might be neglected if only lessons were properly learned and re-

cited. Yet they had not been long in college before they found that the question of the health of his students was an important one in the mind of the president and never to be subordinated to the exigencies of study. He watched over each young woman with grave solicitude. 'I had been ailing,' writes Mrs. Cone, 'having had a slight run of typhoid the year before. For air and exercise the president and Mrs. Seelye went driving every day, and several times kindly took me with them, at other times Miss Gulliver. . . . He sent us driving all together on Saturday afternoons to see Amherst and get trailing fern and make a general acquaintance with the beautiful region.'

The most obvious activity of the department of physical culture centered in the gymnastic exercises which were conducted four times a week by Miss Lucy Hunt, a pupil of Dr. Dio Lewis. Between five and six o'clock in the winter afternoons the young ladies gathered for 'calisthenics' in the vast spaces of Social Hall which, with its chairs pushed aside, served as gymnasium as long as the first class was in college. The exercises were carefully planned to give the proper development and drill, but there was nothing overstrenuous about them which could have offended Miss Smith had she been present in person instead of her portrait which looked down upon them austerely from its position of honor above the fireplace. They were graceful performances with wands and dumb-bells, enlivened by fancy marching, lamentably inadequate from the point of view of the modern young person. All was decorous and pleasing and carried on with the dignity proper for college young ladies. There was little to suggest genuine relaxation, and when one of the class astonished the others by sliding down the banisters after the exercises, the rest of the fourteen were implored to forget it.

How quaint in a college catalogue of to-day would sound this paragraph entitled 'Social Culture.' 'It is the wish of the trustees to realize as far as possible the idea of a literary family in which young women may not only enjoy the best facilities for intellectual discipline, but may also receive a social refinement and culture which shall enable them to feel at home in the best society and to conduct themselves with grace and propriety in any sphere of life. This idea it is hoped to realize more fully by the plan of smaller families in separate cottages. To give also unity and variety to the social life of the institution a large Social Hall has been provided for the purpose of bringing together as often as may be deemed profitable all members of the college and their friends in social intercourse.'

The quaintness of the paragraph doubtless escaped the attention of the first class, but its implications struck terror to their hearts. Brought up in small villages, as most of them had been, social culture had not entered into their lives as seriously as Greek and Latin, and shyness overcame them at the prospect of the receptions on which President Seelye had set his heart. Moreover when one realizes the frozen nature of these receptions one can forgive a lack of enthusiasm. 'The young men of the town were invited,' writes one, 'as well as the ladies of the town, and we used to sit in stiff rows in the front parlor and always dreaded it. E. and I would engage each other to sit out the time in corners where we could watch and not have to talk.'[1] This was at one of the receptions in the Dewey House where such entertainments were held at first because of the too great spaces of Social Hall. Of a similar function another of the Fourteen writes: 'I had not begun to wear long dresses which were then the sign of young-

[1] *Early History of Smith College; Student Life*, p. 182.

ladyhood, but in preparation for this great event I pulled down the skirt of my peacock-blue poplin as far as it would go. Two youths came over from Amherst — only think of their courage! I did not dare to say anything, and I wondered at the intrepidity of my friend K. who offered a few remarks.'[1]

By the second year the purpose expressed in the circular began to be realized, and Social Hall became the established place for the 'social intercourse' which the young president 'deemed profitable' with such intense conviction. The prim receptions, which were the liveliest form of festivity provided by the college for many years, proved even more paralysing than the Dewey House parties to the diffident young ladies of the first class. They were expected to conduct their guests demurely through the college rooms or stand about in a stately way indulging in high intercourse before the incongruous and never-used fireplace which graced the west end of Social Hall, perhaps to emphasize its fitness for social uses, until it was superseded by the organ. Young men and women from Northampton were invited to participate in this social intercourse, and sometimes Amherst students, but though these occasions doubtless were profitable in the way of development of character and may have helped in 'fostering social capacities' as the president so devoutly hoped, they brought no thrills to the hearts of those whose education they were designed to aid. Nor was the development of social ease and grace apparent at once. A member of '79 recalls that a Northampton youth told her she reminded him of his mother!

It is not surprising, therefore, that the young ladies preferred the simple pleasures in which they indulged among themselves, like the private theatricals whose

[1] Letter from Alice Osborne Atwood.

extreme propriety was in keeping with the Victorian atmosphere of the Dewey House, an atmosphere which was, after all, only a reflection of the attitude of the outside world. 'I think it was that second winter,' writes Mrs. Cone, 'that we gave a series of scenes from "Twelfth Night" in the Dewey House parlors, and the president and faculty and possibly some select outsiders came to it. . . . The costuming of the cast was what I remember best. Those were the days when the Queen of Spain had no legs. I fancy the men wore our extremely modest gymnasium skirts, and Malvolio wound her lower limbs with yellow garters. And for the Duke a red flannel petticoat, new, and an unwonted exhibition of those parts of our body necessary for locomotion were exhibited, and praised! — by a lady faculty. One other dramatic exhibition was given by the Early Ones in the Dewey House, of Plautus's "Captivi," under Professor Tyler's administration, to serve instead of an examination. I remember no details — but I am sure the president's eyes twinkled at "Twelfth Night."'

When the fourteen young ladies first installed themselves in the Dewey House, they found there a friendly and dignified lady, Miss Humphrey, who in addition to her academic duties as teacher of history, was head of the department of Social Culture, and was to direct the social life of the young ladies as well as to supervise the housekeeper. They were familar with the idea, for Vassar had a similar officer in its Lady Principal, and they accepted Miss Humphrey unquestioningly. It was a difficult position, but she filled it as satisfactorily as a mortal could. 'Dear Miss Humphrey,' writes Mrs. Atwood, 'whose position in the college is so difficult to define. She was there as an elder sister or a beloved aunt, to make it like home; she stood for the amenities

of life. I can see her now, with her curls and her brave smile, a charming Christian gentlewoman.'

She did her best with these sedate and inflexible young women. She taught them how to behave in company; she taught them how to play and relax; she taught them games and read novels to them. They were not to forget, however, that they were dignified college students engaged in serious work. Even for gymnastic suits fashions must be not only appropriate but ladylike. Fancy refuses to picture the dismay of this gentle lady could she have foreseen the costumes of to-day, but it may be likewise difficult for the modern college girl to envisage those first gymnastic uniforms as described by a wearer of one of them: 'We made them ourselves, after supper in Miss Humphrey's room while she read George Macdonald's "Alec Forbes" to us. They were of snuff-brown woolen material trimmed with light blue, pinked, made very full down to our ankles, with full waists and long full sleeves.' [1]

Notwithstanding Miss Humphrey's conscientious endeavors, however, the arrangement did not promote the atmosphere of unselfconscious home life which the president felt ought to be produced by the system of small houses. It was with regret that the young ladies saw Miss Humphrey leave at the end of two years, but when Mrs. Hopkins arrived, as first 'lady-in-charge' of a Smith College dwelling house, with full responsibility for the housekeeping as well as for the welfare of the girls, they realized the benefit of this appointment, even though they may not have been conscious of how far the influence of this wise and gentle lady went toward creating the atmosphere of refined womanhood which the president urged them to cultivate.

[1] Letter from Kate Morris Cone.

Social Culture was no longer a part of the curriculum after Miss Humphrey left, although it continued to occupy a paragraph in the circular for many years and was always prominent in the mind of the president who himself was on the alert to take a hand in helping the young ladies to 'conduct themselves with grace and propriety.' The members of the first class were thrilled when Mrs. Seelye invited them to her home, sometimes for supper, often for an evening of games and pleasant intercourse. Festivities at the Dewey House were exciting when President and Mrs. Seelye came over and even joined in the games, as at Hallowe'en or Thanksgiving time. As part of the desired social diversion, the entire college drove in a 'barge' to South Hadley on an evening of the first spring term, to listen to a reading at Mount Holyoke Seminary by Professor Churchill of Andover — President and Mrs. Seelye, Miss Humphrey and the student body. Who of the first class does not remember that May evening, the meadows, the mountains and Hockanum Ferry? The days were long, and when the river was reached the ferryboat could be seen on the further side. The president dismounted and blew the tin horn which hung at the landing. Not content with that, he began to shout, in stentorian tones, 'Ship aho-o-y! Ship aho-o-y!' using a favorite exercise of his Amherst elocution classes. The girls joined in their shrill treble, 'Ship aho-o-y!' and the president led the chorus until the ferryboat arrived at the near shore. Can the sophisticated life of the modern Smith College present anything to equal this picture of its pristine days?

In their daily life at Smith College these fourteen young ladies owed many things to the care bestowed by the president upon the smallest details of his ad-

ministration — and what was there which that administration did not include, in those early days? 'In the debt of personal gratitude which I owe to President Seelye for what he has done for me,' declared Miss Mary Whiton, '79, at the Valedictory Commencement in 1910, 'I count as not the least item the lifelong and ever satisfying friendship with the dear girl whom he in his wisdom selected for my room-mate because he judged, having carefully read our fathers' letters, that we would be good for each other. She has been good for me! But think — I ask you — of an eminent scholar on the eve of a great experiment, an inventor about to launch a hitherto untried enterprise against which there was determined opposition on the part of critics and cavillers of the highest professional standing, both physicians and clergymen — think of President Seelye at this crisis meditating on a girl's roommate and a girl's friendship!'[1]

They soon found that there was never a moment when the young president was not ready to listen to them and consider their affairs. The young ladies of '79 consulted him about their studies, their health, their families, their food. Any illness or failure to keep up with class work was reported directly to him. Two trembling young ladies came to him to explain that their beds were not comfortable and he gravely promised to see what could be done. 'Among the pleasures of college life,' writes a member of '79, 'I count visits to the president in his office, who could refuse requests more agreeably than another person could grant them.'

'And yet I wonder,' muses another of the class, 'if his eyes did not twinkle when a delegation left his office after recounting our woes!'

Contacts like the following were not infrequent:

[1] *Exercises of the Valedictory Commencement*, p. 4.

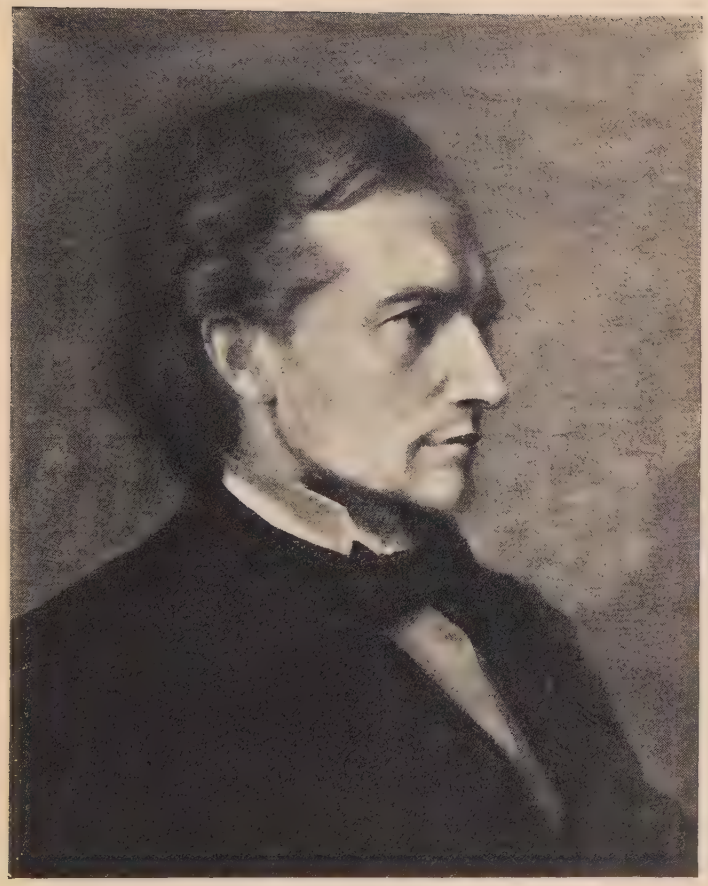
'One of the holiday afternoons,' writes a member of the first class, 'I was sitting in an empty recitation room trying to work out something I was interested in. President Seelye came in and found me there, and in the most gentle and fatherly way protested that I should be outdoors having a good time. . . . One of my most vivid recollections is of having him overtake me in one of my walks and of the conversation that followed. In those first years he did have time to walk with us and talk with us occasionally. The burden of our talk was summed up, I remember, in the quotation he made from Tennyson's "In Memoriam":

> '"We have but faith; we cannot know;
> For knowledge is of things we see;
> And yet we trust it comes from thee,
> A beam in darkness; let it grow.
>
> '"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell;
> That mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music as before
>
> '"But vaster."'

'Who can tell the profound influence made on the mind of the young girl who listened to him and who regarded him then as ever with reverent affection? It has been part of the warp and woof of my life ever since.'[1]

Whether the need was spiritual or material, each one was sure of the immediate response of the president. Perhaps it was the necessity of a student to earn the money wherewith to make possible her college course. On learning of one such case in the first class, the president reflected that there were many unused rooms in the Dewey House and that a small private school would

[1] Letter from Julia H. Gulliver.



LAURENUS CLARK SEELYE
Painted by C. C. Burleigh, 1876
This painting always hung in Mrs. Seelye's room

benefit his own children and those of a few friends. 'It was through my former teacher,' writes the mistress of this little school, 'that the president learned of my need of something to help me at Smith College, with the result that a little class was formed for me. . . . When I arrived from my small birth town in Delaware I was much frightened, but not for long. The president was delightfully reassuring and took me at once to a third-story room in the Dewey House to show me the little desks already placed and to talk to me about my little girls and their histories.'[1]

What close and friendly intercourse between president and students, in that far-away initial year! As time went on and the size of the college increased, such familiarity became more and more impossible, but for the first class it left a precious memory. A passage in Mrs. Cone's letter shows what this informal coöperation meant to them: 'There never could be another year like the first at Smith College, nor another college class that was so intimately associated with President Seelye. We came to feel that he belonged to us, and that between us there was a peculiar bond. . . . He was the best part intellectually of that first year, in his lectures on the History and Growth of Colleges, his teaching of English, his conduct of morning prayers and his occasional preaching. The other members of the faculty were old; Professor Clark, with his snow-white hair and pink cheeks and swallow-tail coat; and Miss Hastings with grey hair and a decided limp. The president had the fire of youth in him and we felt it and liked it. He made us feel that we had a part with him in setting the standards and determining the ideals of the college. It should be a real college, as good as the men's colleges in New England and better in that

[1] Letter from Mary Adkins Brown.

more provision for general culture should be made, though he did not emphasize that the first year — just did it with as much art and music and gracious hospitality as he could muster. I well remember when the Day of Prayer for Colleges came around and several of us went to him to ask if the college should have a prayer meeting. Quite impulsively he said something like: "All that I hope for the college is in your hands. If this is your own desire, my blessing is with it." A prayer meeting was held in the Dewey House parlors.'

One is not surprised at reminiscences which emphasize the distance covered since the fourteen young ladies blazed the way, for one could hardly expect the path traversed by fifty classes to go around in a circle. Mrs. Atwood recalls that 'college girls were regarded with doubt and curiosity in those days. "Do they smoke?" was one question. The answer to that was, "Not even the chimneys smoke in Smith College!"' Nevertheless, the president was not always so confident, as the following dramatic incident shows: 'Once the president heard that one of us had been smoking. The next morning he appeared in chapel with his face white and stern. On one side of the desk was a glass vase with a rose in it; on the other a glass vase filled with black earth. He spoke of the beauty of the rose, but if it allowed itself to be contaminated by muck (grinding the rose into the muck as he spoke), it was only fit to be thrown out and trodden under foot (suiting the action to the word). We were all as white as he, trying to remember what we had done. The fact that he had been misled by a false report did not efface the intense devotion to righteousness, the intense hatred of evil that he communicated to me then and at all times.'[1]

[1] Letter from Julia H. Gulliver.

In respect of material conditions the distance travelled is even more apparent. How different the present broad and flowery path from the rough and narrow trail of the first four years! Think of a college claiming to furnish an education equal to that given in the best New England colleges for men, and with no library during its first year! For the fourteen young ladies, Webster's Dictionary was the only book of reference available for a time. Later they were pleased to find an atlas, and Smith's Classical and Biblical Dictionaries seemed an important addition. They did not know at that time that President Seelye had been urged by Judge Forbes, one of the original trustees of the college, not to use the college funds for books, since he intended to leave money to provide a large library for the town. Judge Forbes's health was good, however, though like many aged people he felt that death was imminent, and it did not seem fair to make the young ladies depend entirely upon the Clark Library in the town for books. In 1877, therefore, four thousand dollars were appropriated for the first reference library and the young ladies felt that a great advance had been made.

Of the difficulties in the way of such an advance, however, they were cheerfully ignorant. They accepted lightly the primitive conditions of the first two years, confident that their president would find a way to make their college all that it should be, and oblivious to the discouraging financial outlook confronting the administration. As a matter of fact no one beyond the circle of those directly concerned with Smith College was willing to risk putting money into anything so unpromising. After the sum reluctantly contributed by Northampton, nothing more seemed forthcoming. When College Hall was built in 1875, the treasurer,

Deacon Hubbard, had given the clock for its tower and 'a lady' had given the bell. 'These two gifts,' remarked President Seelye, reviewing the situation in 1900, 'were the only visible signs of a benevolent interest.'[1] It never was published that the giver of the bell was the wife of the president and few took the trouble to read the inscription on it as it hung in the college tower, where it was superseded by the present chimes in 1919.[2] The next contributions to the college treasury were two anonymous gifts of one thousand dollars each for the art gallery, in 1877. There was no inscription to dispel the anonymity of these gifts but a search of the records reveals the quite unsurprising fact that the president was one of the donors and Mr. Williston of the board of trustees the other. Truly, benevolent interest on the part of the outside world was not visible!

Nevertheless, the class of '79 saw no cause for worry when in September, 1878, they found themselves seniors, leading the normal number of four college classes. There were one hundred and thirty-three students and the faculty numbered twenty-one. This total seemed entirely adequate to the seniors — indeed it was beyond the hopes of the president and trustees who had declared in 1873 that one hundred students at the end of four years would be all that they ought to count on. Moreover, this pioneer class was satisfied that the president was proud of them, even though their number was now shrunken to eleven. They had fulfilled his earnest hope for them; they had maintained the high standard of scholarship steadily and easily with no harm to health; they had justified his trust in their

[1] *Quarter Centennial Anniversary*, p. 106.

[2] The original bell given by Henrietta Chapin Seelye now hangs in the clock tower of Martha Wilson House.

character and ability. 'Nor,' to use his own words, 'had they grown apparently less womanly or less winsome as the result of higher education.'[1]

Perhaps the unconcern of the Seniors towards the financial plight of the college was justified; at least their confidence in their president was vindicated, for by the time they were ready to be graduated the outlook was growing brighter — not because of any generosity from the public which was as grudging as ever, but because of the wise management which, as before, had brought about further increase of the invested funds. The situation at the time the first class was graduated may be given most clearly in the words of President Seelye as reviewed by him in his History: 'The total sum which the Trustees received from the estate of Sophia Smith in the final settlement was $393,106.60, and an additional $25,000 had been paid by Northampton to meet the conditions of the will. There had been expended for real estate and buildings $223,490.76. This amount included the cost of the campus, of College Hall, of the President's house and of the four dwelling houses: — Dewey, Hatfield, Washburn and Hubbard. There had been expended for the library, art and scientific collections $18,380.91, and for maintenance and instruction $75,310. The assets of the College on June 10, 1879, amounted to $541,-708.42; the par value of the invested funds on this day was $299,836.75. At the close of the first four academic years the outlook for the College was more encouraging.'[2]

Seniors, faculty, president and trustees, therefore, approached the first Commencement in June, 1879, with confidence in the future of Smith College. To the Seniors it was a momentous and epoch-marking occa-

[1] *Early History of Smith College*, p. 51. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 52.

sion. Everything connected with it should, in their opinion, be as unlike as possible to the graduation exercises of a Female Seminary, and the president agreed with them. He had frequent conferences on the subject with the entire eleven. Since white muslins and blue sashes were the traditional costume of the sweet girl graduate, Smith College seniors elected to wear something quite different. Maturity and dignity, rather than girlishness, were to give the note. Uniformity was not desired, but black silk was considered the most appropriate material. One of the eleven remembers having a long, trained, grey silk dress, high-necked, for the evening functions and black silk for the other occasions.

The exercises of the first Commencement began with the Baccalaureate sermon preached to the Seniors on Sunday afternoon, June 16, before a large audience in the First Congregational Church, an audience not deterred by a drenching storm which arose just before the hour of the service. The president took as his text: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.' His sermon, characteristically optimistic and triumphantly hopeful, was of the vital power there is in God's kingdom and righteousness to bring forth all the possibility of good in human life, and in the mind of President Seelye such a possibility of good was certain to become an actuality under the power of the kingdom of God. The sermon, the atmosphere of solemnity, the sense of the importance of the occasion, made a deep impression on the Seniors. 'Then once more,' writes one of them, 'we felt that we had the president all to ourselves again. I shall never forget his "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord cause His face to shine upon thee and give thee peace."'

On the evening of Monday, there was a concert by the Beethoven Quintet Club of Boston. The graduating exercises took place on Tuesday morning. Tuesday evening the president and Mrs. Seelye held a reception for all friends of the college. All of these events were of the simplest character but for each of them Social Hall was filled with an eager crowd — friends and relatives of the Seniors, people from Northampton and from the region round about. Smith College Commencement was felt to be something of consequence. The skeptics were becoming convinced; the higher education of women was justifying itself. One may see the interest of the community in the attitude of the *Springfield Republican* in its issue of June 19, 1879:

'Northampton has enjoyed a college Commencement and Smith College now has an alumna. And everybody is satisfied with the results of the long-anticipated anniversary which culminated in the presentation of diplomas to the eleven graduates yesterday noon. Other Commencements may be more brilliant, but none can excite more interest among the friends of the college than this initial one. And yet it has been attended with as little of the traditional Commencement "pomp and pride" as one ever meets with on such occasions. There was no street procession, no public examinations, no graduating exercises, no white dresses, no announcement of scholarship rank, no award of prizes. But there was a beautiful hall decked with flowers, an opening prayer by Rev. Mr. Leavitt, a magnificent oration by President Eliot of Harvard, a brief poem written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and read by Professor Churchill, orchestral music, the sound of the same familiar Latin which from time immemorial has welcomed the young men of our colleges to their degrees, and the final prayer by the president,

a prayer which was unusually tender and appropriate, and then the whole was finished in considerably less than two hours.'

The simplicity of these Commencement exercises was precisely what the president and the Seniors desired, a simplicity which was to serve as precedent for succeeding Commencements. The traditional features, indeed, as enumerated by the *Springfield Republican* were what they particularly wished to avoid. The Seniors agreed unreservedly with President Seelye in his oft-reiterated conviction that the curriculum should be suited to masculine minds but that public functions were to conform to the dignity of young ladies; that Smith College students were to excel in private, but were not to be exposed to the public gaze in declamations or other efforts which might detract from their womanly charm. Except for a certain resentment at the attitude taken by President Eliot toward the higher education of women, the Seniors and the president were entirely content with the first Commencement of Smith College.

And now that it was over, what next? Eleven young women had proved that they were abundantly able to carry on the studies pursued by men, with no detriment to minds, bodies or womanly qualities. Now they were to begin to leaven the world. When some one asked President Seelye what he would do with these graduates, he answered lightly with a wave of the hand, 'Why, marry them off, every one!' Marriage, indeed, was among the blessings that he wished for them, but his real attitude was expressed more seriously at another time.

'Nor need we concern ourselves,' he declared, 'as to what will be done with these intelligent women. The difficulty is to know what will be done with the igno-

rant ones. There is need enough of the highest intelligence in every sphere that woman may be called to fill. . . . Give woman the amplest knowledge which it is possible for her in the ordinary limitations of her earthly life to attain; the widest range of sympathies that the varied conditions of life can evoke; intensify and perfect at the same time every true womanly characteristic; and there is no work to which she may be called which will not be improved by her superior culture.'[1]

[1] From a paper by L. Clark Seelye read at the University Convocation at Albany, probably in the fall of 1878.

CHAPTER X

'FEMALE EDUCATION'

A HIGH wall, ages old, strongly built of hard thick stones, considered impregnable. A young warrior before it, trying to batter an opening. Shield, spear or battering-ram avail him nothing. The wall cannot be forced by assault; it cannot be scaled; it must be broken down patiently stone by stone. This is a picture of the situation which had confronted Clark Seelye when he returned from his investigations in Europe and England in 1873, eager to put to the test the convictions at which he had arrived concerning the education which he hoped Smith College might provide. For the first ten or fifteen years of his administration, a large part of his energy had to be devoted to the wearisome process of effecting an entrance into the stronghold of public opinion, firmly intrenched behind the tradition of centuries. A few small openings had been made at other points in the long stretch of fortification, but they were scattered unconnected here and there and too small for his ambition. The strength of the wall where he was laboring was amazing.

For at least a quarter of a century before Smith College was opened, efforts had been made in different places in the United States to provide for women something approaching the education given to men. President Taylor tells us that when Vassar College was started in 1865 'its founder was heralded as the discoverer of a fresh principle.' This, he adds, was because the work for women's education, already accomplished in other parts of the country, 'had not been

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such as to attract the attention of the world, and had not gained such proportions or been set in such an environment as to impress any but the small circle devoted to it.'[1] Yet even Vassar had been obliged to moderate the original sternness of its curriculum in order that its huge building might be filled. The instruction given in the 'ladies' course' in Oberlin and that selected for the women admitted to Iowa State University was a different thing from the education now provided in those institutions for men and women alike. Elmira had made brave efforts to be worthy of the name of college, and there had been numerous other attempts to break down the wall of skepticism, but everywhere concessions to feminine frailty had to be made. To insist on actually the same requirements for women as those ordinarily demanded of men would have meant the removal of stones which could not be made to budge. As a matter of fact, these remote enterprises do not seem to have affected provincial New England. How else can one account for the indignant protest and scornful incredulity which met the propositions of Smith College?

It is difficult now to recapture the frame of mind in which the higher education of women was regarded fifty years ago. The twentieth century has not been troubled by the problem of 'female education.' Even the phrase, once so common, is as grotesque and out of date as the Victorian costumes which accompanied it. Education is sought with like assurance by men and women, and with such determination that colleges are forced to turn away hundreds of disappointed boys and girls. Fifty years ago, however, a girl was not refused admission to college because of overcrowding. It was an adventure for her to seek an education at all; and

[1] *Before Vassar Opened*, by James Munroe Taylor, p. 82.

the president of a college which presumed to offer to women the instruction given to their robust and intellectual brothers was considered a dangerous innovator.

Doubt of the mental capacity of women was the prevailing attitude, not only in the world at large, but among educators. Even President Eliot, in his address at the first Commencement exercises of Smith College, had expressed a distrust which had aroused lively indignation in the breasts of the young ladies of the Senior class. 'The college education of young women is an experiment,' he had declared, 'the issue of which can be completely revealed only after the lapse of many years or even of generations. . . . There are indubitable dangers besetting the experiment of prolonging by several years what has hitherto been the common period of a girl's education which prudence and skill may do much to avert. . . . The Trustees of this College took at the start the best measures to set and maintain a reasonably high standard; they prescribed an admission examination as severe as that of many respectable colleges for men. . . . The original position of the College in this respect seems to me as admirable as it was bold.'[1]

This rather condescending attitude reflected the well-nigh universal point of view in 1879. It is interesting to note that thirty-nine years later President Eliot took occasion to speak of the general change of opinion since his first address at the college. 'It is no longer necessary,' he declared at the inauguration of President Neilson in 1918, 'for Smith College to provide proof that young women in good health can take a four years' college course without impairing their physical vigor, or that women can excel in the studies which formerly

[1] *Early History of Smith College*, pp. 47, 48.

made up the prescribed course in colleges for men, or that separate colleges for women are to be preferred to colleges for men and women together, or that a broad elective system is even more advantageous to young women than to young men. These questions are settled now and are no longer discussed. They were not settled in 1879, when the first class graduated.'[1]

In the mind of the president of Smith College in 1879, there was no doubt that the young ladies of the first class had settled some of these questions. Their triumphant completion of the college course seemed sufficiently convincing proof. Yet in reality only a few stones had fallen in the wall of prejudice at which President Seelye had been hammering for six years. Even among the students themselves a favorite subject for debate still was the question whether woman was intellectually the equal of man, while in the mind of the outside world there was not so much as a question.

The cocksure public still believed that the health, minds and morals of young women were endangered by such an audacious attempt to give them something which they were incapable of receiving. The president of Smith College was likely to bring ruin upon the race. The mothers of the nation should not be called upon to exercise their brains. A woman physician, upheld by the authority of her medical knowledge as well as her own experience protested that 'their nervous systems are wrecked by a process of stimulation for examinations, exhibitions and prizes, and by a *régime* which ignores the great natural laws which make them, between the ages of fifteen and forty-five, essentially a separate and higher order of beings than man, destined for a purpose wholly feminine; and just so far does she fail in her subsequent years as mother to do her allotted

[1] *The Inauguration of President Neilson*, p. 25.

work in contributing to the number of strong, healthy, well-trained, temperate and well-mothered men.'[1]

As one looks over the pamphlets in which Clark Seelye's speeches frequently were issued, and the newspaper reports pasted undated in his scrapbook, one catches glimpses of the warfare waged for and against the higher education of women.

A religious paper, commenting on an address by President Seelye before Connecticut teachers at New Haven, during this testing time of Smith College, is suspicious of the effect of female education on morals. 'Does the culture of the intellect, as pursued in this and kindred institutions,' it asks somewhat anxiously, 'tend to dwarf the emotional nature, deaden the susceptibilities and substitute for the quick moral and spiritual intuitions of women the slower and less trustworthy processes of the reason? This is preëminently the problem which those who are carrying on the higher education of women have to solve. On this point President Seelye is silent and it is one of transcendant importance.'[2]

Others were sure that the female mind could not stand the strain. '"How is this," said the Reverend Dr. Bacon one day, as he met the president of Smith: "it is currently reported at New Haven that you have cases of brain fever every week at Smith, in your effort to make women know as much as men!"'[3] The pastor of a church in Pittsfield who came to visit a friend in Northampton was asked if he intended to put his daughter in the new college. 'Not until I become an inmate of that institution over there!' he replied, pointing to the hospital for the insane across the river.

[1] *Early History of Smith College*, p. 34.
[2] Scrapbook of L. C. S.
[3] *Smith College Quarter Centennial*, p. 105.

The president on his side neglected no opportunity to defend his thesis that woman is entitled to the best education and is fitted physically and mentally to receive it. Up and down New England he patiently repeated his arguments and untiringly proclaimed his faith. Occasionally he relieved the seriousness of his defense by using weapons meant to tickle rather than to wound; as after giving instances from history to prove woman's capacity, he proceeds thus whimsically against one of the commonest objections to her education: 'Many who admit woman's ability deny her need for such culture. Marriage, they say, will ordinarily be her lot. Train her for its duties and responsibilities. Give her the knowledge necessary to become a good wife and mother and it is all she needs. Yet why make this the end of education for one sex more than for the other? We do not train men simply to make good husbands and fathers. . . . Have we not seen enough of the folly of leaving all the strings of this marvellous instrument of a woman's soul untuned except those necessary to play, "Come, haste to the wedding"; or "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber"? Dear as these tunes are, it would be exceedingly unfortunate for woman and humanity if she knew no other.'[1]

With all his dauntless parrying, however, he had to take blows from every quarter. The local newspapers were made vehicles of protest both scornful and good-natured; nor were the protests confined to the question of woman's fitness to receive an education. 'Smith's Folly' was a favorite name throughout the region; criticism of the presumptuous claims of Smith College was not lacking. How could the assurance of the presi-

[1] *The Need of a Collegiate Education for Women*; a paper read before The American Institute of Instruction at North Adams, Massachusetts, July 28, 1874.

dent go unchallenged when he made such statements as the following from his inaugural address? 'As far as possible with the funds at our disposal we shall endeavor to organize a college in which young women may have the same facilities for mental culture which young men enjoy in New England colleges. . . . I believe this is the only college for women which insists upon substantially the same requisites for admission which have been found practicable and essential in colleges for men.'[1]

Violent objection to this and other assertions in the inaugural address was taken by the Reverend E. C. Towne of North Easton, Massachusetts. In a series of incredibly bitter letters published in a Northampton newspaper he remonstrated passionately against the pretensions of Smith College to be able to provide as good an education as that offered in colleges for men. 'Your assumption that by keeping out the poorly prepared you can make your college a success above all others is absurd to the last degree,' he declared. 'If you honestly demand as much for admission as Harvard and Yale do, the students you admit will find themselves victims to your false pretensions for the simple reason that your facilities will not begin to equal those of the better colleges for women which you accuse of failure. I do not see any reason to believe that you will get students as well prepared as men are for Harvard and Yale. They will not come at your call, and you will not take those who fall below the standard. . . . But granting that you can fill your small college with students prepared for the best, desirous of the best, your college is not going to be anything like equal to giving them such an education as Harvard and Yale can. . . . And I further say that your institution cannot

[1] *Addresses at the Inauguration of Rev. L. Clark Seelye*, p. 13.

fail to fall behind not only the second-best opportunities like those of Cornell and Michigan, but even behind any of the better equipped female colleges; and that your proposal, with one college building, one cottage and a president's house and a very limited faculty of instruction and no general facilities at all, to do for young ladies what Harvard and Yale if open to them would do for them, is preposterous and shows that the pretension with which you speak has no more than a speculative foundation.'[1]

When some of these letters were republished by the *Northampton Herald*, to emphasize a contrast at the time of the celebration of the quarter centennial of Smith College, the editor remarked: 'Mr. Towne's view, the writer well recollects, was considered very tenable by many . . . but Mr. Towne erred, for one thing, in not knowing the man he criticized; he did not know his indomitable character and his tactful resources.'[2]

No other attacks were as bitter as these letters. In general the public expressed its disapproval politely, though it continued for many years to express it unequivocally. President Seelye met the constant expostulation and advice with his quiet smile, and went on his way undaunted. No one knew better than he the difficulties ahead of the higher education of women; he was familiar with them before he accepted the presidency. The limitations created by the meagreness of the endowment had been clear to him from the time Smith College first was mentioned to him. The mental food which female minds popularly were considered able to digest could have been furnished far more easily

[1] These letters appeared originally in August and September, 1875, in the *Northampton Journal*, the publication of which was discontinued later. Several were considered too strong for repetition in 1900.

[2] *Northampton Herald*, October 4, 1900.

and less expensively than that which Smith College proposed to set before them. His task was not only to prove to the world that the brains of young women were capable of assimilating the richer diet provided for them, but also to secure the funds wherewith to provide the diet if young ladies brave enough for the experiment could be found! A less intrepid character might have faltered.

Fortunately he was an evolutionist by temperament. In his opinion a modest beginning and a slow growth were not only necessary but desirable. The small number of students and the straitened conditions of the first years were what he expected. Large numbers might have perplexed him, but the fourteen young ladies fulfilled his fondest hopes.

He had few fixed theories; his plans were carefully considered but he was ready to modify them as circumstances demanded. He tried himself to keep the open mind which he recommended to his students and his family. There was one absolute conviction, however, from which he never swerved; womanly qualities should be fostered not destroyed by higher education. His young ladies should not doubt that their brains were fully equal to those of men, but they should see to it that the conduct of their lives be wholly feminine. That students at Amherst did this or that was often sufficient reason why it should not be done at Smith; indeed, the early students were urged so frequently 'not to ape the men,' that the phrase became a by-word quoted with relish.

The curriculum was the only feature of Smith College which was allowed to be masculine, and it was frankly modelled in the early years on those of 'the best New England colleges for men,' as the first catalogues assured the public. This was a bold position in

1874. The world was ready to approve of all the counsels aimed at the perfection of womanhood, of all anxiety lest feminine traits be lessened, but that 'male education' should furnish the pattern for the studies of the new college was unthinkable. Yet this was the pattern to be followed and this was the higher education outlined by President Seelye in his inaugural address where he set forth in detail his plans and ideals for Smith College.

His entire inaugural address took the form of a vindication, for even within the college walls he was endeavoring to convince the skeptics. Certain courses offered in the first circular, like economics, philosophy, history, were not considered markedly injurious to the female constitution. In female seminaries they frequently had been administered in small doses and sugar-coated; even offered in masculine doses they did not worry the public; hence it was not considered necessary to justify them in the inaugural address. Attention and emphasis were reserved for those studies for which the female mind was supposed to be least fitted, the classics and mathematics.

Greek is not to be studied merely for its literature, even though 'a college aims to educate by giving a student the freest access to the best thought of the best minds.' He does not even insist upon 'that mental discipline which the mere study of the Grecian language is so well calculated to impart.' He would 'justify its place in our college curriculum upon the relation which it has and ever must have to the growth of the human intellect. . . . As well attempt to form a theological seminary in a Christian land with no study of the Bible, as a college in the midst of a civilization essentially classic, with no classical study.'

He disposes of Latin easily, 'because its place in fe-

male education is not so often disputed and the advantages which it gives are more obvious. The two languages are so closely connected with human thought that the study of either cannot be omitted without serious loss in any institution which aims at the highest mental culture.'

German and French are to enter into the curriculum, though 'they are to be studied not for any vain display of conversational fluency in a foreign tongue, but for the acquaintance which they give us with human thought; while side by side with all these linguistic studies, we carry forward that study of our own mother tongue dearer and more important to us than all the rest.'

Mathematics is justified because 'it is the study, above all others which gives us a knowledge of the mind in nature.' He would have it taught 'so that more of our youth might exclaim, with something of that sublime enthusiasm which Kepler felt when mathematics first revealed to him the secret of the planetary orbits, "I think thy thoughts after thee, O God."'

On the subject of scientific studies he is not so insistent, but in this indifference he still is following the lead of colleges for men. 'Special and professional work should be relegated to some post-graduate course. One will make the better chemist and geologist if the mind be quickened and enlarged by intercourse with the humanities.' He is by no means making concessions to feminine weakness when he says, 'Our aim has been so to arrange the course in natural sciences that young ladies may become sufficiently well acquainted with their general principles and leading facts to feel an interest in the progress of science; to comprehend clearly its important dis-

coveries, and to be prepared to make afterwards, in some chosen field, original investigations.'

These were, in general, President Seelye's convictions in 1875 on what he in common with the rest of the world at that time called 'female education.' His ideas on various points were altered gradually with the changing demands of the educational world, but the end for which he strove was unfailingly the same. Education for utilitarian ends did not interest him. No branch of study was to be pursued for what it might furnish as an aid toward gaining a livelihood, but for what it might contribute in rounding out a perfect womanhood. 'The woman,' he affirmed, 'is more than her trade, and womanhood more to be prized than anything she can gain by toil.' Training in purely feminine accomplishments, cooking, housework and the like, such as was included for many years at Wellesley and Mount Holyoke, was no part of higher education and should have no place in a college course. Education was to perfect the heart and will as well as the intellect, in order to fulfill the great command: 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.' Every alumna of President Seelye's day remembers that this was his gospel. As the years passed, however, the educational policies outlined in the inaugural address were modified again and again. Many changes appeared in the curricula even of the best New England colleges for men, and Smith College did not lag behind, however reluctant its president may have felt in his heart toward certain alterations, like the diminishing importance of the classics.

In spite of the increasing opposition among American educators to the study of the classics, President Seelye never relinquished his own belief that an

education which should promote the best growth of the human intellect could not be obtained without a knowledge of Greek. This conviction, however, did not prevent him from acquiescing in the general cry for modernization of the requirements for admission to college which began to make itself heard in the early eighties. Greek was manifestly the chief stumbling block in the way of preparation for colleges for either sex, and the educational world was forced to adapt itself to an increasing hostility which threatened to eliminate the classics entirely. Independently of other colleges, Smith made an important change in its curriculum, organizing in 1886 a Literary Course and a Scientific Course, leading respectively to the degrees of Bachelor of Letters and Bachelor of Science. For ten years the list of the senior class on Commencement day was divided into three groups and the degree awarded according to the course pursued. It was difficult to convince the outside world, however, that the letters B.L. or B.S. after the name of a teacher or a writer were as valuable as the old-fashioned B.A.; it was a relief to every one, therefore, when the curriculum was revised again in 1900 and all courses were constructed to lead alike to the time-honored degree of Bachelor of Arts.

At the time when Smith College was opened, opportunities for the study of the natural sciences had been few and slight in most American institutions. The influence of the English universities was still strong in the emphasis put upon the classics, mathematics and philosophy; moreover, laboratories required expensive equipment and few colleges in 1875 considered such equipment necessary or possible. In the eighties, however, the relative importance of classical and scientific studies began to shift until,

with amazing rapidity their positions became reversed and President Seelye, like other educators, saw that interest in the 'general principles and leading facts' was not enough to satisfy the thirst for scientific knowledge which was becoming more and more insistent among serious young students throughout the country — and in the eighties what student was not earnest and serious?

Ignoring his own preferences, the president made up his mind that Smith College must march with the rest; in spite of her poverty, she must have adequate laboratories — and since poverty was ever present and something always to be coped with, it should not stand in the way. The development of this side of female education, unsympathetic as he was to it temperamentally, began to occupy a large share of his attention so that it was only natural for him to speak of it to an acquaintance, Mr. Alfred T. Lilly, of Florence, Massachusetts, who sat next to him on a trip to Boston in 1885. Mr. Lilly declared later that he thought President Seelye spoke of the pressing need of a building for science merely to keep up a waning conversation, but he succeeded in making that need so apparent and the poverty of the college so convincing that Lilly Hall of Science, with its well-equipped laboratories, was the result. Of the gifts which came to the college, and few and small they were in those early years, none brought more surprise and pride to the president than Mr. Lilly's thirty thousand dollars. With all Clark Seelye's optimism and sanguine hopes for Smith College, he invariably was surprised when a gift actually came, especially in the early years when the hand of every one was against the higher education of women and disapproval was more apt to result from remarks on the subject than dollars and cents.

This opportunity for the college to increase its work in chemistry and physics made the president all the more eager for growth in other branches of science. The astronomical department likewise was clamoring for a building in 1885 and the president picked out the right site on a knoll in the neglected back campus, but no conversation, chance or purposeful, resulted in an observatory. The president was not to be balked, nevertheless, in his new scientific zeal. Naturally the college had no money for the necessary building but he persuaded one of the trustees to go halves with him in erecting and equipping it, as is attested by a tablet within it which records that 'This Observatory with its Apparatus is a Tribute of Affection to Henrietta Chapin Seelye and Sarah Tappan Williston by their Husbands, A.D. 1886.'

Yet, notwithstanding his continued activity in promoting further expansion of the scientific departments, this never was the side of education which most interested President Seelye. He had the temperament which responds to the humanities, and, curious as it seems, this temperament seldom includes a fondness for natural sciences any more than the scientific temperament craves the humanities. The real regret, however, with which he saw the classics relegated to an inferior position was not because they appealed to him personally but because he believed that they contributed more than science to the ideal education which results in perfection of character.

Throughout his administration all sorts of things were sacrificed which he considered desirable aids toward this end; there was one department of the curriculum, nevertheless, with regard to which he never yielded his opinion, though objections from the faculty were frequent and strenuous. From the be-

ginning he steadily insisted that a place be given to music and art equal in rank to that of other electives and that they count similarly toward a degree. Even in his inaugural address, after championing various courses given in 'male colleges,' he made an extended plea for the fine arts, declaring that 'too many of the grandest creations of the human intellect are embodied in the fine arts to remain unnoticed by an institution which seeks the highest mental culture.' This conviction that the fine arts should have a place in the higher education of women was one that he already had held for some years, and it was one of significance in the development of 'female education' in Smith College. One is surprised, indeed, at the weight attached to it. It was so foreign to his training and background that one wonders whence it came, for he was not musical and had studied no branch of the fine arts, although visits to European galleries during his years of travel could not have been without effect. Was it the unconscious influence of his wife which formed his opinion in this as in so many questions affecting the college and the life of its first president? Henrietta had been trained in music and in painting, and the influence of the fine arts upon her character may have made him desire a like result for all women students, since for him she was always the perfect example of ideal womanhood. If the idea came from the contemplation of Henrietta's perfections, that very fact might account for the tenacity with which it was upheld by her husband. As early as 1872 the only suggestion made by him for the Smith College circular presented for his inspection had been to emphasize the position to be given to the fine arts, and this emphasis he maintained with unyielding insistence as long as he was administrator.

It was only by steady fighting, however, that he was able to secure for the departments of music and art what he considered their rights in the college curriculum. It was a contest as resolute if not as widespread as that waged for classics and mathematics, and the opposition which must have been hardest to bear came from his own academic family — that college faculty which was his strong support in the battle for the higher education of women. They would not believe that departments of music and art could be carried on with the inherent dignity necessary for a position equal to that of classics and mathematics. Nevertheless, as Miss Caverno tells us, in writing of this struggle, 'he held to his own views on that, whether the faculty agreed or not. It was a hard row to hoe in those days,' she continues, 'because there were so few people in the fine arts who had any conception of how to make their subject worthy of a place in the academic curriculum. In the main, however, I incline to think that the angle from which we approached it under President Seelye has made us less trouble than some of the other colleges have had in coming to the same point.' [1]

Many colleges in the United States have come to adopt President Seelye's views, although it is doubtful whether the minds of modern educators in conceding a place to the fine arts in college curricula are influenced by the very unmodern consideration which was foremost in his thought. The position of music and art in the curriculum was to differentiate Smith College from colleges for men by promoting the desired womanhood. To this end they were not to be treated as mere accomplishments or ornaments, but to be pursued as seriously as Latin and Greek.

[1] Letter from Julia H. Caverno.

'Surely,' he declared quaintly, 'the intelligent study of one of Beethoven's sonatas or Michael Angelo's statues may be as profitable to some minds as the dissection of a fish or a flower!'

It has been indicated in the foregoing chapter that the departments of music and art, although beginning in ways even smaller than those of the rest of the struggling institution, were taking shape as early as 1877. At that time there was no extra charge for music, drawing, painting, 'or any other study so far as it is embraced in the curriculum.' The opportunities offered in the circular under 'Æsthetic Culture' were considered 'a part of the regular intellectual work of the College.' All was included in the price of tuition, one hundred dollars a year. The same circular for 1877 announced that 'An Art Gallery has already been furnished with casts of noted statues and several hundred autotype copies illustrating the different schools of painting.' A crude beginning, it seems, as one looks back at the first 'Art Gallery,' contained in the single room over the north door of College Hall; yet the president was content and confident of progress.

Poor as the college was, when the gift of two thousand dollars referred to in the preceding chapter was made to the art gallery in 1877, it was on condition that the board of trustees would appropriate four thousand dollars more to buy photographs, engravings and paintings, and one is not surprised to find that the trustees, already accustomed to follow unquestioningly the lead of their chairman, voted the appropriation without hesitation. Wonders were accomplished for the little art gallery with this small fund. The few casts became the nucleus of the present extensive collection; the acquisition of paintings

went on steadily. As early as 1880, a few excellent pictures by some of the best American painters of the day hung on the walls of the little room in College Hall. George Inness, A. H. Wyant, Winslow Homer, W. Sartain, J. Appleton Brown, Holman Hunt, F. S. Church were represented at that time, and paintings by George Fuller, J. Alden Weir, W. H. Low, Louis Tiffany date from a year or two later.

The School of Music and School of Art, which were organized in 1880, were a concession to the pressure of circumstances; they never were the embodiment of President Seelye's idea for the coördination of the fine arts with the other college courses. Although these schools were affiliated with the college, each with its own course leading to its own degree if followed in combination with academic courses, they doubtless would not have been established had it been found possible to carry out the generous impulses of the president and trustees. Instruction in art and music could no longer be offered without extra charge, and separate schools seemed the best solution for the time, disappointing as this solution was to the president who saw his ideal for coördination indefinitely postponed. 'He dreamed,' writes Miss Jordan, 'of the friendly recognition of science, music and art as integral values in education, and accepted "schools" because he was compelled to the compromise by prejudice and faulty imagination in his teachers.' [1]

He set to work cheerfully, nevertheless, to secure funds for separate buildings for the two schools, but with such scant success that one likes to picture his surprise and gratification when, out of a clear sky, in 1881, came an offer of twenty-five thousand dollars for an art gallery from Mr. Winthrop Hillyer, a quiet

[1] Letter from Mary A. Jordan.

citizen of Northampton whose frugal living had suggested straitened circumstances. When one reflects that this was the largest individual gift which the college had received since Miss Smith's original bequest, one feels its importance as dollars and cents. When, furthermore, one realizes how cherished by the president was the department of fine arts and in particular the development of the art gallery, one is sure that nothing could have pleased and encouraged him more than this unlooked-for generosity, in spite of the crying needs of every other department of the college.

The intense pleasure which he took in the growth of the Hillyer Art Gallery and its collections was more personal and unofficial than that in any other department of the college. Visits to studios and to exhibitions of paintings were adventures undertaken with enthusiasm, at first in company with Mr. Niemeyer, who succeeded Mr. Champney; later with Mr. Dwight W. Tryon, who was director of the art gallery from 1886 to 1923. The choosing of each new picture was an event in which the president was eager to share, his keen and naïve interest developing into the discrimination of a connoisseur under Mr. Tryon's gentle guidance. Such warm friends the president and the painter became, indeed, that Mr. Tryon's long attachment to the college was due in large part to the stimulus he received from the president's interest.[1] 'I am sure,' he wrote to President Seelye on June 7, 1923, 'there has been no single influence so uplifting

[1] Mr. Tryon's devotion to Smith College appears from his gift, in company with his wife, of $100,000 for the erection of an additional gallery to be called by his name. This gift was announced in June, 1925. On the death of Mr. Tryon, a few weeks later, it was learned that he had made the college the residuary legatee of his estate. He had written of this purpose to President Seelye on March 12, 1912.

to me as your kindly and most intelligent appreciation. Without such appreciation I could never have persisted in the work, and I am sure the high standard which Smith has reached in this department could not have been achieved.'

In the raising of funds for the music building there was no happy gift from heaven. President Seelye was able to collect only about five thousand dollars by subscription. Nevertheless, he was so convinced of the need of suitable housing and equipment for the School of Music that the college used its own limited funds, bought land for the purpose and erected a building which, with Mr. Benjamin C. Blodgett as director, was opened in 1882 at about the same time as the opening of the art gallery.

For twenty years the art school and the music school existed as more or less separate organizations. The faculty came to accept with only occasional protest the president's insistence on the status of the fine arts as equivalents of their own cherished offerings, and he apparently was content. His Annual Report, 1895–96, shows, however, that he had been considering for some time the expediency of restoring music and art to the original status which he had always desired for them. This had been done already at Vassar; it was only after seven years of further acquiescence, however, that he saw the time when his ideal might be realized. The two schools were discontinued in 1902 and instruction in music and art was coördinated with other electives in the academic curriculum. To-day their position is uncontested; they have made themselves worthy of their dignified place and their claims no longer are looked upon with suspicion. Even the faculty of Smith College seldom remembers its long and fruitless opposition, though

the quiet struggle belongs in the history of the higher education of women.

One more feature of 'female education' as conceived at Smith College must be noticed, a feature as insistently demanded from the outset as the inclusion of music and art, though with no spice of opposition; this was the importance in the curriculum of the study of Biblical Literature. Courses of lectures upon the books of the Bible have been required of all students from the time the college opened, and for many years these courses were identified with President Seelye. Dr. Greene and Miss Smith were responsible for the uncontested position of the study, but it was President Seelye who set the standard for the type of instruction and the liberal attitude towards the higher criticism of the Bible. When the increasing cares of administration made it impossible for him to continue teaching a separate department was organized in 1893; for all the early students, however, President Seelye's 'Bible lectures' were one of the most important parts of their college course, so infused were they with his personality, his liberality, his strong influence for the higher things of life. Discussion of these lectures is reserved for a later chapter in connection with matters pertaining to his religious life. His idea of the relation of such study to the higher education of women may be seen in the following extract from his inaugural address:

'I quote here with great satisfaction the words of the founder of the College: "Sensible of what the Christian religion has done for my sex, and believing that all education should be for the glory of God and the good of man, I direct that the Holy Scriptures be daily and systematically read and studied in said College and, without giving preference to any sect or

denomination, all the education and all the discipline shall be pervaded by the spirit of evangelical Christian religion." This direction I shall heartily follow. It expresses, I think, the true basis of the relation which the College should sustain to morality and religion. Religion is far more than the auxiliary of science or literature. Good morals are more than desirable aids to scientific investigations. . . . Religion and virtue can never exist as secondary or subordinate. If they exist at all they must be supreme. God must be loved with all the mind and soul and strength or the whole head is sick and the heart faint. The College must place itself in loyal subordination to the claims of God and virtue, before religion and morality can contribute to the service which the College needs. . . . The College must reverently acknowledge its own work as subordinate to a higher spiritual perfection or the education which it gives will be radically defective. Knowledge indeed is great but she is not the greatest. Virtue is still her lawful and worthy mistress, asserting in every age her supremacy, and forcing men, whenever they witness virtuous deeds, joyfully to acknowledge her superior royalty.'[1]

[1] *Addresses at the Inauguration of Rev. L. Clark Seelye*, pp. 31, 32.

CHAPTER XI

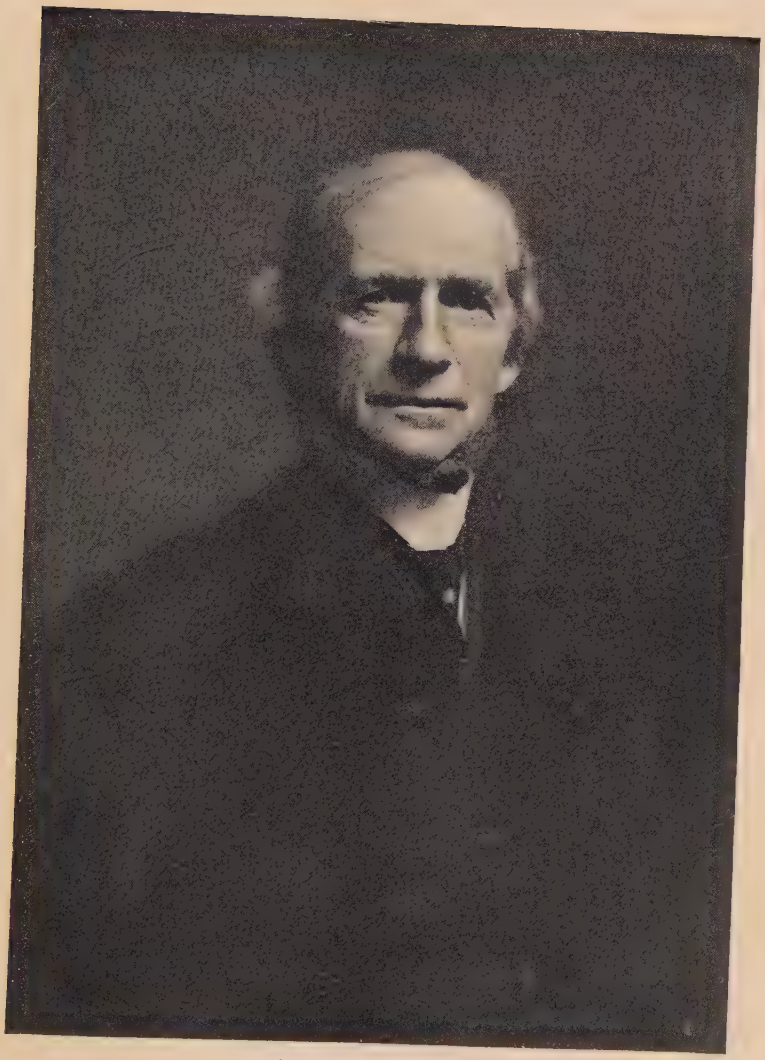
ADMINISTRATOR

EVERY Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock the serious business of 'faculty meeting' was conducted in one of the large recitation rooms of College Hall. President Seelye sat facing the faculty in one of the student chairs on the floor, his spare frame erect, his head bent slightly forward, listening courteously with a grave face which gave no idea which side of the discussion he favored, keeping all strictly within bounds, just, balanced and urbane. In the early days, although a certain formality always was preserved, these meetings were merely pleasant friendly conversations. The faculty was, as Miss Jordan says, 'hardly more than a group of personally invited guests asked for their judgment and opinion upon matters brought up for discussion by committees, individuals, or the "inspiration of the moment." . . . The president's ideal was that of a highminded, sympathetic, broadly intelligent academic family.'

As the organization grew larger and more complicated, the intimate atmosphere disappeared and the president's scrupulous detachment grew more pronounced. From the earliest days, however, one of his most conspicuous characteristics as administrator did not change — his power to get another person's point of view, whether he agreed with it or not; his open-mindedness in face of opposition, dictator though he actually was. His academic family knew that the president had fixed convictions of his own and that it was not easy to move him from them, but they knew

that he would give gracious and impartial attention to an honest opinion. Talking to the gallery was not encouraged, however; desultory discussion was nipped in the bud and any debate was kept to the question in hand. President Seelye's management of affairs as presiding officer was crisp and skilful, in spite of his politeness. A surprising amount of business was dispatched in the single hour allowed for the weekly meetings. They seldom were prolonged, no matter what came up. Three o'clock was the hour for the president's daily drive with his wife and the horses must not be kept standing.

'In the conduct of faculty meetings he had two great advantages,' says Miss Caverno. 'That old-fashioned dignity of his, even in private life, kept people on their best behavior. We were all a little afraid of him, using this word in the same sense that one uses "fear of the Lord." But besides that, his experience in public assemblies made parliamentary usage a garment of which he was unconscious. He knew when to bind and when to loose, when informal usage would facilitate business and when it was wise to follow the strictest line. No one ever babbled or wasted time, either in his office or in faculty meeting. I have remembered so many times one day when I was down on Bridge street in my college days. It was a sharp, cold fall day. Down the road came a span of strong horses at a speedy gait. The driver was a man in a big fur coat with a fur cap, his hands well out on the lines, and with the air of a man who enjoyed letting out good horses but was eminently capable and master of them. As the sporting gentleman passed me I saw under the visor of the cap the face of the president. Horses are going out of style, but you will know what I mean when I say that in faculty meeting President Seelye drove



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with a taut rein. You will remember, too, that a horse is more comfortable on a taut rein. The point lay, however, not solely in his firmness. President Seelye's attitude was resting on a conception embodied in a phrase which was habitual with him. He thought of the faculty as "a body of ladies and gentlemen."'

The administration of the first president of Smith College could hardly be defined in terms of modern educational systems. He did not trouble himself concerning methods, policies or theories; he had certain fixed principles which were instinctive and governed his administration as they governed his life. The importance of the development of the highest character was one of the chief of these — does this consideration dominate modern educational theories? Of his qualifications for office he once declared: 'Implicit faith in woman's capacity, an enthusiastic determination to provide the best possible culture for it, these were about my only valid claims.'

He started out with certain beliefs as to the best means of attaining the ideal which he cherished, but he was ready to discard these beliefs if time or experience proved that other means were better. He was willing to experiment; he did not form theories and adjust life to them; he made use of what seemed to be the best aids towards reaching his goal, even though such aids might have to be cast aside as new problems arose. Freedom from tradition, freedom of opinion, freedom of action belonged to the open-mindedness of his administration. The fact that he himself was not bound by hard-and-fast theories made him ready to accord liberty of individual judgment to others. In his office, in faculty meeting, on the street, in his home, he was ever ready to give a hearing to dissenting opinions. His own convictions might or might not remain the

same but his courtesy was unchanged. President Neilson has characterized him as 'convinced yet tolerant.'

The president of another college for women, who knew him first as student, later as dean and whose present position as head of Radcliffe College gives her further opportunity for judgment, remembers something of the effect of this characteristic. 'The liberality which has always prevailed at Smith,' Miss Comstock says, 'seems to me to be the direct outcome of President Seelye's attitude. Freedom of opinion has been and is characteristic of the college. The absence of contentiousness which critics sometimes regard as a lack of interest in important issues is, in part at least, due to the ever present assumption in the college that people have a right to their own opinions. . . . President Seelye's undistorted vision seems to me to account for the directness, the simplicity, the sanity of the Smith organization. An evidence of this fact can be found in the record of his decisions regarding curriculum, methods of administration and living arrangements.' [1]

The various pedagogical questions which arose from time to time received his thoughtful and discerning attention. He kept in constant and close touch with the development of the curriculum, spontaneous and eccentric as that development seems to have been — so spontaneous, indeed, that Miss Jordan remarks, 'The faculty did not make the curriculum; it grew like Topsy!' The president's ideas with regard to all such questions, however, were thought out with reference to the exigencies of each individual problem, with no concern as to how they might fit into a method; just as his effort was to consider the welfare of the individual student. In this unmodern sense he was an individual-

[1] Letter from Ada L. Comstock.

ist; yet in spite of this attitude he kept the institution an organic whole. One alumna professor considers that President Seelye's most distinctive service to the college, 'besides his strong influence for good taste and good sense, was his giving it the life and spirit of an organism. He was anxious to keep down the machinery of organization,' she continues. 'Certainly there was marvellously little administrative machinery in his day. Every one was supposed to be on the alert and to do whatever he or she saw needed to be done. His mind seemed to dwell frequently on the problem of organic unity. He read more often that passage, "For we are members of one body," than any other, except possibly, "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." Throughout his administration the college was one body, in spite of the sudden expansion of students in the late nineties and the rapidly increasing number of the faculty.' [1]

The number of the faculty did increase rapidly when one considers the size of the early faculty lists, but it never kept pace with the sudden and overwhelming growth in the size of the student body. Throughout President Seelye's administration the poverty of the college was an ever present thorn in the flesh; there never was money enough for necessary teachers and the institution always was understaffed. Adequate praise never can be given to that group of overworked, underpaid men and women. Without their generous coöperation the president could not have steered his frail craft among the rocks and reefs with which his course abounded. He always counted on this co-operation; he assumed that the teachers were as much concerned for the good of the students as he was — 'for we are members of one body.'

[1] Letter from Anna A. Cutler.

Nevertheless, when it came to the actual steering of the craft he kept the helm in his own hand. With all his tolerance, openmindedness and desire for coöperation, there is no denying the fact that Clark Seelye was an autocrat. It was a lovable autocracy which was not often resented, but it was absolute, in spite of his grave protests that he had no power over the decisions of the faculty or trustees. 'The president of the college was in control,' writes one of his alumna teachers. 'On one or two occasions when I found faculty red-tape binding me and went to him for easement, I was assured by him kindly that he could do nothing in the matter — and then in the course of a few days or weeks the release came quietly and no one the worse.' [1]

Of course there were sometimes murmurings among the faculty, but in the end they generally found that such murmurings were groundless, as another alumna teacher discovered when she went to him on behalf of a colleague who was not to be reappointed. 'He listened with his formal courtesy,' she writes, 'then entering with much sympathy into my embarrassment, he told me in confidence the exact reason why the person was not to be reappointed, a reason most just but quite foreign to that assigned by general opinion. I was tremendously struck with his knowledge of us all and his willingness to bear criticism in order to administer justice.' [2]

He expected both faculty and students to trust him as he trusted them. He did not nag; his attitude was one of unquestioning expectation. 'I think I have never heard him "lay down the law,"' says Mrs. Lee, 'yet he remains to me almost the finest example of an

[1] Letter from Jennette Lee.

[2] Letter from Mary B. Fuller.

autocrat I have ever known.' On certain questions, like the status of music and art, his position amounted to benevolent tyranny, but in the main his tolerant hearing of conflicting views did much to mitigate the absolutism. 'In the general regulation of the affairs of the college, he was called an autocrat,' writes another alumna teacher, 'but in point of fact I should say his control allowed much more play for individual judgment, at least on the part of the faculty, than that of the modern administration of many other colleges which may seem less formal and perhaps less autocratic on the surface.'[1] Certainly the respect and admiration with which he was regarded in the faculty circle shows how little real resentment there was to any arbitrary control on the part of President Seelye; among the group of alumnae teachers there existed also a deep reverence and affection inherited from student days and increasing with the years.

Perhaps his benevolent despotism was most absolute in connection with what there was of student discipline. Here he made it plain that the members of the faculty were teachers not administrators. 'When it came to discipline,' says Miss Caverno, 'we were a one-man power. Every case was settled quickly and quietly by the president alone. Nothing ever came before the faculty and of no action was there any record. A girl was there and then she was not. Or, if she stayed, the understanding was between her and the president alone.'

As in other phases of his administration, he gave his attention to spirit rather than to letter in handling problems of student conduct, and such handling was never governed by rules laid down. 'In the rare cases of insubordination or misbehavior,' says Miss Jordan,

[1] Letter from Louisa S. Cheever.

'his treatment was intimate and personal — paternal rather than judicial. His object was to turn the culprit from the error of her ways by appeal to her better nature, in which he never lost faith.' Sometimes he felt obliged to make it clear to the parents of a student that it would be for mutual advantage if they would keep her out of college for a time. 'One of my own contemporaries was graduated with the class next below that with which she had started,' says Miss Cutler. 'I asked her many years later how it had happened. She said she had fallen in with a group that was given to childish pranks, and President Seelye wrote her mother that he would be much obliged if she would take her daughter home to grow up, that she was too young for her age to have the liberty that the college wanted to give its students. . . . He said, "I do not believe in military or prison discipline,"' continues Miss Cutler's letter. 'He was not in favor of mechanical methods of requiring attendance and penalizing absences. He believed absolutely in regular, every-day faithful discharge of duty by both students and members of the faculty.'

The president's trust in the student body, his belief in faithfulness on the part of students and faculty, was manifest in the absence of fixed rules as long as the college was small. In his 'Early History of Smith College,' he says of the young ladies: 'While no rules were published to regulate their behavior it was impressed upon them from the outset that the unwritten code of good society was to be observed as scrupulously by them as by well-bred women elsewhere.' He left it to them; they needed no rules as long as they behaved like well-bred women.

For many years the only formulated rule of the college was that lights should be out at ten o'clock.

It was the only rule in which President Seelye ever had much faith, the one to which he clung firmly throughout his administration, the one to which he pointed as being responsible for the excellent health of his students. The 'ten o'clock rule' is referred to with amusement and scorn by Smith College girls of to-day — indeed, there was no lack of fun made of it in the days when it flourished; yet for forty years its virtue was felt and its enforcement encouraged even by those who felt themselves justified in occasional disregard of its observance.

In a small college this absence of rules was comparatively easy; problems were infinitely less complicated than they are to-day. Moreover, the president could hardly help knowing much that went on, and the general impression was that nothing escaped him. ''E 'as the heyes of a 'awk!' declared John Dolman, the night watchman, and this opinion prevailed. 'No one ever knew how the president found out things,' writes a member of the class of '93, 'but I remember that two Freshmen in our house were sent for in the early fall and shown their iniquity in going to Springfield unchaperoned. There were no printed rules, but you found that there were unwritten ones when you broke them!' [1] That unwritten code of good society!

It was only to be expected that as the college grew larger the president's ways of handling the more complicated organization should change. More and more he left things in the hands of the faculty — indeed he was glad to reach the point where he could relinquish more power to them. 'I have come to feel that perhaps they know more than I do,' he remarked one day when his views had met with opposition. Nevertheless at the next faculty meeting he gave an apparently unrelated

[1] Letter from Ellen P. Cook.

talk which left no doubt of how he felt on the subject at issue.

Notwithstanding all that has been said of his arbitrary control, he rarely offered decisive interference to the various changes in college policy which occurred during his administration; practices developed with which he had no sympathy, but he made a point of upholding faculty judgments. Even in academic matters, however, if he felt that the health or welfare of the students was being overlooked, he did not hesitate to use his authority. He used to be called 'Protector of the Girls.' Especially was he opposed to teachers who, in his opinion, were trying to get more work out of the girls than was justifiable. Lack of consideration for the students was in his eyes a lack of fitness for the position. 'I remember his telling me,' writes an alumna trustee, 'that a certain inexperienced instructor was making unreasonable demands on the pupils. He realized the brilliancy of the teacher but put no obstacle in the way of a call from a rival college, content to lose a star from his faculty rather than run any risk of injury to his students.' [1]

In his choice of members of the faculty, he was primarily interested in the ability of a teacher to teach; indeed, his insistence on good teaching is felt still in Smith College. He was far more concerned with the question of teaching than with the development of curricula. The personality and character of a teacher were all-important. 'Teachers,' he said in his inaugural address, 'are not mere literary or scientific treatises — at least ought not to be. Their personal character must impress itself with greater or less force upon all who come under their instructions. Pupils soon learn instinctively the prevailing sympathies and tastes of

[1] Letter from Charlotte C. Gulliver.

their instructors.' The personal success or distinction of a member of the faculty gave him an altruistic pleasure, but the fact that this might add to the reputation of the college did not affect him. The appearance of advanced degrees on the pages of the faculty list had no charm for him. He felt the same indifference about the place Smith College was to take among other colleges. During all of his administration he was proud to say that the college never advertised. In the days when the institution was struggling against poverty and facing opposition from every quarter, he used to declare serenely, 'Our students are all the advertisement we need. Good work will become known.'

Sometimes teachers felt that the president was more occupied with the good of the students than with the good of the faculty; he took too little interest in the growth of their departments. This was doubtless true, for in the early years a 'department' had little more than a verbal existence, and the term became emphasized only after the organization grew complex. He never sympathized with the efforts of teachers to develop the machinery of their individual departments and to get recognition for them as separate entities. It may have been after some such effort that he read in chapel Saint Paul's words about the unity of the body. The ability to teach was far more important than the development of a department. A teacher must be able to get the point of view of his pupils; he must be able to draw knowledge out of them as well as to put knowledge into them. On an occasion when a large proportion of the First Class had received 'conditions' at the end of the first semester, he remarked that he thought such a procedure indicated the teacher's ignorance of the student as much as the student's ignorance of the subject. For this reason he favored daily recitations.

Rigid methods of teaching were not in accordance with his plan. 'We want the atmosphere free and stimulating!' he used to say. No teacher ought to depend upon examinations or formal tests for his estimate of the progress of individual pupils. With daily records, examinations ought to count for little in the final register; indeed examinations seemed to him an unfair and artificial means of finding out what a student had gained. Part of this objection was pedagogical, but part was because of his anxiety for the health of the girls which he was convinced must suffer from 'cramming.' Who of the early classes does not remember his exhortations in morning chapel, as examination time drew near; his pleading that the young ladies should not 'cram'; his grave delivery, in his distinct English pronunciation, of his oft-reiterated maxim, 'Qui examinibus studit, perverse studit!'?

His adherence to the system of admission by certificate reflects the same concern. He says with satisfaction, in his report of June, 1907: 'Most students still enter by certificate, and every year the advantages of well-ordered certificates over examinations become apparent. Examinations for women at fixed periods, by strangers in a strange environment, are not as satisfactory tests of scholarship as those which can be made during their preparatory course by their own instructors; and the judgment of conscientious and competent teachers concerning a pupil's fitness for college is less likely to err than the judgment which is formed from hurried written examinations by those who know nothing of the personality or the previous scholarship of the candidate.'

Seniors were exempt from examinations during their last term in college. If a teacher could not tell how much a student knew when the time came for her to be

graduated, it was the fault of the teacher. Although President Seelye yielded to the insistence of the faculty that there should be stated examination periods during the undergraduate years, the thought of this strain was painful to him, and anything extra in the way of a formal test he resented.

In his own courses on Biblical Literature each lecture was preceded by a recitation on the subject presented the previous week, and the oral examinations at the end of each term were a mere form, a concession to the prejudice of the faculty. Even his gentle leading questions, however, were dreaded by nervous students, just because of the label, 'examination.' 'When we had Freshman Bible,' says an early graduate, 'one of the girls was very much afraid of President Seelye's examination, fearing she might not "pass." He understood her timidity, I do not know how. Purposely, no doubt, he planned to give her an easy question, and he certainly went a long way to make it simple. "This Muratorian fragment, Miss Blank, was it a whole manuscript, this fragment?" "No, sir," she gasped, and the president signified she had answered correctly. She had "passed" in Freshman Bible.' [1]

The same concern for the health of the students appeared in the president's conviction about 'marks.' Grades were not published during his administration; they were entered in the registrar's books strictly for the use of the faculty. A student was notified if her work fell below a fixed percentage and she knew that a certain number of such warnings would be followed by the loss of membership in her class. The president was convinced that the publication of marks gave the wrong incentive, lessening interest in the subject for its own sake; and that comparison of marks among

[1] Letter from Fannie Hardy Eckstorm.

the students was demoralizing and unhealthy. Miss Caverno, moreover, gives a further reason: 'He had the theory of saving girls from competitive strain, but also the objection to publicity, even more characteristic. He wanted the girls to be gentlewomen and scholars, and to obtrude either quality would cheapen it.' 'You can't know your grades when you go out into the world,' he used to say. 'All that will be possible then, and all that is possible now is for you to do your best! Whether you are rated seventy or a hundred matters not, if you are honestly endeavoring to bring out the best that is in you. It is what you are, not what men think you are, that counts.' On a slip of paper in one of his notebooks were found these words, evidently to be used in chapel: 'Do your work, whatever it is, as well as you can do it, and you will get thus the most out of your life, and your life will be of the greatest worth to others.'

There is no doubt that his refusal to attach any importance to grades was responsible for the absence of a certain sort of hysteria at Smith College. It is easy to see, moreover, that it was only another phase of his idealism, an attitude which expected each soul to strive for the best in its power without thought of comparison with the attainments of others, an idealism summed up by Miss Jordan: 'He had a steady reliance upon a type of vision expressed not by foot-rule nor architectural blue-prints, but by love of mankind, faith in its perfectibility and patience with the rude implements of its shaping. He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.'

The same traits which characterized President Seelye in his relations to students and faculty were present in his connection with the trustees. The same autocracy was manifest and as little resented. Trustees

and faculty smiled indulgently when the president refused to admit any responsibility for decisions or enactments. 'The trustees have decided upon such and such a course,' was his formula, but no one was deceived. On one occasion the head of a department went to him to ask if the trustees were going to grant his request for an extra teacher. The president replied soberly, 'I cannot forecast the action of the trustees.' 'Oh, well,' said Professor Stoddard, 'you tell me what you are going to recommend and I will do the forecasting!'

The trustee meetings proceeded with the same rapid and expeditious handling with which faculty meetings were conducted. The president gave careful attention to each question before presenting it to the trustees, with the result that most of the business was so well considered and settled in his own mind that, as an alumna trustee remarks, 'some of the men on the board now and then complained, saying that it was hardly worth while for them to go up to the meeting as there was little for them to do except to "O.K." what had already been decided! And as the decisions usually seemed to them excellent, they could not even find fault!' [1]

The same trustee, Mrs. Baldwin, gives an example of his dictatorship. 'It was the custom,' she writes, 'for the senior alumna trustee to serve as a member of the executive committee. My predecessor said that the committee had not met during her incumbency and she thought it never had met. As I was going west in the autumn and did not wish to return unless necessary until just before the October meeting, I asked if the executive committee were to be called before that time. President Seelye replied, "Why, no — in fact I do not think of the executive committee as needing to func-

[1] Letter from Ruth Bowles Baldwin.

tion except in case of my death or some other grave crisis."'

Mrs. Baldwin remembers also the stately politeness which distinguished trustee meetings. 'When I first became an alumna trustee, in 1906, it was the unwritten custom for the three women to sit in a demure row on the sofa, and the president, with his characteristic fine courtesy, always placed a footstool before each one of us. When Miss X. came on the board and attended the first meeting, she sat down in one of the chairs, with no perception that she was doing anything out of the ordinary. The president looked at her once or twice with a vague discomfort and finally said, "Miss X. would you not be more comfortable on the sofa with the other ladies?" Miss X. replying, "Oh, no, I am quite comfortable here, thank you," he gave it up and thereafter the feminine three sat anywhere it happened to be convenient.'

'His sense of humor gave him a broad view of different sides of a subject,' says another alumna trustee, 'and was an invaluable asset in his dealing with high-strung natures and the oversentimental point of view likely to occur in a woman's college with many women on the faculty. I admired his patience. Even when conditions were evidently and undeniably unsatisfactory, he did not try to set things right in a moment, nor did he fail in serenity and cheer because things moved slowly.' [1]

To keep one's charm as a dictator when things go one's own way, undoubtedly helps the general atmosphere, but to keep one's serenity as a loser is a far more useful thing — and notwithstanding all that has been said of President Seelye's autocracy, he by no means prevailed always. Even when confronted by serious

[1] Letter from Charlotte C. Gulliver.

opposition, however, his composure was unruffled and his attitude unprejudiced. 'A Northampton gentleman once said to me,' writes Miss Caverno, '"Clark Seelye is a strong fighter, but when once the thing is over and the question settled, whether it has gone his way or against him, there is never a trace of the fight left behind. It is absolutely as if it had not been." I quoted that once to Mr. C. N. Clark,[1] and he brought his fist down on the desk and said, "That is absolutely true! It is very easy to forget a fight when you come out on top, but I have seen President Seelye beaten and beaten badly, and when it was over that was the end of it!"'

What was the result of this autocratic administration? A deep personal affection on the part of students, faculty and trustees. Dr. John Bates Clark, who has served Smith College both as professor and trustee, calls it the feeling of a clan for its chief. Dr. Clark expressed some of this feeling in a letter written in 1923 to President Seelye and found carefully treasured in his desk: 'I rate the eleven years of my stay at Smith College as the happiest years of my life, and a very large part of the happiness was due to the unvarying kindness — may I say fatherly and elder-brotherly kindness? — which I received from you. I have served under quite a number of presidents and have been well treated, I am happy to say, by all; but I never was conscious elsewhere of the affectionate bond that was the chief feature at Smith. This expresses only lamely and partially what I think and feel. You will understand, as you always did, what is behind the imperfect expression.'

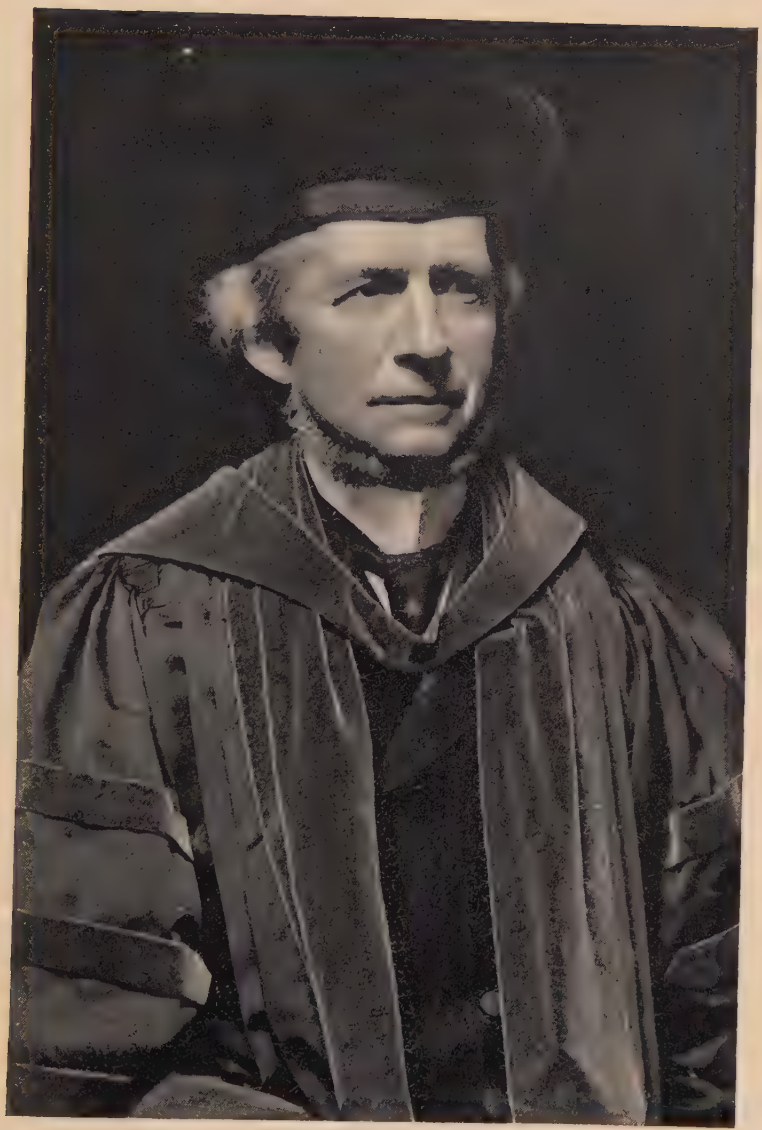
An estimate of L. Clark Seelye as administrator would not be complete without some mention of his

[1] Charles N. Clark, second treasurer of Smith College.

extraordinary business ability. It was an interesting combination that went to make up his character. On one side the temperament of a poet, a seer of visions, a spirit creative, ardent, emotional, impulsive; on the other side, the cool judgment of a man of affairs, the strong practical sense, the immediate grasp of the heart of a problem, the caution of the true business mind.

This caution and innate conservatism were responsible for his reactions to many questions of business as well as of academic policy. It was responsible for his fixed determination that Smith College never should be in debt. His unswerving adherence to this rule may have caused the institution to miss some opportunities of acquiring property, just as it certainly kept the numbers of the faculty too small, but he was convinced that it was the only safe course to pursue. When asked once why the college had not gone into debt in order to accomplish something which seemed desirable and advantageous, he replied simply, 'I wouldn't.' Although in the early years the needs of the college in every direction were appalling, he knew that for each step he must have solid footing in dollars and cents. He was an adventurer in matters of education but never in matters of finance. His success in investments showed a keenness which amounted almost to genius, but he would not take risks either in college business or in his personal affairs.

From the beginning he had the chief part in administering the finances of the college. The selection of securities was largely in his hands. In spite of his lack of experience, coming from the quiet life of an Amherst professor, he did not hesitate to assume direct responsibility for investments, expenditures and all financial details of the institution. Moreover Clark Seelye's judgment on money matters came to be so generally



PRESIDENT SEELYE
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recognized as sound and clear-sighted that his friends in the town and in the faculty used to make a practice of asking his advice about their private investments. 'I used to think,' observes Mrs. Cone, 'that there could not be any wiser or more fruitful way of investing money than to place it under his care.'

With the same authority and lack of hesitation he assumed control of the erection of each new building for the college. Architects' plans and the details of their execution were under his immediate supervision. Builders found that they had to deal with an exacting master. It availed them nothing to declare that the building could not be finished in the time agreed upon; they were told without argument that it must be ready. Men working for him respected his opinion and liked to see him coming, as he did several times a day, to inspect progress. Every man on the campus knew that 'President Seelye wanted a dollar's worth for every dollar spent.' There is no question, moreover, but that his attention to details saved many thousands of dollars for Smith College. Many thousands of dollars for Smith College — how she needed them no one knew better than the president, but he himself paid high for this devotion. How many evenings he used to spend at home poring over blue-prints, noting every item of construction and expense, quick to see where the snow would fall in sliding from a roof, or whether the wall of a sleeping room would admit of two beds! In the night, however, those blue-prints still seemed to be before his eyes, eyes that were wide open in the darkness as he went over the plans in his head. As the summer advanced, the wakeful hours grew longer; in spite of his commands the building lagged — would it be ready, after all, when the students came back? Administrative cares did not sit lightly. Such and such a

teacher was working the girls too hard — it would not be easy to speak to him; such and such a student had been caught in petty pilfering — what was he to say to her in the morning? The long watches of the night took high toll for the serenity and cheer that did not fail during the strenuous day.

CHAPTER XII

JOURNEYS AND MILESTONES

THE life which Clark Seelye had lived until he became president of Smith College had been quiet, studious, free from heavy responsibility, with long vacations devoted to reading and rest. There had been little to call forth the administrative ability which only a few had known that he possessed. From the time, however, that he accepted the presidency in 1873, his executive powers were in constant demand. With the pressure of new buildings to be finished within a given time, even vacations were full of care, and the manifold duties which crowded his office hours were too many to be shaken off when he closed the office door. Until 1890 he had no private secretary. Some of his letters were written for him by one of the instructors in English, but most of his correspondence was done with his own hand. Moreover in addition to administrative work, which he handled unassisted, he gave much time to teaching. He was professor of English Literature until 1880, and his courses of lectures on the Origin and Authenticity of the Scriptures took a large part of his time for study and writing until 1893. For many years every question of student conduct passed through his hands. If a girl wished to go out of town, permission was asked of the president. He was constantly concerned lest the young ladies should overwork, but he spent his own strength recklessly.

As a consequence of such squandering of energy, his health, never robust, felt the strain. He was unable to sleep; he grew depressed and was sure he never was

going to be well again. In January, 1880, he consented to go to New York to consult a nerve specialist, and spent about two weeks under the doctor's care, chafing at his limitations. His letters to his wife from his favorite Murray Hill Hotel show something of his frame of mind.

'. . . I hope to be fit for something yet. Last week it seemed as if my work in life was about ended. Yesterday was a dismal day, wet and hot, but this morning the sun is out and I am going off about as aimlessly as the children when they go out to play. You need not expect me this week and perhaps not next. I have learned now to take time in this matter and that it is poor economy to begin work until I am ready for it. If you and the children were only along, I could be very contented. I miss you very much. You are dearer to me every day of my life and my heart overflows every time I think of the blessedness of our married life. One comfort in being here is the ease and rapidity with which I receive your letters. . . . If you send them at evening, I get them at breakfast the next morning. Yours came at breakfast and gave me a good appetite. I may go up to Tarrytown and spend two or three days, but I *drift* from day to day.'

'*Feb. 3rd*, 1880

'. . . Your letter comes in like a sunbeam every morning at breakfast, no matter how dreary the day may be. I don't believe I could be reconciled to staying away from home so long but for the daily reassurance which thus comes from you. . . . To-day is cold and stormy and the snow comes thick and fast. I think of sleighing in the country and long to get back and try it. My plan now is to go back next Monday and try what resting at home will do. The doctor thinks if I will go

back and keep quiet, there will be no great harm in going then. If I find it does not agree with me I may start off again, but I am quite confident, with the strength I have now gained and the lessons I have learned, I shall be able to thrive at home, and if so I much prefer to be there. . . . I am steadily growing stronger and less nervous so you must not worry about me.'

With the return home, however, though he kept away from his office, the habit of care drove sleep away and again he became discouraged, so that in March he yielded to the urging of the trustees and joined two Northampton friends, Mr. and Mrs. Williston, who were starting on a trip to Cuba. Until the fortnight in New York, he had never been obliged to give up his administrative work on account of his health, and it was a distinct source of mortification to him to be obliged to take this long vacation in Cuba. He gave himself up to the cure, nevertheless, and regained much of his old buoyancy, coming back refreshed, laden with tropical curiosities and gifts. A picture remains in memory of the father of the family standing over the kitchen stove, showing the mother and the cook how to prepare the Cuban chocolate which he had brought back, watched by a circle of interested children.

In spite of his rested nerves, he was much disturbed to learn, on his arrival in Northampton, that the college had been closed ten days in advance of the spring vacation on account of a case of scarlet-fever in the Hubbard House. To his family he declared that this would not have happened had he been on hand, and he became more than ever convinced that he must look after things himself. He made arrangements at once for the isolation of contagious diseases in the future,

and proceeded to give his attention as usual to every detail of college life and administration.

Two children had been added to the family group since the move to Northampton, a daughter named after the mother, Henrietta, and a son, Bertram, welcome additions, though they formed a sufficient reason why the mother could not accompany her husband to New York or to Cuba. In the summer of 1880, all seven children had measles, Ralph first, followed by the other six together. The baby, Bertram, apparently recovered, but never grew strong again and died in September of that year. It was the first grief that had come to my father and mother. They bore it with their usual high courage and unselfishness, comforting each other and seeking Divine strength for each new day.

Nevertheless the strain of the summer, sorrow for the loss of the little son, and pain because of my mother's desolation, brought back my father's insomnia, an enemy which pursued him for the rest of his life. He fought it valiantly, calling all his self-control and philosophy to aid him, never allowing himself to read in bed or get up or change his habits in any way, when he could not sleep, although fatigue, excitement or worry invariably meant lying awake hour after hour in the dark. 'You can train yourself in the matter of sleep as in other things,' he often declared, urging upon family and friends the necessity of a quiet mind, of maintaining one position in bed, of keeping the eyes shut, and of various other lines of conduct which he himself practised conscientiously. One foe, nevertheless, he never conquered. However philosophically he might cultivate a quiet mind, if he heard a clock strike in the night he waited for the next striking time, and his particular horror was a clock which struck

the quarters. He often enjoyed telling how he lay awake all one night in Switzerland, listening to such a clock which struck twenty-one times in order to announce that it was one hour after midnight. From 1880 the striking mechanism of the clock in the college tower was stopped every night between the hours of ten and seven. He used to say with a twinkle in his eye that it was a good way to keep tab on the night-watchman, although he knew that John Dolman never would fail.

He took few vacations, notwithstanding the need for constant care of his health. Three or four weeks in the summer at Watch Hill or Mount Desert were all that he allowed himself to spend away from the campus, and these short periods were devoted to his family with an abandon which made them weeks of joy for all of us but which never permitted him the freedom that he needed.

His first complete vacation, except for the trip to Cuba in search of health, was in the summer of 1887 which he spent in Europe with my mother and me. His preceding trip abroad in 1873 had been occupied with studies of educational institutions and he had taken it alone. Now he was like a boy out of school, eager to revisit the places he knew as a young man and to show them to us, pointing out to us the differences which twenty-seven years had made since the time of his first visit when he had seen the Palace of the Tuileries standing in Paris. The summer seemed all too short, in spite of the fact that he had taken passage on the latest ship which would bring him home for the opening of the inexorable fall term.

We were to sail from Havre, leaving Paris on the 'boat train' which arrived at the port just in time for passengers to embark. As we left our hotel, the con-

cierge, confusing us with other guests, directed the driver to take us to the Gare du Nord, instead of the Gare Saint-Lazare. Ignorant of this, we drove unheeding in the wrong direction until my father, looking up from absorption in accounts, realized that it was past time for us to be at the station, and, learning the mistake from the driver, ordered him to turn around and drive to the Gare Saint-Lazare with all possible speed. The driver did his best, but heavy traffic continually held us up. It was nearly time for the train to start. Every few moments my father put his head out of the carriage window and shouted to the *cocher*, '*Vitement! vitement!*' 'Don't say "*vitement*," Father — tell him "*vite*"!' I cried, sitting on the edge of the seat in an agony of suspense. 'It makes no difference, my dear,' he answered sternly. 'He understands me perfectly! *Vitement, cocher, vitement!*' When we arrived at the Gare Saint-Lazare it seemed nearly empty. The guards shouted, '*Dépêchez vous!*' and we tumbled breathless into a compartment as the train moved off. My father's relief and satisfaction were intense; anxiety was forgotten in the triumph of success. For myself, the thought of failure seemed alluring after I had asked him what he would have done had we missed the train. He replied quietly, 'I should have chartered an engine and a special car. I could not have missed the opening of college!'

This vacation brought such refreshment to mind and body that my father and mother spent the summer of 1891 together in Great Britain, finding joy and invigoration in the weeks of freedom by themselves. My father came home with side-whiskers in English fashion, of which he was naïvely proud. He looked quite British, but so unnatural that he was prevailed upon to remove them after a few weeks, although no-

thing would persuade him to do without the characteristic short beard under the chin which he said he wore because it kept his throat warm.

Except for the haunting spectre of insomnia, his health now was fairly good. He had learned, as he so frequently said, 'to husband his strength.' He was scrupulously careful about exercise and diet, practising the moderation and regulation which he constantly urged upon the family. The days and weeks were full of responsibility, often of care and anxiety, but the months and years passed easily and happily. The college grew with a rapidity which never failed to astonish him. Its progress was indeed by leaps and bounds, but it was a progress which brought keen satisfaction, in spite of the perplexities it entailed.

Perplexity as to the financial situation was something he never was free from, something to be accepted as a part of the life of an administrator. Large gifts such as colleges expect to-day never came to him, but there were occasional surprises which cheered his heart and made it possible for the college to provide, though always inadequately, for the overwhelming increase in the number of students.

Ten thousand dollars were given by Mr. E. H. R. Lyman in 1895 for a plant house and conservatory to be connected with the department of botany. An unsolicited legacy from Miss Eliza A. Haven brought to the college in 1898 the amount of $51,719 to be used for the benefit of the astronomical department. The most important benefaction of this period was the anonymous gift of fifty thousand dollars, in 1898, towards a much-needed building for recitation rooms and reference library. Utter mystery always has surrounded the donor of this sum; no one but President Seelye ever has known his name or the least thing about him. His

letters to the president were unsigned and there was no check which bore his signature. All that ever has been published was that the gift was made on condition that a similar amount be raised to put with it; that the donor wished the building to be called 'Seelye Hall'; that he gave the money, as he himself stated, 'out of an interest beginning with the graduation of my daughter at Smith, and increased by observation and inquiry since.'[1]

A new chemical laboratory built in 1898 gave further chance for expansion and better equipment, so that grinding poverty seemed a thing of the past, even though strict economy always was necessary. For this new laboratory, fifteen thousand dollars had been given by the father of a member of the class of 1895 on condition that the class would raise an equal sum. When the class succeeded in raising twenty thousand dollars, the trustees appropriated the rest of the money needed to finish the building, which cost $41,587.

As the century advanced towards its end, Smith College began to think of itself as a mature and well-established institution, no longer asking indulgence because of youth or inexperience, having its own background of traditions, its own personality and dignity. Three anniversaries which were celebrated towards the close of the century fostered such complacency and afforded an opportunity to survey the progress made. As milestones in the history of the college, they marked important dates for its first president who continued to look back upon them with pride.

In 1896 came the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the founder. Since Sophia Smith was born in August, 1796, it was not possible to celebrate the actual anniversary, so May the twenty-seventh was chosen

[1] *Early History of Smith College*, p. 94.

as a convenient date, and an appropriate programme was arranged for the holiday. The four classes made a pretty sight as they marched into College Hall in the white dresses which President Seelye liked, each group gay with ribbons of its class color; while trustees, faculty and distinguished guests were impressive on the platform. Delegates from other colleges had special places and many townspeople and other visitors were eager to hear the commemorative address of Dr. John M. Greene. Most of the students knew vaguely whence came the privileges which they were enjoying, yet few of them knew anything of the quiet New England woman who had turned to her pastor for help in the disposition of her sudden fortune. Probably few had even noticed, as they came in to morning prayers, the portrait of the founder of the college which hung in Social Hall. Dr. Greene made the shadowy figure of Sophia Smith a living presence as he told her story to the girls — indeed the interest which was aroused on that day has never died. From it came the impulse which resulted in the purchase by the alumnae of Miss Smith's birthplace in Hatfield, a source of pride to every Smith student and graduate.

President Seelye's speech on that day was only an introductory address, but he was in a happy mood as he began: 'I know not what muse or prophetic instinct first suggested the Greek word for wisdom as the proper name for one who was to do so much to make others wise, but I know a scene like this a century ago, as the outcome of the life of a girl born of humble parentage in the quiet town of Hatfield, would have seemed a vision as unsubstantial as that which Jacob saw of the ladder extending from earth to heaven, with its troops of ascending and descending angels. . . .' [1]

[1] Scrapbook of L. C. S.

An excellent address was made in behalf of the students by Elizabeth Read, of the Senior class; Mayor Field extended the greetings and congratulations of the town of Northampton in a few felicitous words; but it was Miss Jordan who, in her speech for the faculty, sent her words straight to the hearts of that audience when she said: 'Miss Smith appointed the trustees, but Providence gave us our President!' The storm of applause which followed this declaration was renewed again and again, nor would the girls cease until President Seelye arose. Stretching out both arms toward the students he said simply, in his ringing voice, 'Ye are my joy and crown!' and no one present could fail to be conscious of the pride and thankfulness in his heart.

The second milestone to be marked was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the acceptance by L. Clark Seelye of the presidency of Smith College in 1873. There were no public exercises in June, 1898, since it was planned to make much of the quarter-centennial of the college, two years later, yet the close of twenty-five years of service brought to the president of the college many tributes of affection and appreciation which cheered his heart. The Alumnae Association had been endeavoring for several years to raise a fund of twenty thousand dollars for the college library. They now voted to establish this fund as a memorial 'in recognition of President Seelye's twenty-five years of loyal and faithful service to the college, and as a testimonial of the regard and esteem in which he is held by the alumnae.'

This fund was completed in June, 1898. Contributions to it had been coming in slowly for the previous four years, but when in May, 1898, word of the proposed memorial was sent out to the alumnae, 'it needed,' said Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clark, chair-

man of the committee, 'but this added stimulus to bring the money; for what the alumna would *like* to do for her college but feels she cannot, she *will* do for her President! But there were only nine thousand dollars collected,' she continued. 'How could it be brought up to twenty thousand dollars in six weeks? No wonder the President looked incredulous when told what the alumnae were trying to do, but he did not know the effect of his name!' [1]

The class of 1898, considering that the occasion added lustre to its graduation, came in a body to the president's house and serenaded him, one evening in June, presenting to him at the same time four silver candlesticks, with their love and devotion. At Commencement the college faculty presented to him a silver pitcher and the trustees a silver loving-cup. During the exercises of Commencement Day there were various recognitions of the anniversary, but the occasion was rather overcharged with sentiment, so that all were grateful for the quick change of atmosphere which the president brought about in his acknowledgment of the gift of the trustees. Turning to them, as they sat behind him on the platform, he began slowly, with apparent sternness, in the words with which they were familiar from his annual Latin address: 'Viri feminaeque curatores honorandi ac reverendi,' then lapsing into English, but with the same sternness, 'by what authority have you called a meeting without my permission?' For a moment the trustees looked startled, then the audience broke into a laugh and the president proceeded to voice his gratitude for the gift.

It must have been at the same secret meeting of the trustees that a vote was taken granting to the presi-

[1] *Smith College Quarter-Centennial Anniversary*, p. 66.

dent a year's leave of absence, in recognition of his twenty-five years of service. He did not avail himself of this permission, however, until 1900.

The Quarter-Centennial Anniversary of Smith College was considered of sufficient moment to occupy two days, October 2 and 3, 1900. Now that fifty years have passed so swiftly since the college first opened its doors, this festival of the Silver Jubilee may seem unimportant, but at the time a quarter century furnished a significant background. Indeed, though the second quarter has witnessed material gains such as never were dreamed of in the first, and an expansion and elaboration which would have amazed and perhaps alarmed the modest founder of the institution, the progress has hardly been as astounding as that from 1875 to 1900.

President Seelye used to say in 1875 that possibly one hundred students might be looked for in five years, but that College Hall and its equipment doubtless would be more than adequate for many years to come. At the end of twenty-five years the fourteen students had increased to eleven hundred and thirty-four. The number of alumnae was the number of the century, nineteen hundred. In 1875 the first term saw but three members of the faculty including the president. In 1900 there were sixty-nine. Instead of the original group of three buildings on the narrow strip of thirteen acres of land, there were now thirty buildings spread over a campus of nearly forty acres. Although there had been few large gifts, Miss Smith's three hundred thousand dollars had been increased to somewhat over two million — and twenty-five years ago one million appeared almost as magnificent as ten millions seem now, in these days of large figures. Smith College still was poor compared with men's colleges of that time,

but its growth had been unceasing and it never had been in debt.

Even more important than the material growth of the institution was the change in the attitude of the public toward the higher education of women. A newspaper-clipping pasted in President Seelye's scrapbook, apparently from a Boston journal, gives an appreciation of this difference: 'The celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Smith College last week was of much significance for it marked an era in the movement for the higher education of women, and the addresses of many prominent educators showed plainly that to deep thinkers there was no doubt about the advisability of giving women the same education as men receive. In fact it was difficult to realize that when Sophia Smith made known her resolution to establish an institution of learning for women, there was a general pursing up of lips, a grave shaking of heads, and much talk about women's sphere. Now the experiment is no longer an experiment, and the only questions which puzzle are what are the best methods of giving this education to women.'

The apathy of Northampton which had grudgingly subscribed the twenty-five thousand dollars necessary to keep the institution from going to Hatfield, had been changing gradually to pride in possessing the college, and the occasion of this anniversary brought out many expressions of generous congratulation and sympathetic appreciation. One local newspaper spoke of 'Smith College which makes Northampton famous as an educational centre.' Another, in an extensive report of the celebration, says: 'Not only was the event of great importance to the students of the institution, its graduates, its teachers and officers, but to every citizen of Northampton.'

For two days Social Hall was the background for an intellectual feast; historical reviews, the determination of woman's position on the educational ladder, and the discussion of educational systems in general. The wonder is that no feeling of satiety or any slackening of interest was apparent. Certainly the president and faculty throve on the highly flavored diet, and derived from it stimulus and courage.

The undergraduates presented a charming programme for their part of the festival which occupied Tuesday morning; the three lower classes providing respectively an address, a college story and a poem. The peak of the morning was reached when the president of the Students' Council, Laura W. Lord,[1] delivered the greeting of the undergraduates in words which expressed the feeling of the students for their president.

'These words of praise and glory in our college which we have spoken and sung are not mere idle sayings; for not only with our lips do we honor this college, our Alma Mater. But to us who day after day live here the ordered life of the undergraduate, the college means not so much even this fond mother of the fancy, as it does our teachers and our president. So that the love for our college is identified with the more personal and warmer regard for them; — especially for you the head of this college, who for twenty-five years have so guided all that we to-day enjoy finer opportunities than any who have gone before us. But rather than for these, we thank you that we have been taught to believe that, though we are hundreds in number, each has an individual place, that we are one great family, and that each week we may feel that it is a father who gives us his evening blessing.

[1] Mrs. Laura Lord Scales, present warden of Smith College.

'Seldom can we tell you of this our personal loyalty to you, and so to-day we, the whole undergraduate body, wish with this gift — American in handiwork and spirit — to assure you of our true abiding reverence and love.' [1] At the last words a handsome bronze elk, the work of E. A. Proctor, was unveiled.

President Seelye was genuinely taken by surprise. After the tumultuous applause had subsided, and the strains of 'Fair Smith' which burst forth spontaneously had died away, he rose and said with deep feeling: 'Dearly Beloved — my joy and crown — For this generous testimonial of your respect and affection I am most grateful and deeply moved — too grateful and too deeply moved to express in fitting words my emotions. . . . In fact I can sympathize with some of you, when, suddenly called upon in the class-room, you answer, "Not prepared." For I was told that in the exercises this morning I was to have no part, and that nothing was expected of me except to listen to what others might say.

'I rejoice that Smith College has not been in vain. The testimony of the present occasion, however, seems to me a prophecy of the future, more than a memorial of the past. It is the undergraduates who will determine largely what the college henceforth shall be. Twenty-five years hence, perhaps, you will gather here again to celebrate another anniversary, when some of your teachers who are here to-day will be absent. I can wish for my successor then nothing better than that he may receive as full a measure of respect and affection as I have been honored and blessed with.' [2]

On Tuesday afternoon alumnae gathered from far

[1] *Smith College Quarter-Centennial Anniversary*, p. 24.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 25.

and near for their own particular exercises, which consisted of greetings from the president of the Alumnae Association, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, and stimulating addresses from four prominent alumnae: Response for Home and Family, by Mrs. Kate Morris Cone; Response for the College Woman and Social Reform, by Vida Dutton Scudder; Response for Scholarship, by Mary Whiton Calkins; Response for Alma Mater, by Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clark.

The exercises of Wednesday doubtless were of most moment to the outside world. Even the undergraduates were impressed by the long procession of distinguished men and women who passed between their white-robed lines which extended from Seelye Hall to the Main Building. Many of these illustrious figures were present to take part in the afternoon conference, but the morning exercises held their own interest for all connected with Smith College. After the opening prayer by the Right Reverend William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts, the greetings and congratulations of the Commonwealth were presented by Lieutenant-Governor John L. Bates. Dr. John M. Greene again gave an illuminating speech on the origin of Smith College, with his personal memories of the founder. The chief address of the morning, however, was the History of Smith College by President Seelye, in which the growth of the institution was reviewed in detail from its beginning. The following paragraph, near the close of this address, is particularly characteristic:

'Finally, friends and co-workers, who honor us by your presence, Smith College is much indebted to you for assisting us to celebrate the completion of twenty-five years of its academic work. How incomplete that work has been, how deficient, judged by the standard

set for it to accomplish, no one can be more profoundly conscious than he who has directed it from the beginning. The chief significance and encouragement of its history are in its prophecy for the future. Out of the struggles and weakness of the past, the college has been acquiring strength for greater achievements. With ampler resources it looks forward hopefully to improved educational methods and to richer results. The past justifies the affirmation that here, with increasing wisdom, trustees and teachers will continue to seek the best means to realize the highest ideal of a woman's college. Here the body will be cared for as the work of God and the helpmeet of the spirit. Here high scholarship will be maintained as the pathway to clear insight and sound judgment. Here refined manners and good morals will be assiduously fostered, that the gentlewoman may never be lost in the scholar, and character may ever be held superior to learning.' [1]

The brilliant galaxy of educators who sat on the platform of Social Hall for the Wednesday afternoon conference was described by a Boston paper as 'an all-star cast.' The list of names is in itself impressive: Honorable William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education; Dean LeBaron Russell Briggs, of Harvard; President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale; President Seth Low, of Columbia; President James M. Taylor, of Vassar; President Caroline Hazard, of Wellesley; President M. Carey Thomas, of Bryn Mawr. That these leaders in the educational world of the time should gather to help celebrate this first important anniversary of Smith College conferred such honor upon the institution as will be hard to surpass in after years. Their several addresses were inspiring and full of interest, and brought to a fitting close the com-

[1] *Smith College Quarter-Centennial Anniversary*, p. 131.

memoration of Smith's first quarter-century, a commemoration which now seems far away and perhaps unimportant, but which marks, nevertheless, an important step in her development.

To President Seelye the Jubilee celebration brought keen satisfaction. It was not the personal tributes, though the two days had been heavy with praise, and newspapers throughout New England had given much space to eulogies of the president of Smith College. The fruition of the twenty-five years was far beyond anything for which he had dared to hope in 1875. The importance of what had been accomplished; the change in the feeling of the public toward the higher education of women; the place accorded to Smith College in the academic world — all these facts had been emphasized in ways that were highly gratifying, although with characteristic humility, he would take no credit to himself.

Nevertheless, the sense of success and prosperity induced by these three anniversaries was such as to make a leave of absence now seem justified. When the festivities were over the president was ready to avail himself of the offer made by the trustees in 1898. Even now, however, though he had been granted a year, he refused to stay away longer than six months, planning a return which would bring him home in time to undertake the cares and responsibilities connected with the close of the college year. To take a real vacation in 'term time' was a luxury he had never allowed himself hitherto. To leave college deliberately when all were busy, to sail for the Mediterranean early in December, escaping all the hard northern winter, was an adventure to which his New England conscience had difficulty in adapting itself, although, once undertaken, he gave himself to it with his usual buoyancy. This journey

was cheered by the company of his wife and the youngest son and daughter, the only children then unmarried.

The winter of 1900–01 was spent in Italy and Sicily, with a visit to Paris in the spring, and President Seelye enjoyed it all like a boy. In addition to the reading which should illumine the daily sight-seeing, he applied himself vigorously to the study of Italian, practising courageously on cab drivers and officials, and trying his conversational prowess wherever he found a listener. He renewed his youth as he sojourned again in Rome after forty years. He studied with interest the changes in the city since the days when he used to see the Pope driving through it in state. He was happy in the leisure and freedom — but nothing would persuade him to stay abroad later than May. Already in April he began to write his Baccalaureate sermon and grew restless and distraught. The call of the college was too strong. He had never been absent from a Smith College Commencement, and it would have made him thoroughly unhappy to miss one — nor did he miss one as long as he lived.

This was the last vacation which he took from college work. He went abroad once more, taking his wife and youngest daughter with him, but only to spend the summer of 1908 in England. For another decade he labored quietly and contentedly in the field which he loved, seeing the college continue to grow with amazing strides, seeing success and prosperity increase each year, meeting with serenity the various problems which arose, answering the demands of the town or the nation, contemplating with affection and satisfaction the edifice which he had reared.

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE ARENA

MOMENTS of exhilaration like birthdays and other anniversaries did not make Smith College less acutely aware of her needs and limitations. The congratulations and panegyrics surrounding Alma Mater's attainment of twenty-five years of age were stimulating, indeed, but the fact remained all too evident that she was outgrowing her habiliments. The erection of Seelye Hall in 1898, with its generous provision for recitation rooms and library space had given the institution a quite unprecedented atmosphere of luxury and adequacy, yet the needs of each department were disheartening. Teachers were complaining that they could not do proper work with the insufficient equipment; parents were begging the president to see that places be found for their daughters in the already crowded dwelling-houses; doctors were urging better provision for the care of sick students.

The pressing necessity for additional room was particularly evident to the president in June, 1901, as he surveyed from the platform of Social Hall the hundreds struggling to find seats for the last chapel of Commencement week. His plea for funds on that morning was more earnest than ever, as he told of the imperative needs of the institution, yet, as the Commencement season advanced, the prospect of help seemed far from reassuring. However, when the president rose and paused impressively at the close of the graduating exercises, all felt that something of especial importance was forthcoming, and the hall was very still as he began:

'It is thirty years since the college had its charter. We were obliged to wait four years for funds before beginning academic life, and the quarter-centennial of that beginning we celebrated last October. We have maintained that life with great stress and struggle. We have had inadequate funds from the start, and when Miss Smith gave the first $350,000 our friends at Harvard laughed at us for attempting to start a college with so small an endowment. The college was founded in the faith that individualism in womanhood was as worthy of recognition and development as individualism in manhood . . . We have never met with any calamities; we have not run into debt and gone through bankruptcy. We have paid as we went along. And now we begin the century with greater needs than ever. We need a large science building, a well-appointed infirmary, new dwelling-houses, a larger endowment that we may have a larger teaching force. Why should not Smith College have as large an endowment as the smaller colleges for men that are not doing half the work that Smith College is accomplishing?

'With this introduction, I come to my announcement that a keen business man, after several months of careful study into the history, aspirations and needs of Smith College, authorizes me to state that he will give one hundred thousand dollars to this college' — here smothered exclamations were audible among the girls, breaking at once into prolonged and tremendous applause. As soon as President Seelye could be heard he continued — 'on two conditions: first, that half the sum be devoted to endowment and half to the building fund; second, that the alumnae, trustees and friends of the college shall raise fifty thousand dollars for the endowment and fifty thousand for the building fund within the year. These conditions require a great deal

of hard work. I cannot believe that the friends and alumnae will fail to accept this opportunity.' [1]

It is not difficult to imagine the enthusiasm of that audience. A subscription list was started immediately, headed by one thousand dollars from a member of the board of trustees, Mr. William H. Baldwin through whose influence the donor of the hundred thousand, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, had been induced to make the gift. Eight thousand dollars were pledged before Commencement was over, and the alumnae at once organized for raising the whole — a staggering sum then, small as it may look to-day compared with the funds secured by the alumnae since that time. No such amount had come to the college in a single gift, and no such task hitherto had been put upon it. Smith College had few wealthy alumnae, but every alumna, rich or poor, pledged herself to do all she could; parents, friends and relatives came forward generously; the undergraduates likewise worked vigorously for the cause, with the result that by Commencement, 1902, more than the required hundred thousand was subscribed.

A large auditorium was what was needed most, for the overcrowding of Social Hall was serious, even after transepts had been added to the space which originally had seemed unnecessarily vast. Nevertheless, business conditions at the time the fund was completed were so unfavorable that it did not seem wise to start a new building at once. Temporary galleries were therefore built into Social Hall, enabling it to accommodate for a few years longer the steadily increasing number of students. The present auditorium, John M. Greene Hall, was not finished until President Seelye's valedictory Commencement in 1910.

[1] From scrapbook.

The announcement of the Rockefeller gift had brought the college year to a close in June, 1901, with a general sense of elation and self congratulation. At the opening of the new year in September, however, all thoughts of the condition of Smith College, its struggles or success, were lost sight of in the bereavement of the Nation by the assassination of President McKinley. The college and Northampton were stirred as never before. The natural horror at the crime was the more poignant because of the recent visit of President McKinley to the town and college in June, 1899. Only two short years before, President and Mrs. McKinley had driven with Mr. and Mrs. Seelye through the town; the girls had greeted the distinguished visitor with flowers and song as he arrived on the campus; President Seelye had welcomed him on the platform of Social Hall and the trustees had conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. It had been a gala occasion, the first time that a President of the United States had visited the town or the college, and the memory of it still was vivid.

The day on which the college term opened, September 19, 1901, was the day set apart by Congress for public services and tributes to the murdered President throughout the United States. Instead of the usual greetings of the first chapel, therefore, the exercises at the college took the form of a memorial service. College work was suspended for the day and Social Hall could not hold all who crowded to listen to the words of President Seelye.

For the principal address at the public memorial exercises at the Academy of Music, it was President Seelye to whom the town turned instinctively. Just at the beginning of the college year, it was a difficult thing for him to undertake, but his response was un-

hesitating. To an audience which overflowed the capacity of the hall he poured forth an impassioned eulogy of the dead President, and a fierce arraignment of an anarchy which could perpetrate such a murder, closing with a plea for the support of the nation and the new executive. Was it his words, or the ring in his voice and the fire in his eyes which swept the audience on that day?

Naturally, the college came first for President Seelye, but his devotion and loyalty to the town were an important part of his life. Northampton, on her side, was proud of him. It was he whom she selected as her advisor on special problems, as her representative on public occasions. It was he who welcomed and introduced nearly every distinguished guest who came to the town. Nothing of importance was undertaken by the community without his counsel or assistance. When Northampton celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of her settlement, in 1904, President Seelye gave the address of welcome for the city and introduced the speaker of the day, Governor John D. Long. The college had its special celebration with an historical address by Professor Charles D. Hazen of the faculty. The college buildings were decorated and illuminated for the anniversary — but President Seelye's concern for the civic festival was as keen as for the college observance, and he consulted with the city fathers over most of the details.

Visitors to the town did not consider their stay complete without an inspection of Smith College. Alumnae have many memories of distinguished men and women who spoke to them from the chapel platform. Others slipped into the audience, then as now, and enjoyed the sight of the hundreds of girls without having to compose speech or smile. This latter sort

left no picture etched on the memories of the students, but of the former many are graven too deep to be forgotten. Matthew Arnold, Israel Zangwill, Miss Amelia B. Edwards are vivid still, and how many others in the long line that passed through the doors of Smith College! Some were guests of the town, some of the college, some of individual citizens. Several were visitors at various times in the home of Northampton's illustrious citizen, Mr. George W. Cable. It was he who brought Joseph Jefferson to chapel one day, and at another time James M. Barrie and Robertson Nicoll, all of whom addressed the students. In April, 1905, Mr. Cable brought his guests, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie to a chapel so crowded with enthusiastic girls that the need for a new auditorium was abundantly evident.

This visit, with Mr. Carnegie's cordial little speech, left among the students a memory of two genial and charming persons surrounded by an aura of wealth and munificence. It had, moreover, important results both for President Seelye and for the college. Before April was over, the president received a confidential letter from Mr. Carnegie telling of his proposal to hand over to a board of trustees the sum of ten million dollars, the revenue of which was to provide retiring allowances for the teaching staff of universities, colleges and technical schools, and asking President Seelye to become one of the first trustees. He was gratified at being selected to be a member of this board, and the work of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching was ever a matter of deep interest to him. He enjoyed, moreover, the contact with the other members of the board and he appreciated warmly the hospitality shown by Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie on the occasions of the yearly meetings.

The second result of the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie pleased the president even more than the personal honor of the trusteeship, for it promised the fulfilment of one of his dearest wishes for the college at that time. Early in 1905 he had written to Mr. Carnegie asking his help towards a new building for biological laboratories, but at that time the Scotch millionaire had no interest in Smith College and declined the request. In the summer of that year, however, President Seelye received a letter from him, offering to give half of the money necessary for a biology building if the college would raise the other half, the building not to cost more than $125,000, a condition which the trustees were only too happy to accept.

The prospect of adequate laboratories for work in biology gave the president particular satisfaction for, however strong his personal preference for the humanities might be, he had now adopted the cause of the natural sciences in the college. Nevertheless, with the means in his hands for the erection of the building he had so long desired, another and unlooked-for need thrust itself so urgently before him that the claims of the laboratories receded for the time — indeed the hope so near fulfilment was not to be realized during President Seelye's administration.

It is true, he announced Mr. Carnegie's offer at the opening chapel in September, 1905, and plans were begun with enthusiasm for raising the stipulated $62,500. Nevertheless one may see in the chapel talk in which the offer was announced a foreshadowing of the trouble which was to interfere with the execution of the cherished project. Two topics appear which were beginning to cause the president much concern because of the discord between college and town al-

ready growing up around them — the subject of taxation and the subject of the Forbes Library.

The students may not have guessed the reason for the defense of the position of Smith College in the community, on this first morning of the term, for the subject of taxation did not often enter their minds. The president, however, desired to sow his seed. 'Thirty years have been sufficient,' he declared, 'to prove the value of Smith College to the community in which it has been placed. It has proven in no sense a grievous burden but has been, on the other hand, an inestimable boon. It has added far more to the wealth of the city than it has added to its expenses. . . . The existence here of an institution of higher education has made the place known throughout the world. It has given free scholarships and free tuition to many daughters of the inhabitants of Northampton. It has added one hundredfold more to the value of the taxable property than it has caused loss through withdrawals from the taxable list. It has not cramped the growth of the city, and it has not prevented the building of residences by its taking of land. It has attracted here many citizens who have added to the wealth of the city. . . . The prosperity of Northampton and of Smith College are so closely connected, the interests of both are so reciprocal that it is greatly to be desired that there should be no division and no revival of the old-time controversies between town and gown.' [1]

The question of taxation of college property was to become increasingly disturbing, but it was the second subject, the relations with the Forbes Library, which more closely concerned the girls. The president announced that each student not an inhabitant of Northampton would henceforth be charged a fee of

[1] From scrapbook.

five dollars a year for the use of the Forbes Library, an announcement received with indignation by the girls, many of whom realized that this was the result of a growing opposition to the college on the part of the library trustees, a feeling shared by the town and resented by President Seelye. By 1905 this smouldering hostility had burst into a flame which could not be hid and was open to the comment of students and townsfolk. Few of the students, however, knew the history of the relations between the library and the college.

From the earliest years of the college, President Seelye had counted on the facilities of the Forbes Library with a confidence which had helped him to bear the poverty-stricken conditions of the days when the college was unable to provide more than a handful of books. Why, else, should Judge Forbes have told him, in confidential interview, of his intention to leave money for an ample library for Northampton, and have advised him therefore not to use the scant resources of the college to furnish books for its students? Because of this advice, the college never had possessed a library at all adequate to its needs. A good reference library had been accumulated gradually and was well housed in Seelye Hall, but until recently there had been no question of a large college library.

Jealousy of the rapidly growing and now obviously prosperous institution always had been dormant in Northampton, as is likely to be the case in a college town, and this gradually had focussed on the relation of the college to the library. Already, after the death of Judge Forbes in 1881, an amazing bitterness had been aroused by the choice of a site. The land selected by the library trustees was manifestly desirable and convenient for the town, but the fact that it was

opposite the south end of the college property convinced the citizens that its choice was influenced by Smith College. A Northampton gentleman, Mr. William M. Gaylord, seeing that the prejudice of the town might keep the library trustees from the purchase of land so obviously superior, offered to give five thousand dollars towards the acquisition of this site — but modesty prevented Mr. Gaylord from allowing his name to be published, and the general assumption was that the offer came from some one connected with the college. The bitterness of the popular feeling was so different from the pride in the college expressed at the time of the twenty-fifth anniversary that one wonders if such jealousy still slumbers ready to awaken at some fancied advantage gained by college over town.

The question was made an issue in the city elections. Handbills were circulated against Mr. George W. Hubbard, the trustee whom Judge Forbes had nominated. President Seelye was thought to have influenced Mr. Hubbard in the purchase of the site, a suspicion which made the president highly indignant. He published a statement in a local paper emphatically denying that any one connected with Smith College had had the slightest influence on or given money towards the purchase of the land, reviewing at the same time his original interview with Judge Forbes and stating the many advantages to the city of the site chosen. On a later occasion he said that he was as much surprised as the rest of the community when he learned of Mr. Gaylord's offer, for he had been negotiating at the time for that very property, and would gladly have secured it for the college.

The decision of the library trustees to let their funds accumulate for some years before building was fortu-

nate in more than financial results. By the time the library was opened in 1894, suspicion and jealousy apparently had disappeared and it was President Seelye who was chosen to give the principal address of the occasion. That he himself had not forgotten, however, appears from his repetition in the address of much that he had published in the newspaper article of a decade before. 'Pray what interest,' he continued, 'can the college have in this library which can be antagonistic to the city's? . . . I venture to say that not only is no interest of the city imperilled by the proximity of these two institutions, but all civic interests are thereby promoted. Smith College, like this library, is a public charity. It belongs to no man, to no class, to no sect, to no party. It is organized and administered solely for the public good. If it prospers, the city prospers with it; should it suffer loss, the city would be proportionately impoverished. Few if any other corporations have contributed so much to the material prosperity of the city. . . . The college is still lamentably poor. With ampler endowments it could accomplish much more both for the welfare of its students and for this community. But in view of the benefits it has already conferred, I trust we shall all rejoice that through the generosity of Judge Forbes, with no loss but gain to the city, this new library has been brought so near the college and can minister so abundantly to its needs.' [1]

For another decade relations between the library and the college continued to be amicable. The students had the same privileges as the citizens, although the college paid five hundred dollars a year to the aid fund of the library. After the death of the first librarian, however, the old enmity cropped up again.

[1] From scrapbook.

Stating that the aid fund was insufficient, the library trustees declared that according to the language of Judge Forbes's will, the library was given to the 'inhabitants' of Northampton, and that the majority of the students were not inhabitants. They voted, therefore, in 1905 that each student not an inhabitant of the town must pay five dollars a year for the use of the library, unless the college would pay twenty-five hundred dollars annually to the aid fund. Hence the announcement already quoted at the first chapel of that college year.

The wrath of President Seelye over what he felt was a misconstruction of the purpose of Judge Forbes was something that did not often appear in his optimistic and charitable nature. In vain he repeated that oft-quoted interview with the Judge; in vain he declared the Judge's obvious intention for the college; the library trustees were adamant. When the Smith trustees consented to contribute the full amount required, if the college might be represented in the management of the library, the refusal of the library trustees was as uncompromising, nor would they listen to the college when, 'for the sake of preserving the friendly relation which had thus far existed between the College and the library, the committee of conference appointed by the Trustees consented to make an annual appropriation of $2000 to meet the alleged extra expenditure caused by the students not inhabitants of the city.'[1]

It was about this time that an alumna, returning to the college for a visit, asked what was the meaning of the fence stretched across the library grounds facing the college. 'Oh,' replied her undergraduate friend, gaily, 'there is a grand scrap going on between the

[1] *Early History of Smith College*, p. 130.

Forbes Library and the college, and we are not welcome in the library!'

In spite of the nonchalance of the undergraduates, President Seelye could not take so easily the discord and opposition arising from this controversy. He made up his mind that his cherished project for a biology building must be sacrificed. The importunate need of the college now was an adequate library of its own with ample enough provision to render it independent of the town libraries. All else was of minor importance. Mr. Carnegie's consent was obtained that the money he had promised for the laboratories might be used for a library on the same condition that an equal sum be raised, and plans at once were started for the Carnegie Library which now stands in the centre of the campus. To bridge over the period until the necessary funds should be raised and the college library completed, Mr. Alfred T. White, of Brooklyn, who had a summer residence in Northampton, offered to give five hundred dollars a year for three years to add to the two thousand already offered by the college, thus making up the amount demanded by the library. This eased the strain on both institutions, and each board of trustees had the satisfaction of standing by its stipulations.

While this controversy was at its height, Northampton citizens were startled to read in a local journal an open letter written by the father of a Smith student. After words of scorn at the position of the Forbes Library, the letter announced: 'I make this offer to Smith College to be accepted any time within the year 1905: I will secure one million dollars for its endowment and furnish a free site of eighty acres of land if it will move to Joliet, Illinois. I will guarantee against taxation and secure the use of the public library by all members of the college.' The offer was not considered

seriously, but, in the words of President Seelye, 'it caused some citizens of Northampton to question what effect it would have upon their real estate if the College were removed.' [1]

Real estate in a college town — what heart-burnings, what envy and suspicion does the thought of it engender! Those who are fortunate enough to own land near the institution have dreams of high prices to be got for acres which the college sooner or later must surely need; while the thought of the exemption from taxation enjoyed by college property keeps the town figuring on how much richer it might be could it collect those lacking dollars.

President Seelye never missed an opportunity to emphasize the benefits which Smith College had brought to the town; the enhancement in the price of its real estate; the immense increase in its business; its growing reputation as a place of residence. Yet as early as 1900 the agitation which had been going on in other college towns in Massachusetts against the exemption from taxation of colleges and universities obtained a strong foothold in Northampton. The local journals were full of it; town politicians ground their axes on it; it was discussed in office and shop. Sermons were preached against the selfishness of the town; editorials were written against the immunity of the college. President Seelye had kept silent on the subject until, in his welcome to the students at the first chapel of the winter semester of 1900, he made some remarks deprecating the movement.

'The college is an institution,' he said, 'planned and conducted solely for public welfare and under no conditions to be compared to a business corporation. All its funds are devoted to educational purposes and there is

[1] *Early History of Smith College*, p. 131.

no more propriety in taxing a college than there would be in taxing the public schools. . . . Any legislation would be unfortunate whereby the educational opportunities which the college seeks to give should be lessened in the slightest degree. The college was founded and has been maintained entirely by private donations and must be regarded in every sense as a public charity.' [1]

These remarks drew him into the contest. Interviews with him were published in various Massachusetts journals. He was obliged to repeat his arguments on various occasions, and his stand on the much-discussed subject was heralded with applause by friends of higher education.

Hostility increased throughout the State towards all colleges within its borders. Every Massachusetts town which in the past had considered itself fortunate in possessing a college, now began to fulminate against undeserved privilege. City fathers, selectmen and assemblies asserted that their communities were deprived of chances of improvement and advantage. Politicians were sent to Boston to combine with legislators in forming fresh bills against tax exemption. The fight was waged with energy on both sides, and among the champions of educational institutions none strove more strenuously than the president of Smith College.

In March, 1906, he presented an extensive report at a hearing before the legislative committee in Boston, showing in how many ways Northampton had profited by the presence of Smith College, and in consequence of his statement the legislative committee did not report in favor of the bill in question. Other bills introduced subsequently against exemption of colleges from

[1] From scrapbook.

taxation failed to pass and the relief and satisfaction of President Seelye were intense. The agitation gradually subsided and at present college towns seem ready to acknowledge the fact that the benefits they receive from institutions of learning more than compensate for the taxes they cannot collect.

Where the interests of Smith College were at stake, its president did not hesitate to join battle with politicians or cope with jealous citizens. For her sake he cheerfully faced wary millionaires or wrestled with architects and builders. For her sake he was ready to address meetings of every description or prepare papers on varied subjects. It was inevitable that the demands on his time and strength should be constant and imperative, just as it was natural that he should meet them generously and promptly. However, as he approached his seventieth birthday, the claims of this strenuous life, while keeping their charm, began to lose some of their hold on him, as he contemplated the step which he never had lost sight of during the years.

His fixed intention to retire from active service at the age of seventy was, as he often said, due to the sage warning of his uncle, Dr. Hickok, in the early Amherst days. It was something for which his family was prepared, something which had been mentioned freely and openly, so that there was nothing dramatic about it when the time finally came. Soon after his seventieth birthday — a birthday made bright with flowers and gifts and enlivened by songs from the students massed before his home in the evening — though he showed no sign of age or infirmity, though his step seemed as elastic and his glance as keen as ever, he wrote the following letter which he presented to the board of trustees at their fall meeting, November 2, 1907:

To the Trustees of Smith College:

'My dear Friends and Co-workers:

'In accordance with a long-cherished purpose to resign the presidency of the College when I reached the age of threescore years and ten, I offer herewith, my resignation of that office.

'While I recognize the fact that a man's usefulness cannot always be measured by his years, I cannot claim to be an exception to the ordinary limitations of human life, and I am convinced it would be for the best interest of the College if a younger man were secured to fill the office I have held since June, 1873.

'Should my counsel be desired as a Trustee, I will continue to serve the College in that capacity, but the administrative work of the presidency has become too great for a man as old as I am to do properly, and, in justice to others, I feel that I should be relieved from its responsibilities.

'To prevent, however, any possible embarrassment I will leave you to determine the exact date when this resignation shall take effect, with the understanding that you will proceed without unnecessary delay to find some one competent to act as my successor.

'I cannot adequately express my gratitude for the unfailing support and the many proofs of personal friendship which I have received from you during my administration.

'If my successor can be equally favored with the friendly assistance of the members of this Board, I am confident the College will continue to grow and prosper, and will become what its founder desired it to be — "a perennial blessing to the country and the world."

'With high esteem, I remain

'Cordially yours

'L. Clark Seelye

'*November* 1, 1907'

Although this resignation was no surprise to the board of trustees, they refused to accept it. They urged the president to allow them to appoint an administrative assistant who would relieve him of the heaviest part of his burden, begging him, at the same time, to withdraw the resignation. Nothing would change his determination, however. His conviction of the wisdom of this step had become too much a part of his life for him to alter his purpose now. Nevertheless he consented to postpone the date when the resignation should take effect, so that various projects already undertaken might be finished under his guidance, notably the building of the library and the new assembly hall.

Hopes of leisure and a quiet life had to be silenced for the present. Shoulders had to be squared again to go on carrying the burden which they were ready to lay down. For three years more the president gave his time and strength to the work which he loved, gave them joyfully, perhaps, for the parting would be hard and its postponement may have been a relief, but gave them with an effort that was not without its cost. The value to the college body of these years, however, was inestimable. It meant that college life and routine could move on as usual until a new president should step into a place made ready for him, with no interval of temporary leadership; it gave time for the mental readjustment necessary to enable the college to contemplate the prospect of another figure in the place which no other had filled since there was a Smith College; it gave the trustees ample opportunity to study the question of a successor and to look over the field until they found the right one.

Their choice was not made before February, 1909. At the following meeting in May the trustees elected

the Reverend Marion LeRoy Burton, Ph.D., to be president of Smith College, to enter upon his official duties after another year, September first, 1910. President Seelye acquiesced in the request of the trustees that he should remain in service until that date. He reconsidered however, his offer to continue as trustee of the college and resigned that position, to take effect with his relinquishment of the presidency.

The last three years of his administration were as strenuous and fruitful as any of his life. Because they were years of a labor resumed from which he had declared his need to be free, he might have been excused if he had slackened his pace and left much for a younger man to finish. No slackening of any kind was allowed by him, however. His grasp of details, his watchfulness of everything that went on was as vigorous as ever, nor was there any lessening of his activities or his interests.

With the help of friends and the contribution of $12,500 from the General Education Board, the alumnae had succeeded in raising more than the $62,500 necessary to secure Mr. Carnegie's gift for the library. To President Seelye's great satisfaction the building was finished and ready for use in November, 1909. Plans for the new assembly hall were adopted in 1909 and contracts let on condition that it should be finished before Commencement of the following year. This condition, with its inexorable date for completion, called forth the old vigilance on the part of the president, and his attention to the progress of the building was characteristically alert.

Purchase of land on Elm Street opposite the new assembly hall was another important achievement of these last years. Plans for the two new dwelling-houses to be built on this land were finished and contracts let

before President Seelye's responsibilities were over, although the erection of the buildings was left for his successor. Various changes and improvements of far-reaching significance were inaugurated in the academic regulations during these years. Several significant gifts which came after his seventieth birthday pleased him as much as if he were to stay and profit by them.

Smith was now the largest woman's college in the world. Instead of fourteen young ladies, there were 1635 students enrolled in September, 1909. Its president, instead of standing with some defiance to fight the opposition hurled against him and the college, now stood with extreme humility to listen to the praises showered upon him and his institution, as he relinquished the rudder to a younger hand. He was content to leave it thus. Others might carry on and improve his work, but no one could take Smith College from her place in his heart. He had given her with both hands of his strength, his life. She was his creation, the fruit of his labor. For her welfare he had spent unceasingly of his best — thought, time, strength, love and many a sleepless night.

At their May meeting in 1910, the trustees at length accepted President Seelye's resignation, at the same time making him President Emeritus, with the position of acting president until the arrival of President Burton on the first of September. His last official Commencement will be treated in a subsequent chapter. It was an historic event, not to be forgotten by any who were present at that time so vibrant with affection.

CHAPTER XIV

AN OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMAN

'As a boy,' remarked the subject of this biography, in his quaint impersonal way, 'President Seelye was shy and was always embarrassed in the presence of young women. I am sure that, had he been placed in the presence of a whole collegeful of them, he would have been frightened almost to death!' [1] No doubt he would have been, for he once said that he never entered a pulpit to preach but that his heart almost stopped beating from sheer fright.

A remnant of this boyish shyness may have been responsible for a certain formality of manner which characterized Mr. Seelye in meeting strangers. It surely was not evident before a 'whole collegeful' of women, although the circumstances of his life placed him constantly in a position which would have terrified his youth. It was not, however, this formality which made him, in the thought of many, the outstanding example of a gentleman of the old school — that old school whose members are recognized so instantly by the charm of their behavior, the gentleness of their dignity. His exquisite courtesy, his punctilious consideration of others were an expression of the unselfishness of his nature, as inherent as his simplicity of heart.

The charm of this courtesy made even a casual encounter an event. As he overtook some student on the campus, his formal bow and gracious greeting made her

[1] Response at a dinner given by the Northampton Club, March 28, 1910.

straighten in body and spirit. Many a student came in to dinner elated and proud because beloved 'Prexy' had walked a few rods with her, asking her cordially how she was getting on, then lifting his hat again and striding ahead with his long, elastic step. If such an encounter occurred during the first half of his administration, he would have called her by name and asked after the welfare of each member of her family. As the college grew, however, the numbers became too overwhelming for even his surprising memory, and he no longer made an attempt to distinguish individuals. The student he accompanied so graciously in the later years was quite aware that the president had no idea of her name or class, and he knew this, but his salutation was as benign as if he were familiar with her entire background. On Northampton streets he touched his hat to every young woman he met who looked as if she might be a college student, and all understood — indeed any young woman who received that ceremonious bow counted herself fortunate, whether she had a right to it or not.

'Perhaps no one picture is more vivid in the memory of the graduate of the earlier years,' writes a member of '07, 'than that of President Seelye's bow. To many it always must be the epitome of the courtliness of the days of old. No perfunctory lifting of the hat to "one of the girls," this ceremony, no ritual which had lost its meaning, but the radiation of a real interest in another personality which to him had individuality and inspiring potentialities. "And he calleth his sheep by name." Surely that amazing memory which kept us each an entity in his mind and never let us be swallowed in the impersonal flock, was not a mere mnemonic *tour de force* but the evidence of a genuine personal interest, of a heart so great that a personal contact once made

could not be transient, and it was this kindly warm-hearted quality of which his salutation was felt to be the symbol. But it was something more. Back of the personal quality which made his bow so keen a pleasure, one sensed it to be something of the ritual of a chivalric devotion to an ideal of womanhood — the ideal to which he had pledged his life, the ideal which it was his effort to produce within the walls of Smith, the ideal which to him was visualized in the frail little lady in the president's house.' [1]

What a thrill of pleasure went with the reception of that gracious salutation — except when it was conferred upon a student with an uneasy conscience! To such an one the courtly politeness was a sharper reproach than the severest of rebukes, as appears from the following reminiscence: 'There was a time when peanuts were too popular and perhaps the shells were left scattered about. We were publicly requested to refrain from peanuts, unless — and unless —— But there is no way so sure to make some one want to walk on the grass as to post a notice against it, and it was not long before one of the girls went downtown and got a basket of freshly roasted peanuts. The delicious smell of them was enough to advertise the contents of the basket. She was on her way up Main Street when President Seelye overtook her. Lifting his tall hat, he requested the favor of carrying her basket for her, with his stately courtesy which treated all womenkind as if they were queens. The girl was overcome with embarrassment; for if the basket had been labelled "peanuts" it could not have been more certain what it contained. But she had to give it up. President Seelye carried it up the street and up the long brick walk to College Hall, delivering it with a bow when their ways parted. Not a

[1] Letter from Virginia J. Smith.

word was said about the basket, but the girl admitted that she never felt so ashamed!' [1]

There are other tales of his old-fashioned manners; of the two scared Freshmen appointed by their class to ask the president's permission to bring a Shetland pony on the floor of the gymnasium as a mascot for a basketball game. When, after office hours, they sought him out in his home and put their request, it was his delicate dignity which spared their feelings as he conveyed to their understanding some of the dangers attending the introduction of a pony on the sidelines of an indoor game. With charming urbanity he escorted them to the door and eased their escape — but one can see his eyes twinkle and his smile broaden as the door closed!

Nor was his graciousness evident only when he gained his own way, as appears from the recollection of an early student who succeeded in persuading the president to allow something to which he had been opposed. 'I shall never forget,' she writes, 'the smile with which he acknowledged his surrender. "Ah, Miss M.," he said, "you are a person of many expedients!" — and he yielded the point. His smile was wonderfully expressive as you can see from the way I remember it athwart these many years.' [2]

Of the little commonplace courtesies so characteristic as perhaps to be taken for granted by his family, there is this picture by a student who used to read aloud to President and Mrs. Seelye when they were alone one winter: 'I went every second evening to the old house beside the gate. President Seelye himself would open the door for me and usher me into the fire-lighted room where Mrs. Seelye sat, sweet and frail as a little piece of Dresden china. . . . Then President Seelye would

[1] Letter from Fannie Hardy Eckstorm.

[2] *Early History of Smith College; Student Life*, by Mrs. Clarke, p. 196.

place my chair, put some throat trochees to my hand, in case I should feel the slightest inconvenience that way. After being quite certain I was comfortable, and building up the fire, he would settle himself in his own chair on the other side of the fireplace.' [1]

A friend of the youngest daughter remembers the same sort of scrupulous kindness: 'His old-fashioned courtesy never failed him. After I had resigned from the college, the family kindly let me leave my big trunk in their cellar during the summers, and around it would gather a kind of pyre of parcel-post packages sent on ahead. When I came down from my Williamsburg cottage to take a dive into the heap, he always insisted on clambering down the cellar stairs in front of me, switching on the lights and helping me with great interest to untie strings and making suggestions. When my aunt was with me during the winters in Northampton, he called on her punctiliously. As she was a gentlewoman of the old school, beautiful and stately, their intercourse of delicate courtesies was delightful to see.' [2]

Calls from President Seelye were often formal affairs, but to any one in sorrow, or to any sick person he came like a friend or a father, with words of healing and strength. Students in the hospital often were surprised by a short call from him. People in Northampton suffering from prolonged illness were cheered by visits from Mr. Seelye who dropped in with regularity and simplicity and never stayed long enough to tire the patient. Miss Elizabeth D. Hanscom, of the faculty, tells of the comfort derived from the frequent visits of the president to her mother during her last illness. Mrs. Hanscom, a woman of rare mind and charm, was not too ill to maintain her side of a discussion, and the

[1] Helen Dupuy Deusner, in *Alumnae Quarterly* for May, 1925, p. 317.
[2] Letter from Mary B. Fuller.

quality of the talk may be guessed from the effect it had on an undergraduate.

'One afternoon when the president came to see my mother,' related Miss Hanscom, 'he found in her room one of my students who had been making a call. After she had been included in his gracious greeting we looked to see her depart — but no, she reseated herself and remained a quiet listener throughout the president's visit. The next morning she came to me, after my class. "Oh, Miss Hanscom," she begged, "please don't think I have no manners or bringing up! Of *course* I knew I ought to leave when the president came — but when should I ever have another chance to hear such conversation!"'

Mr. Franklin King tells of the solace and encouragement given to him by the president's frequent visits and tender solicitude during an attack of pneumonia. Moreover, when convalescence began, it was President Seelye who gathered with his own hands a large bunch of pansies and brought them to the invalid, 'that he might enjoy their faces.' It was he who proposed to the trustees that the expense of this illness should be borne by the college, and it was not five minutes after the trustee meeting was over, when he hastened to the patient's side to tell him of the affirmative vote.

In spite of an exterior that sometimes seemed austere, the president's quick response and gentle tenderness were almost like those of a woman, while his utter sincerity and ingenuousness made the proffer of sympathy irresistible. He had unlimited time for any one in trouble. He never was too busy to comfort the homesick or discouraged student. He was ever ready to listen to those in perplexity and to help with wise counsel. 'His quick attention, his sympathy to those concerned,'

writes Miss Cutler, 'were far more than official courtesy. They were part of the vitality of his religion.'

When, as happened often, it was he who had to break bad news to a student, this was done with a gentleness which she could not forget. One may see how sincere was his sympathy from the mention of such a circumstance in a letter to his wife: 'I was called to the telephone immediately after prayers, this morning, to learn that Miss D——'s father had just died and they wished me to break to her the sad news. Poor girl! She was utterly unprepared for it and entirely overcome at first, but she regained her courage after a time and was able to make necessary arrangements for leaving. It is a blessing that there is usually something to be done at such times and that work comes as a diversion from sorrow, even when we are all the time conscious of our grief.'

The sympathy and imagination which made it easy for him to put himself in another's place were apparent in matters which concerned another's convenience. His punctiliousness in keeping an appointment was not disturbed by less important claims. In order that others might not be kept waiting, he would dismiss a visitor from his office with a definiteness that permitted no lingering, but with a suavity that made the dismissal seem almost flattering.

Who was there, who, in contact with this old-fashioned gentleman, failed to receive kindness and consideration? The following incident was related after his death: 'A young newspaper reporter whom the president of Smith College had known since the reporter was a small boy, was directed by the city editor of a Boston paper to get an interview with Dr. Seelye on a pressing question of the day. It was during Smith Commencement week, and Dr. Seelye's secretary could

not possibly arrange a meeting. She was sorry — and the reporter was in despair for that interview was an important assignment. Finally it was arranged that the secretary should tell Dr. Seelye what was wanted. A few hours later the reporter and the president of Smith College met on Main street in Northampton. Said Dr. Seelye: "I understand that you wish to interview me in regard to a certain subject. I do not see how I can give a minute, this busy week. But you have known me a long time and I think know my views on this particular subject. Write an interview as coming from me." There never was any intimation that the brief interview which appeared in the newspaper the next morning did not accurately reflect Dr. Seelye's views, and the reporter's heart was gladdened by the fact that the fine old gentleman's trust in him had enabled him to fill the assignment which his city editor had given.'

With the old-fashioned courtesy there went a conservatism which manifested itself in many ways which seem amusing as one looks back at them — ways which belonged partly to the period in which he grew up, partly to his own temperament. Among the tales fondly handed down from class to class is one of his politely draping a shawl around the shoulders of a student whose dress at an evening party was too low for his taste. He liked beautiful clothes and always noticed them, especially their color, but he never liked to see arms and neck exposed, not only from the standpoint of modesty, but because he was unalterably convinced that such exposure was dangerous to health. 'You certainly are inviting a cold, going with your throat and arms bare in that way!' he would caution his daughters, assuring them that 'Your mother looks beautiful with her dress high!' In a letter to his wife

describing an evening function in May, 1900, he wrote: 'I feared Mrs. H—— would suffer, as she had a low-neck dress and it was very cold, according to my notion. I am glad you don't run *such* risks on such occasions!'

The president's ideas concerning what was suitable for the social development of the college would seem not only antiquated but suffocating to the modern college girl, although the early classes seem to have been contented, if perhaps not exhilarated, with the attempts to introduce diversion and social amenities into the seriousness of their student life. The annual reception held in Social Hall may have brought thrills to the demure maidens of 1879, although this seems doubtful. Occasionally a square dance was walked through but round dancing was not even considered. 'Walk-around' was the favorite term for the occasion, the dullness of which, as the college grew larger and its life more free, was resented more and more each year, in spite of the animating presence of Amherst students and other gentlemen.

Doubtless the young ladies thought that President Seelye desired nothing better for them. Nevertheless the adaptable quality of his conservatism was a constant surprise. He was cautious to protect what he felt to be good; he did not welcome the new for its novelty; he must have sufficient reason for sanctioning a change, but when his mind once had accepted it, there was no more question. His readiness to acquiesce when the necessary moment arrived never was shown more clearly than on the occasion of the annual Washington's Birthday reception in 1893. To the music of a Springfield orchestra the 'walk-around' started with the usual stroll in couples about the hall. Suddenly, towards the end of the evening, no one knew how, the couples found themselves waltzing. A miracle had

happened and instead of the demure promenaders the room was filled with dancers. Tradition has it that, seeing what had taken place, President and Mrs. Seelye slipped quietly home and left them waltzing. The 'walk-around' was abolished from that time. Permission for a real dance was granted the following spring and the 'Junior Prom' became an annual event.

When the 'Prom' once was established, the president took the same personal interest in it that he had shown for the formal receptions. He invariably made an effort to be present for a time; he watched the weather anxiously; he enjoyed seeing the crowds of young men who thronged the campus on the day of the dance. He was as anxious, however, that decorum and propriety be observed by his young ladies in respect to the dance as he had been with reference to the reception, and not only by the dancers but by the entire college. A newspaper clipping in the scrapbook, reporting a paternal talk given in chapel on the morning of 'Prom Day' shows his characteristic attitude: 'President Seelye spoke informally this morning on the subject of the "Prom," congratulating the Juniors on the beauty of the day and asking the girls in other classes, as refined young women, to avoid any vulgar curiosity in their attitude towards the guests of the Juniors. He emphasized the idea of the college as a family and urged that the same courtesy should be shown to visitors that would be shown in one's own home.'

'Those chapel talks,' declares Mrs. Eckstorm, 'were something later classes must have missed. The wise advice, the fatherly warnings not to take off our winter underwear upon the first warm day, the care for the well-being of his large family of girls, could hardly have been carried into John M. Greene Hall. Who does not remember the caution upon the use of matches, end-

ing, "But, young ladies, if you ever *should* catch your clothing on fire, you should lie down and smother yourselves!" We did not smother our laughter just then, and we have remembered the warning all these years.'

Few subjects were too commonplace to be introduced after morning prayers, if necessity arose, but matches or winter underwear were mentioned with a simplicity and dignity which made such warnings or exhortations seem fitting and natural. However, as every alumna of President Seelye's time remembers, the words oftenest on his lips in chapel talks were those of his favorite appeal for womanliness. The plea for a refined and intelligent womanhood was invariably the dominant note at the opening chapel in September, giving the standard to be set, as he welcomed the new class. At Commencement time it was the message he left with the outgoing Seniors, and the same ideal was emphasized whenever occasion presented itself during the year. It became a by-word in the college and many smiled indulgently at its frequent repetition, but it entered into their lives, nevertheless. It was what the president desired more than the Greek and Latin on which in the early days he laid such stress.

Moreover he knew that it was no vain desire, for had he not always with him the fragrance of true refined and intelligent womanhood in the gentle presence who was at the head of his household, the thought of whom was unfailingly behind all that he said and did? Throughout his administration the best that he could wish for his students was that they might mould their characters on the pattern set in the person of his wife, herself a perfect gentlewoman of the old school, in her exquisite charm and delicacy.

Yet his conviction of what was suitable in the college

life was also a natural consequence of his own ingrained sense of propriety. His attitude towards certain questions connected with the administration was in keeping with his old-fashioned qualities. His objection to the use of the title 'professor' for women was of this character, although he yielded later to the wish of the faculty in this matter. He says in his 'Early History': 'The title "professor" was not at first given to the women, because most of them preferred not to receive what seemed an absurd and pretentious appellation which had been retained, apparently, for men only by force of an ancient tradition. In the earliest official circulars, the women were designated simply as teachers, but it proved a needless and vain attempt to emphasize feminine distinctions and was not long continued.' [1]

His dislike for the names in common use for the two lower classes was of the same sort. He remarks in his 'Early History': 'The traditional names, "Freshman" and "Sophomore" in colleges for men at first were discarded, in the hope that the corresponding classes might be freed from some unpleasant masculine associations with those names.' [2] These associations doubtless went back for him to various trying experiences with the two lower classes at Amherst, but Smith students failed to find them so unpleasant. In spite of the desired terminology adhered to in the catalog, the girls soon fell into the use of the objectionable masculine terms and the faculty followed gradually — all except the president who steadfastly persevered in calling his young ladies members of the First Class or Second Class until they attained the rank of Juniors.

Other masculine associations he took more lightly. The passion for baseball came at a time when long, tight skirts with trains were worn, and as the team,

[1] *Early History of Smith College*, p. 55. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 21.

innocent of uniforms, played in these fashionable costumes after supper on the temporary field behind the president's house, the spring evenings were enlivened for him by the sight of the players catching their trains over their arms and tripping along to bases. 'When baseball first invaded the college,' Miss V. J. Smith writes, 'an earnest soul came to him to expostulate. "Are you not afraid that in aping men's sports the girls will lose their womanliness and feminine qualities?" One longs to have seen the twinkle in his eye which must have accompanied his sole rejoinder, "Have you ever *seen* the girls play baseball?"'

Among the masculine customs with regard to which he urged the students 'not to ape the men' was that of a college 'yell.' He frequently took pains to congratulate the college on the fact that it had no yell; it was bad enough, he said, in colleges for men, but it was his hope that Smith College would not indulge in anything so inconsistent with the refinement which he desired for its women. One morning in chapel, he announced that he had received a letter from another college for women, asking if a match game in basket-ball might be arranged with Smith College; asking him, further, to send by mail a copy of the Smith College yell. His figure still is vivid in the memory of those present, as he drew himself up to his full height and finished solemnly, 'I replied, "Smith College *has* no yell!"'

In his report to the trustees for the year 1898–99, he took occasion to express his satisfaction in the response of the students to his ideals: 'The loyalty of the students to the College continues unabated and is of immense service in securing the right spirit. . . . There is a manifest pride in its womanly character and a growing jealousy of any innovation inconsistent with a refined womanhood. There is as yet no college yell in

vogue; and thus far it has not been felt necessary for the Seniors, because of their education, to differentiate themselves from their sex by adopting the academic masculine garb of mediæval scholastics.'

His opposition to the wearing of cap and gown was a part of his intense desire that the students should preserve their womanliness. The question came up before each Commencement, for many years, but the president continued his gentle remonstrance. When the class of 1897 voted to wear this uniform for graduation, President Seelye assured them that black would be worn more generally by young men than by young women, that spring, after which expression of opinion, the class agreed that it would be more maidenly and less like aping the men to wear white. Another year, speaking in chapel of the inappropriateness of black gowns for the Seniors, he said, 'I am sure you look much more beautiful in your white muslins and serges!' — a combination of dress materials that was seized upon with hilarity. It was incorporated into one of the college songs and the president smiled humorously when he heard it — but, as so often, the picture in his mind had been that of his wife who had at the time a white serge gown in which he knew she looked charming.

'Our class voted to wear cap and gown for our Commencement exercises,' writes a member of 1904. 'Two others and myself were asked to see President Seelye and inform him of the action. His reception of the news was a model for all parents to imitate in dealing with inappropriate requests of their offspring. He did not say No. With great dignity he outlined his views with regard to the cloistered life and the appearance of women in mediæval garb. For us it was like letting in a new ray of light on the subject. He expressed his whole position with such sweet reasonableness that

there seemed nothing for us to do or say but to retreat and bear these new ideas to the class. His method never was one to tear down or one of negation, but rather to substitute an idea that might be better.' [1]

For his own wear, likewise, he objected to the cap and gown which were becoming more and more the fashion for academic functions, since foreign representatives at the sesqui-centennial of Princeton University had shown the scholastic world of the United States what could be done in the way of academic millinery. For some years President Seelye held out against the innovation, appearing with one or two like-minded souls clad in an unpicturesque morning coat in the midst of the flowing robes and multicolored hoods of an inaugural assembly. It was only after repeated entreaty and because he became convinced that he was spoiling for others the pomp of the procession that he consented to accept a doctor's gown and hood for himself as a present from the trustees. He appeared for the first time in the new uniform at the exercises of Smith's quarter-centennial, where it was considered by trustees and faculty to be necessary for the dignity of the occasion. It was characteristic of him that after he once had made up his mind to yield to the new fashion he adopted it whole-heartedly. He wore his cap and gown with a naïve complacency whenever academic circumstance called for them, and during the last decade of his administration he preferred to have his photograph taken in them rather than in his ordinary clothes. Nevertheless he took pains to announce that 'it was not intended as a precedent for the senior classes to follow.' As long as he was president the students respected his wish. The present custom of wearing cap

[1] Letter from Dorothea Wells Holt.

and gown on Commencement Day began under his successor, Dr. Burton.

In one who objected to scholastic mediæval garb for women students it might seem hardly consistent that he should address the seniors and trustees in mediæval Latin, a feature of Commencement Day to which President Seelye held with quiet insistence. It appears quite in keeping with his old-school traits, however, when one reflects that in the United States the wearing of cap and gown was an innovation; it was no direct heritage from the Middle Ages. Moreover, in his eyes it was masculine and it was ugly. He liked to see his students dressed like refined young women, and he liked to see them look beautiful. On the other hand, the use of the Latin address in conferring degrees on the graduating class of an American college was an unbroken tradition, obsolete as it now seems. A departure from such a time-honored custom could not have been thought of by him.

How antiquated the once familiar Latin words now sound, yet how dignified! Who that heard them does not remember the sonorous English pronunciation, the fluent and easy beginning, directed to the audience, assuming that all could understand? 'Exercitationes literariae nunc ad finem perductae sunt; restat igitur ut patriis ritibus, atque in lingua more et usu recepta, gradus academicos conferamus.' Now he addressed himself to the Seniors who had been carefully drilled to stand at the word 'accedant.' 'Quae gradum primum in artibus suscepturae accedant.' The white-gowned graduates rose with a flutter. The president then turned with a graceful gesture to the trustees seated behind him. 'Viri feminaeque curatores honorandi ac reverendi, praesento vobis hasce adolescentes quas scio, pro more academiae nostrae, idoneas esse ad gradum

primum suscipiendum. Placetne vobis ut suscipiant?' The trustees, likewise carefully drilled, having given the nod for which the president paused, he continued impressively to the Seniors, 'Pro auctoritate mihi commissa admitto vos ad gradum primum academicum, ejusque in rei testimonium singulis vobis diploma trado, una cum potestate publice praelegendi quotiescumque ad hoc munus evocatae fueritis.'

What graduate could fail to appreciate her degree after such stately and scholarly bestowal?

Although he urged simplicity and resisted the tendency towards greater elaborateness, nevertheless in his heart President Seelye liked a certain amount of formality, even as he delighted in a ceremony and an occasion. As he quite enjoyed appearing in cap and gown, once having ceded the point, so he took pleasure in the little formalities which crept into college functions as he grew older. Early in the last decade of his administration the custom developed that the audience rose at chapel or vespers when the president entered the hall. One can see him now, as he walked slowly down the long aisle, his head slightly bent, pausing a moment on the platform to survey the assembly, then giving the little bow which bade the audience be seated. As the ceremonial of Commencement Week increased with the size of the college, he took frank pleasure in the additions, instinctively setting the slow and stately pace which suited the imposing procession as he marched at its head.

It may have been partly because of his pleasure in ceremony that he rejoiced in weddings; it may have been a part of his old-fashioned conception of the perfection of womanhood. For a wedding he would interrupt any plan, undertake cheerfully any journey, whether he were to officiate or be merely a guest. He enjoyed

the ceremony and all that went with it, and his belief in marriage, his reverence for it, his desire that it should be the happy portion of those who were dear to him, were deep and outspoken. His own perfect married life made him wish like happiness for others, and he was convinced that two people loving each other unselfishly ought to make each other happy, no matter what sufferings life might bring to them. The marriage service was to him an unspeakably holy thing and he invariably was pleased when he was called upon to perform it. Not only did each of his sons and daughters and two of his granddaughters have the satisfaction of being married by him, but many nephews and nieces, numerous friends, and hosts of alumnae. He delighted to perform the ceremony for any Smith College woman, and the frequency with which he was asked to do this, together with the expressions of affection accompanying such requests show what it meant to his alumnae to be married by their beloved president.

The last wedding at which he officiated took place the winter before he died, when he went to New York to marry a grandnephew. A winter journey, under the best of circumstances, is no light matter at the age of eighty-six, but although he had been suffering from a cold before the date set for him to start, nothing would deter him. He went to New York alone and came home full of glowing accounts of the marriage festivities which he had enjoyed exceedingly — nor had eighty-six years interfered with any of his customs. He was proud to be the first, as usual, to greet the bride by her new name; he was prepared to furnish his family, on his return, with an exact description of the bride's gown. Not even the fact that he caught more cold and was housed for weeks with an ensuing bronchitis induced a word of regret for a journey which had so desirable an object.

Akin to his instinct for formality and his pleasure in ceremony, which properly belong to the traits of an old-fashioned gentleman, was his liking for an occasion. An occasion was something to be treated with proper observance, and he seldom let one slip by. He was quick to remember an anniversary in his family, and in the college he never forgot what a date might suggest or what lesson might be derived from it. When the hymn, 'For all thy saints who from their labors rest,' was announced, the girls were alert to hear what great man's birthday or death was to be brought to their notice. Nor did the students, on their side, fail to make the most of any opportunity offered by such allusions. No one in college at the time will forget, for instance, a certain Columbus Day.

On the morning of October 11, 1892, the president remarked at chapel that it was just four hundred years since the New World was discovered. He spoke of Columbus, of his courage and wisdom, of what his discovery had meant to mankind, and concluded: 'It was about two o'clock in the morning when the great mariner became sure that the light he saw was on the shore of a continent. One may imagine the thrill he experienced. The hour is not a convenient one to celebrate, but if any of you young ladies should happen to be awake about two o'clock to-morrow morning, you may think of the feelings of Christopher Columbus, four hundred years ago!'

It was too good a chance to miss. The girls decided that the hour was quite convenient, that two o'clock in the morning was a delightful time, in fact, and since the president had suggested that they might be awake, they would not disappoint him. Lights were out at ten o'clock, as usual, but alarm clocks were set for two. At the hour recommended by the president, lights went on

throughout the campus, girls burst from every house and, with singing and blowing of horns, the parade began, gathering recruits and accumulating noise. That morning, chapel was crowded. The students knew that the president was a light sleeper and all waited for some rebuke of so flagrant a disregard of the most important rule of the college — but not a word was said on the subject. The president recognized with amusement that the suggestion was his, and his silence was more effective than words.

Indeed, his rebukes, in chapel or in private, were rare and, when necessary, were administered with an affection which made them difficult to withstand. It was a parental government infused with a parental love, and it was met by the students with a filial devotion. If, in some discussion by a class or group in college, any one said of a proposition, 'Prexy doesn't approve of it,' no more was necessary and the girls were content. Even long after graduation this argument prevailed among Smith College women. In a Smith College club there was discussion concerning ways and means of raising money towards a fund which the college was trying to secure. An alumna of fifteen years' standing urged that an entertainment should be given on a Sunday, but caught herself immediately with 'Oh, no! President Seelye would not approve of that! I take it back!'

Towards the reiterated phrases of the president, 'intelligent gentlewoman,' 'faithful effort,' 'courage and honor,' and others, the attitude of the students was one of affectionate indulgence — like the intimate affection for a beloved parent which prompts tender teasing, so sure a sign of mutual understanding and love. One feels this in 'The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1903,' when, after a long list of fantastic

and amusing bequests given in terms of business securities, the document ends thus: 'To the president we leave respectfully and lovingly our most valuable possession — our stock in the elevated railway of noble life, to whose stations he has given us daily guidance. Its rails are welded from the iron of faithful effort and the steel of courage and honor. . . . Signed and witnessed by Class Spirit, The Intelligent Gentlewoman.'

What alumna of President Seelye's time can look back over her college course and deny that the oft-repeated appeals for a higher womanhood and a nobler life had their effect? They belong to the memories of morning chapel as much as the reading of Scripture, the selection of hymns and the prayers, all of which had a lasting influence.

His personality, however, would have made itself felt without any of these, as one sees from the following extract from Mrs. Eckstorm's letter: 'The vision that comes oftenest is the president's gracious presence in chapel, the old chapel where faculty and students were not dissevered and the president's low platform and simple desk hardly divided him from us all. The regal character of his head, not beautiful but modelled with such refinement, the resonance and quality of his voice, and the perfect adjustment of all the structure of his frame . . . made him like Olympian Jove, the leader by right because the best. He was an aristocrat — born so, perfected by training. His soul immanated his whole body; but it had a wonderful body to shine through. Even now I remember, with the pleasure a sculptor might feel, the excellence of the shape of his hand, the character expressed in the shape of his shoulder. . . . In our day President Seelye was like a great tree to the college. We did not seek or expect any familiar acquaintance; it was too lofty for us to feel

anything but respectful admiration; but we were shielded by the shade of his branches which brought the whole institution under the circle of his protection in a patriarchal relation. It was a mild and gentle sway, both winning and wise; but it was firm and it was unquestioned.'

In contemplating the figure of the first president of Smith College, one would present a picture of a dignified and courteous personality, of a lofty and generous spirit. But he was much more than these. His opposition to certain innovations in the college was due not to mere conservatism but to definite convictions regarding the best development of the ideal womanhood. Temperamentally he was indeed conservative, but intellectually he was open-minded and far-sighted. Moreover, conservative though he was, he was not conventional. His insistence on freedom from tradition was one of the outstanding characteristics of his administration. With all his habitual cautiousness, he was essentially progressive. He kept pace with the theories and discussions of the educational world. He was ready to march whenever the good of the institution demanded an advance, but he kept his goal in view and did not march in circles. He was no doctrinaire; he was not tied down by fixed theories. Nor was he concerned with denials, even of untruths. He did not go into controversial questions; his assertions were positive, constructive and helpful.

He was not merely an example of charm and courtliness. No one who knew him can forget that with his gentle dignity he was at the same time the vigorous and far-sighted administrator, the fearless thinker, the courageous leader. Yet in the memory of those who loved him, there remains perhaps most vividly the picture of the old-fashioned gentleman whose lovable

qualities endeared him to all about him. In many relations he was perhaps austere, as in his unyielding demand for perfection, 'Yet,' as his former pastor Dr. Clapp declares, 'his austere devotion to the loftiest standards never robbed him of that fine regard for persons in which the Christian gentleman stands revealed. His consideration and gracious courtesy were a revelation to our hasty and careless ways, bringing a fine dignity into all his relations with people and enhancing their self-respect as it was a native expression of his. We saw in him how courtliness and gentle manners may be the language of a noble and humane spirit taught in the school of Christ.' [1]

[1] Memorial sermon by Richard H. Clapp, First Church, Northampton, Jan. 18, 1925.

CHAPTER XV

IN THE HOME

'COME to prayers, children!' calls the mother after breakfast, and the family surges into the living room and subsides into a semblance of quiet as the father comes striding in and, taking his seat in the big arm-chair, opens the Bible and begins to read. The children's lively spirits are kept up by watching the baby as he prances on his mother's lap or runs about the room; the kitten, too, which is never excluded, furnishes enlivenment especially when it climbs on the father's back as he pleads on his knees with the Lord. Yet the tones of that voice sink deep into the young hearts. Half unconsciously the restless children listen. Without their will the Bible becomes a familiar word and the beautiful phraseology of their father's prayers becomes a part of their lives. It is a short service; the vibrant Amen comes quickly, and the family scatters in different directions. The children rush off to school; the mother begins her household duties; the father goes to his college office to be ready for the chapel exercises. The children give no more thought to family prayers, yet the note has been set for the day.

At one o'clock the family comes together again for dinner. Father and mother sit opposite each other halfway down the long sides of the table so that they can reach the children easily, and each parent is flanked by children brandishing sticky fingers so wildly that father keeps a special coat for meals. There are two or three friends or relatives who have happened in, and the children carry on their conversation in

undertones, unhindered, while the grown-ups, likewise unhampered continue theirs. Occasionally father or mother stop their own talk to enter into what the children are saying. Father even joins in their argument, now and then, as if they were grown up — unless they become too heated, when he stops them without further ado. Father's attention might seem to be sufficiently occupied with the mere carving for such a family, for he hardly has the long tableful served once around before the children are ready for second helpings but he keeps up his discourse with the guests as urbanely as if for the entire meal he had the leisure that comes at length while mother serves the dessert in the expectant hush which that exciting part of dinner produces.

The family scatters again. After school the children gather on the grass, with a few companions, under the large elm tree back of the president's house. Old-fashioned cabbage roses are blossoming on one side; beds of fragrant perennials beyond; nearer the house are father's favorite petunias, portulacas and pansies. In the distance is the vegetable garden and behind that the apple orchard. The pear trees are nearer the children and close at hand is the cherry tree, with its black-hearts hanging luscious ready for any child who cares to clamber up and resume the interrupted plucking and eating. Three or four white rabbits are loping about, nibbling what they like within the circle but headed off if they make for the gardens. Close by is the Shetland pony, Pompey, cropping the fresh grass or nosing among the children for sugar. The pony's name does not suit her gender nor express her style, but she is an important member of the family, and in these early days, before landscape gardening has begun, she is quite a feature of the unkempt back campus. The

PONY POMPEY AND THE FAMILY
About 1882

children are aware that these wide spaces are only the college campus, but they enjoy them as if they were their private estate. The brilliant green of the grass, the pink of the rabbits' ears, the soft warmth of the day, the smell of the pony, are so enchanting that they produce an ecstasy which imprints the picture on at least one memory for life. One of the children rolls over and exclaims, 'Aren't we having fun! It's great to be our ages!' and another answers, 'You bet! and nothing nor nobody can ever take this away from us!' And nothing nor nobody ever has!

The reason for this happy childhood appears before long — the centre round which it revolves. Father and mother come back from their drive, and the children, pony, rabbits and all, swarm around the carriage for a few moments of noisy exclamations over the afternoon's activities, to which the parents listen with deep interest, giving them their entire attention, before they disappear into the house.

It must be nearly supper time for the 'hired man' appears with the milk pail, heading for the back campus where the president's cow is pastured. This is a signal for little Seelyes to rush for the kitchen door and reappear each with a silver mug into which Henry milks the first and principal course of their supper. The best part of the day comes after supper when all troop up stairs to find the mother putting the baby to bed and ready to listen to what each child has to tell. Soon in comes the father and takes the older children down stairs again so that the baby can get to sleep, and for about a half an hour he devotes himself to them, playing games or telling stories. The favorite game at this time is 'Old Bear,' in which he pretends to be asleep on the sofa while the children paw over him in tense excitement waiting for the moment when he

suddenly awakes with a roar and seizing one of them casts him into the den behind the sofa.

Bed time — and perhaps the parents are relieved to have a little peace and quiet by themselves, but if so the children never know it. All their lives the father and mother gave their children the feeling that they got more joy out of having as many as possible of the noisy family together than in any other way, and in return they were adored by each one of their children.

The president's house was a comfortable and delightful home. In the early years it was like a private house set in large grounds. Even when the college buildings came closer, they did not intrude seriously upon its privacy, while in the long summer vacations the family had the campus to itself. The barn, moved often to make way for new buildings, was at first near enough to the house for the family to visit the horses frequently, and the large vegetable garden behind it was close enough for the father to give it careful attention. The different plantings of peas and corn, timed to last through the summer, were under his supervision. The asparagus bed was his particular pride. It was large enough to furnish all that the family could eat during the season and to make an enchanted bower for the little daughters after it had grown up into feathery bushes, a magical retreat where they paraded in 'fairy dresses' spangled with silver-paper stars, threading their way daintily among the waving fronds which seemed quite proper surroundings for little fairies. On the other side of the barn was the row of currant bushes, an important feature of the family life. Early in July when the currants were considered ripe for jelly, the entire family was expected to turn in and pick them. Father and mother usually helped and the children made it a social occasion, shrewdly inviting as

many friends as possible to join the party. Even after the young people were enjoying college vacations, all were expected to help with the currant-picking, and they went at it with song, banter and laughter which float back across the years.

The raspberries and blackberries did not demand so much attention, but the strawberry bed was of consequence in the early years. The children were paid a few cents a quart for picking the berries, and this was to be done before breakfast — not so early, however, as to awaken the father and mother. Before half-past six they were not to stir out of bed. During the years when the four older children, sleeping in the large nursery, used to waken about six every morning, it was difficult for them to restrain their energies for that long half-hour. Quiet games could be invented but there were times when the parents missed a half-hour's sleep. A vivid memory persists of a June morning, the sun coming into the big, airy room where the four cribs held four lively standing figures. There was to be a circus in the town to which father was to take the two little boys, and there was to be a pantomime called 'Bo-Peep' to which mother was to take the two little girls. The division was entirely satisfactory and the children were enlivening their half-hour by giving vent to their complacency in song — at first *very* softly:

Little girls: Wouldn't go to the circus *if* I could!
Wouldn't go to the circus *if* I could!

Little boys: Wouldn't go to Bo-Peep *if* I could!
Wouldn't go to Bo-Peep *if* I could!

All in unison: We're all contented *with* our lot!
We're all contented *with* our lot!

— *ad libitum* until the house rang with it, and the parents, listening, enjoyed it too much to impose any

check. When, indeed, did their own sleep count beside the happiness of the children!

When the children had outgrown 'Old Bear' and similar games, the father gathered them about him after supper and read poetry to them, making them familiar with the lilt of it before they could grasp its meaning, so that as small children they grew to love Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson and, later, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge. Lucy Grey, the Pied Piper, the May Queen, the Ancient Mariner were familiar figures. They thrilled over the ride of the man who brought the good news from Ghent to Aix; they almost heard the song of Shelley's skylark; they were familiar with the 'Idylls of the King' before they had any idea of the dark side of the love of Launcelot and Guenevere. Frequently the father would quote some bit of verse so oft repeated that the children came to know each word. Even now Keats's 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' recalls certain drives through the woods in spring when he would burst out exultantly with the lines:

> 'Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
> Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
> And, happy melodist, unwearied,
> For ever piping songs forever new.'

Sunday afternoons the children trooped off for a walk with him so that the mother might rest. Sunset Hill was a favorite objective; it was beautiful with its wide views and thick woods, and it was far from the haunts of men. When he was sure that no one could hear him, the father liked to 'exercise his voice.' He used to tell the children that when he was young he had a little thin voice like theirs, but that when he made up his mind to be a minister he had to strengthen it. Whenever he was out in the woods he would begin to shout, 'John — Jo-o-hn! — Ring — your — be-ells

— yo-our — be-e-lls — Jo-ohn — Jo-o-o-HN!' varying this by 'Ship — aho-o-oy — aho-o-oy!' 'Project your voice,' he would say to the children, 'like this!' and the woods would ring again with 'Jo-o-ohn! Jo-o-ohn!' The children mimicked him and teased him, but something of the value of such practice penetrated their minds. It was thoroughly characteristic of his power of will. To those who heard him in daily chapel or Sunday vespers the vibrations of that voice will not die, yet its deep resonance was due to just such homely rigorous exercises, akin to the conscientious physical drill which helped to keep his body fit.

Pictures stand out of Sunday evenings. While the mother was putting the baby to bed, the father would establish himself on the sofa with children on his knees and on either side, and continue the adventures of George and Lucy whose eventful lives were followed breathlessly from week to week. To the children they invariably were thrilling, but they were spun out so easily that the author was apt to doze off while he continued to spin, until he was trapped in some inconsistency and accused triumphantly. 'And — er — the little black dog was sitting up ——' 'Oh, no, Papa, there wasn't any little black dog this time! O-o-oh, you've gone to sleep again!' — and he would join in the laughter and begin again.

Sunday evenings there were family prayers again, with the Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed recited in unison. After the children had outgrown George and Lucy, all the family joined in singing hymns — in the earlier years with the mother at the piano, later with the daughter Abigail. The father took the keenest pleasure in this hymn singing — all his life he liked to have it whenever the family was united. He was not musical in the strict sense of the

word and he had had no musical education; there were only two hymns to which he could carry the bass, and these were taught him by his daughter Abigail with much fun on both sides. He had a deep appreciation of good music, however, and often was greatly moved by it. Best of all he loved his daughter Abigail's music, her lovely voice in singing, her beautiful touch on the piano. Tears often came into his eyes as she sang 'Oh, rest in the Lord,' from the 'Elijah,' Gounod's 'Ave Maria' or Dvořák's renderings of the Psalms. One can see him now, rising as she finished and going to her with outstretched arms, exclaiming, 'Oh, my dear! How beautiful that was!'

For all his New England heritage, he did not hesitate to show his emotions. His joy at any happy occurrence in the family often sent him around the circle with a hug for each one or a kiss on the forehead. His satisfaction if one reached home just ahead of a thunderstorm was intense. The buoyancy which caused the young professor to rush off and get a photograph made of the Amherst house to celebrate the safe arrival of a baby was always characteristic of him. Any victory over circumstance made his spirits rise. He was like a boy if he managed to catch a train he had feared to miss. When he returned from some trip to New York or Boston, he entered the house bubbling with enthusiasm, even if he had been gone only for a day. The train to which he changed at Springfield arrived in Northampton about eight; his supper was kept hot for him, and after donning his slippers and taking a comfortable time for washing his hands, he would sit down to it radiant with content. He might have had an exhausting day but weariness was forgotten. 'It's good to be home!' he would exclaim as the family gathered in the dining room while he ate his supper with relish, telling

of all that had happened since he left home, making an interesting story of the least event. If it were possible he usually came home before the time set. He was keenly susceptible to weather, good or bad, so that when he had encountered stormy weather on a trip he sometimes reappeared at home with a suddenness that was disconcerting. As the children grew older, they used to invite company or plan entertainments during the father's absence that he might be spared any disturbance, but it became a family by-word that he was sure to turn up on such an occasion. His appearance, nevertheless, was hailed with joy by the young people, and his pleasure at being home again was irrepressible. As soon as the company had gone, he would exult, 'Ah, how much better this is than that old hotel in the rain!' gathering several of the family in a comprehensive hug.

With this buoyancy it was natural that he should be depressed at times. There were moments when he took a dark view of the world and felt intensely that certain things in it ought not to be allowed. Of life as a whole, however, he was persistently optimistic; for him God always was in his heaven. He would not allow a pessimistic attitude in his family, and dread was something to be smiled at. If any one expressed such a feeling, he would lean back in his chair and quote:

> 'Some of our griefs we have cured,
> And the sharpest we still have survived,
> But what terrible pangs we've endured
> From those that never arrived!'

Or, at another time:

> 'That man is blest
> Who does his best
> And leaves the rest.'

Moderation was another trait which his family was urged to cultivate. '*Doucement, doucement*,' he would

say with his indulgent smile, when one grew excited or strenuous; or, '*Pas de zèle, mon enfant!*' Moderation was not natural to his impulsive temperament, but he cultivated it with the same faithfulness with which he cultivated his voice — moderation in judgment, in speech, in action, in eating. He had an excellent appetite but he made a practice of stopping before he was satisfied; no motive of politeness would induce him to take more when he was convinced that he had had enough.

Charitableness likewise was expected, as well as optimism and moderation. Each one was expected to bring to the family circle whatever of interest had been seen or heard. My father had a gift for describing people — dress, colors, voice, mannerisms; he treasured amusing incidents and dramatized them for the family, and he expected the same from the children. Talk was gay and unrestrained in that big family — but no evil was listened to of any person. The children never heard father or mother censorious or critical of others. Foibles or peculiarities sometimes made an amusing story but never a malicious one. Nor was it ever mentioned of any one that he had money; the word 'rich' was not in good taste — it was taboo, as was all scandal.

My father said sometimes that if he had not become a minister he might have become a physician, so interested was he in every thing that concerned that profession. He enjoyed talking medicine and surgery with his two sons after they had chosen that calling, listening with interest to details of operations, following various cases, elated if they were successful, depressed if the patient died. Of drugs, however, he invariably was scornful. When the children were little, except in rare cases of serious illness, he was the heaven-born

physician for the family, prescribing diet or fasting or rest, but never drugs or medicines. 'Don't take all that poison into your system!' he would urge. 'Nature will do more for you than drugs. If you had taken a lot of medicine, you would have laid this recovery to that! *Post hoc, propter hoc!*' With his scorn of medicines went his faith in nursing, and he himself was a most tender nurse, his solicitude making up for his lack of skill — for he never was apt with his hands. When one of the children, convalescing from typhoid fever, enjoyed milk fresh from the cow, it was the father who brought it upstairs every afternoon, taking pains to be at home at milking time, and watching with satisfaction while the patient drank it. When a croupy child at night would bring the mother instantly to its crib, the father usually was by her side, helping to ease the cough with the simple remedies in which he trusted; and in these, as in all things, she depended on his judgment, turning naturally to him in every exigency, sure of his wisdom and understanding. Throughout his life his care for her was unceasing and adoring. 'I want your mother to get some rest, so be quiet, children!' was so frequent in the early days that the admonition was not needed later. 'He carries her on his hands!' used to be quoted of his tender attentions, at which she would look up with her soft, indulgent smile.

Her watchfulness for his welfare was as constant and devoted. Each disposition and temperament supplemented the other. Her reserve craved his buoyant demonstrativeness. She was proud of his brilliancy, of his accomplishments. He took continual delight in her beauty and grace. Her methodical ways were a constant help to him, not only in the ordering of her household and her daily acts, but in the processes of her mind. With a spirit free from modern complexities,

her chief object was to keep his path smooth for him, and this her own unselfishness and her systematic mind did almost unconsciously. To give him time and space in which to think and to work; to keep in their place the claims and joys of the family; to diffuse the atmosphere of peace and rest throughout the house — all this was effected instinctively by her serenity and poise. She was the natural centre of the family life, sought first by each member on entering the house. For each one of the family difficulties were solved by her wisdom and humor. Her husband brought his problems to her, consulting her on every sort of question, even submitting the phrasing of a letter or a speech, or begging her to add a column of figures.

In spite of her gentle unobtrusiveness, no one could talk with the mother of the family without perceiving her remarkable mental qualities. Her alert and progressive intelligence was ever receptive to new ideas. While the classes were small she attended as listener various courses in the college, working out by herself problems set for the class in mathematics, or following the philosophy courses with ardent attention. Memories remain of her interest in Berkeley and Locke, Kant and Hegel. She read with enthusiasm the writings of Darwin and Huxley and had accepted eagerly the theory of evolution while her more conservative husband still was regarding it with doubt. She gave careful attention to scientific discoveries, inventions of any kind, progress in any form and, in spite of the demands of her family which invariably came foremost, she found time for more reading than is achieved by the average modern woman.

When one of her children, beginning Latin, was overwhelmed by its difficulties, she made up her mind that she must help him. Latin had not been included in the

curriculum of Miss Porter's school when Henrietta Chapin was at Farmington, so she attacked it by herself until, by keeping ahead of her boy every day, she could help him with his lesson in the evening. In this way she read Cæsar and Cicero with him and made it possible for him to continue with his class. When a daughter was spending some time in Germany, speaking and reading German with an enthusiasm which was communicated in the weekly letters, the mother, who knew no German, procured a grammar and textbooks and conquered the language by herself, so that she laid out a long course of German reading and took much pleasure in it.

One of the things that helped the father of the family in the increasing pressure of administrative work was the daily drive with the companion who never failed to rest and invigorate his spirit. Whatever the stress of business, time was made for this afternoon airing, the father himself driving the span of horses in which he took decided satisfaction. There were certain drives that belonged to certain times and had fixed associations. The roads over the river meadows belonged to bright days in the fall; the Westhampton road was taken on the days when the mountain laurel was in bloom; the Horse Mountain road was sacred to the afternoon preceding Baccalaureate Sunday. It might be ventured upon occasionally during the year on some day of extraordinary beauty, but it invariably was sought on that particular Saturday when its remoteness, the peace of its thick woods and the wide view from its highest point, brought the relaxation needed before the stress of Commencement Week.

My father was fond of spirited horses and once or twice it looked as if they would get the better of him, but his companion had no fear if Clark were driving.

Once coming home with the family sleigh, the horses, excited by the cold weather, took alarm at a train approaching behind them, and started to run. As they charged down the road it must have seemed to pedestrians, tumbling into the snow on either side, as if their driver were not going to be able to stop them before the train reached the grade crossing just ahead. However, the mother of the family with a small child at her side did not blanch; her confidence in Clark never wavered. The only time that she ever was heard to express anything but absolute trust was at a time when she thought one of the children was hurt. My father put one of the little boys on the back of a mustang pony he had just bought, and the pony made a dash for the barn, throwing the boy violently over his head. My mother's passionate 'Oh, Clark, how *could* you!' as the little child lay on the ground, stands out as the only rebuke uttered by her other than the gentle chiding of her children, so effective in its firm tenderness.

This mustang pony proved to be a fierce little beast. He had belonged to a circus and the children hoped he might be persuaded to do tricks, but after he had taken the bit in his teeth and nearly run away with my father, he was superseded by the more placid Pompey. My father liked to have animals about, perhaps because of his boyhood on the farm. Besides his own horses, there always was a pony while the children were little and horses for them later. Except in the Amherst days there never was a dog; after he had to contend with insomnia he had the fixed idea that a dog would bark at night and keep him awake. There were rabbits and chickens and always cats and kittens. He liked to have kittens frolicking about the room in the evening when he had put on his slippers and settled himself in his armchair. He usually fed them himself, preparing

their food at the table and putting the plate on the hearth. They were spoken of by name as members of the family, and their names were selected by my father after careful deliberation. Semiramis was every inch a queen; Dido usually got left; Xantippe had a peevish temper; Cornelia was the proud mother of two pretty kittens who were called Scipio and Agrippina, shortened to Scippy and Grippy. My father took a complacent interest in hearing of other men who were fond of cats — Richelieu, Napoleon, Matthew Arnold, Charles Eliot Norton. Kittens were allowed the freedom of the house and often were under the table at meals, sometimes to the annoyance of guests who had to pluck them off skirts or trousers while the host blandly continued the conversation.

The informality of meals in that large family may be imagined, but no amount of informality could take from the genuine hospitality. There was a constant stream of guests from the humblest to the most distinguished, and there was a welcome for all. There was only one 'spare room,' but it was occupied frequently. Northampton had no good hotel for many years, so that most of the people who came to lecture or read at the college, or perhaps only to see what it was like, stayed at the president's house. For some of these there were formal dinners, with children and cats excluded, but more often they were taken into the family circle.

Memories are treasured of many distinguished and delightful visitors. Professor Hiram Corson of Cornell came several times. He read Browning so beautifully that certain poems still carry his voice; but he was frail and delicate and seemed to the younger members of the family infirm and fussy because he always wanted a coal fire in his warm bedroom. Henry Drum-

mond of Scotland was delightful in his enjoyment of afternoon tea. His countryman, Professor William Knight, was a frequent guest at one time, giving a course of lectures in the college and making himself pleasantly at home in the family. The figure of Matthew Arnold still is vivid as he entered the house one bright afternoon in early spring and exclaimed with delight at my mother's jars of tulips, darting to them before his coat was off. After a little conversation, he declared that he should like to take 'a tu-r-rn about,' and he and my father went for a brisk walk up Elm Street. Thereafter my mother used to announce that she was going to take 'a tu-r-rn about' when she took her daily walk, and it became a family phrase. Matthew Arnold was a charming friendly visitor, interested in everything concerning the household — the children, the cats, the food, the flowers — peering at everything in his nearsighted way or putting up his monocle for a better view. He looked through my father's book shelves with interest and was enchanted to find Keble's 'Christian Year,' taking out the volume and discoursing to the family about Keble who was his godfather. Of his lecture 'Literature and Life' no strong impression remains, only the picture of his spare figure on the platform, looking very English with the monocle which so intrigued the young people. The next morning at chapel, however, his reading from his own poems was something not to be forgotten. 'Rugby Chapel' must bring back always that impassioned voice for those who heard him.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards likewise was a comfortable guest as well as a scholarly lecturer. Israel Zangwill was intensely interested in the college. He was struck by its unsectarian and yet strongly religious character, commenting upon the hymn sung and Scripture read

at morning chapel as being what any good person might enjoy. An amusing picture remains of him in the home. He had a bad cold, and one remembers him after supper at which there were other guests, walking up and down the drawing-room, talking eagerly and delightfully as he sprayed his nose with an atomizer which he now and then employed on some one else, stopping to explain its virtues. After his lecture he discussed Zionism with my father who was so interested that he forgot his uniform adherence to the ten o'clock rule and sat up till one o'clock, an act so unprecedented that it made a strong impression on the family. Professor and Mrs. William James, John Fiske, Charles Eliot Norton, Chauncey M. Depew, Booker Washington, Hugh Black, Mrs. Maude Ballington Booth, two Frenchmen, René Doumic and Edouard Rod, and the Pundita Ramabai of India were among the many interesting persons who came to the president's house and shared its ready hospitality.

There was also constant entertaining — for the students, for the faculty, for the townspeople, for the children. For many years, until it was transferred to the art gallery, there was the president's reception at Commencement time, and always at the president's side or at the head of the table was the gracious hostess with her serene dignity and charm. In the latter years of his administration frail health obliged her to relinquish much of the hospitality which she enjoyed, though it did not diminish her pleasure in receiving her friends.

One of the pictures which memory keeps undimmed is of an evening when there had been a party or entertainment which had demanded one's best garments. All six children, then grown, were talking it over in the drawing-room when the father came in, beaming

in his pride and pleasure, and complimented them on their general fine feathers and good looks. His face changed and grew tender as the mother entered, lovely in her lavender gown. At once he put his arm around her and waved his hand towards his children saying, 'You all look very beautiful but none of you can come up to your mother!' at which all six children applauded.

This stands out as one of the last pictures of the family with the six children together. One daughter went abroad soon and before she came home Arthur, the second son, had gone, and the family had passed through the unaccustomed waters of suspense, disaster and sorrow. When little Bertram had died the other children were too young to realize all that it meant to the parents; it was only in talking with them later that the knowledge came. Arthur's death in 1895, however, with the tragic circumstances that surrounded it, changed life for each member of the family.

Arthur had come home for the Easter holidays from Harvard where he was taking a post-graduate course in English. Twenty-four years old, he was a youth of rare promise, brilliant, high-spirited, high-minded and lovable. He had come home glowing with health and happiness. Always athletic, an expert climber, he set out on the morning after Easter Sunday to climb the Mount Tom range and get a view of the meadows which the Connecticut River, swollen from spring rains, had overflowed. When he did not return by evening, all were anxious. The youngest brother, Walter, who had come over from Amherst in the afternoon to see Arthur, was too uneasy to go back to college. Early Tuesday morning he collected a group of men and started for the mountain, thinking that Arthur might be hurt somewhere in that long range of

wild mountain side. All day until dark they hunted in vain; early Wednesday morning they set out again. By that time the news had spread through the region and there were more than three hundred men searching on the mountain range. The oldest brother, Ralph, brought up a group of men from Springfield; two mills in Easthampton were shut down that the men might join in the search; there were firemen from Northampton, men from Florence and Smith's Ferry, volunteers from Amherst College and Williston Seminary, besides a large band organized by the Reverend Paul van Dyke, then pastor of the Edwards Church.

A farmer reported that he had seen a figure on top of the cliffs at the southern end of the range on Monday afternoon, apparently amusing himself by throwing stones far out over the precipice. At the foot of these cliffs the body was found on Wednesday. Those who examined the ground at the top thought that the fall might have been due to cleavage of the trap rock from the winter's frost; or there may have been a loss of balance. There is no doubt that the end was instantaneous.

The courage, faith and spiritual elevation of the father and mother were what carried the family through this tragic time. It was not pious resignation nor was it the Calvinistic belief that their suffering was sent to them as punishment. It was a deep conviction of God's love; a confident trust in his compassion and help. In their disregard of self their thoughts reached out to the daughter who received the news in Paris, and the nobility of their courage were an inspiration and unspeakable comfort. A few extracts from their letters show the spiritual quality and the unselfishness which they infused into the home.

From my mother's letter:

Friday, April 19, 1895

'. . . I can only tell you not to think of us as broken hearted. I would not have believed that so much that is merciful could come into our hearts to help us now. . . . We feel so sure of his happiness now, and his death was a flash with no suffering. We have nothing to regret or be sad about except for ourselves. We shall have to learn to do without him in the little time we stay in this world. . . .

'We have all accepted it and are going to be cheerful about it, and I hope you can be too. It is harder for you because you have none of these comforts of friends and sympathy that we have. The whole country has risen up to help us. . . . The Lord is carrying us right along and you must just give yourself right into his hands and then you can bear it. . . . There is no need for your hurrying home any earlier. Everything will go on here just the same. God will help you, my darling.'

From my father's letter of the same date:

'. . . Through the unutterable grief we have had such an experience of the infinite compassion of our Heavenly Father in the ministry of those whom He has inspired to help and comfort us, that the affliction has been transfigured, and we have had such a vision of the Divine goodness and compassion that we can say the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord! . . . I want you also to look to the same unfailing mercy for help, as we cannot be with you. . . .

'May the Heavenly Father grant you strength and grace is the prayer of your earthly father who loves you with a love no words can express.'

'*April* 23, 1895

'. . . I would like to put a word into your mother's letter just to tell you of my unfailing love and my earnest prayer that God may be as gracious and merciful to you as He has been to us. And I am sure He will. It seemed at first as if all the waves and billows had overwhelmed us and we could not bear the burden, but He has strengthened us with His strength, and in manifold ways has shown us so clearly how tenderly He was preparing consolation for us that every day we are bowing with greater resignation and more loving confidence to His will. . . .

'I shall forever think of him as he passed from us that morning, in the vigor and beauty of his manhood, with a smile upon his lips, up where the view was the most glorious, and so without apparently a struggle or a pang passed into the presence of Him who loves with a love so much broader and deeper than ours. . . .

'The Sunday night before he left us, he and I had just come home from a long walk, when I looked over to Mount Tom. It was Easter Sunday but it had been wet and dreary and cold. Then, however, the rain had ceased and, although all the rest of the sky was covered with thick clouds, the mountain stood out in the clear light of the setting sun with a perfectly cloudless sky above. I called Arthur's attention to it and we both admired it and hoped the storm was over. Perhaps it was given to us as a sign, at least I accept it as such, that the darkest tragedy which that mountain has probably ever witnessed and with which for us it will be henceforth associated, also may stand out in the unclouded light of God's love, no longer a cruel mystery when we are able to see all its relations, but another expression of a loving Father's foresight and tender care.

'Therefore let us take up the work of life and do it courageously, rejoicing that what was most lovely in Arthur is imperishable and cannot be taken away from us. Out across the ocean, my darling girl, the heart of your father goes in unutterable love and blessing. May the Everlasting arms be underneath you and sustain and protect.'

My father scarcely slept during that week of suspense and tragedy. Insomnia had its way and he grew haggard and thin, but he neglected no duty, went out every day and kept up the courage of all about him. Only he was not seen in his daily place in the college chapel. When Sunday came, however, he appeared at Vespers, worn and pale but holding himself in perfect control. Standing erect and soldierly, he read the thirty-fourth psalm, beginning: 'I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof and be glad.'

Every listener was profoundly moved. All felt that they were seeing into the heart and character of the man before them. No one could fail to see that the words were an expression of the reader's own soul as the resonant voice pronounced the entire psalm, so full of triumphant trust in God and in His power to help: 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. . . . O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him. . . . The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart. . . . The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.'

CHAPTER XVI

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES

WHATEVER may have been the inner religious life of Clark Seelye during his boyhood and youth, he kept to himself. His boyhood was normal and happy, in spite of the rather delicate health which made him prefer a book in the house to the strenuous activities of the farm. His letters as a boy and a young man show no tendency to the introspective and gloomy view of life which was apt to characterize his Puritan background and surroundings. Throughout his life, indeed, his attitude towards religion and whatever pertained to it was sane and open-minded.

The atmosphere in which he was brought up was doubtless no more austerely orthodox than that of most other homes in Bethel, although perhaps in none was the rigid adherence to sound doctrine and traditional forms more strictly preserved. For Seth Seelye life centred about the church, and its observances were of foremost consequence in the conduct of family affairs. Stern, uncompromising Puritan that he was, he saw to it that all his children attended divine service with inflexible regularity, not only when they were at home, but no matter where they might be, and the habit prevailed as long as they lived.

Like his six brothers and sisters, Clark joined the Congregational Church of the village in his youth, although he was away from home so much that he does not seem to have identified himself with it in any significant way. Religion, neverthless, always was the supreme interest of his life. As early as he could re-

member, he cherished the hope of becoming a minister, a hope constantly fostered by his mother who had destined him for this calling from his earliest youth, perhaps from birth. With this in mind, the older brothers helped her to secure the best education available for him. In his life with Samuel in Wolcottville the claims of the ministry were emphasized day by day, and while he was in college the influence of Uncle Hickok and Julius helped to nurture the seed planted by Clark's mother, a seed planted in such fertile soil that its growth already was well developed. When illness obliged him to leave Andover during his second year in the theological seminary, he fully expected to return at the opening of the fall term. By the end of May, when he went out to stay with his brother Thomas in Cleveland, he already had turned his attention to writing the sermons that were expected of a young theological student, and the three which he finished were used frequently during that summer of 1859.

For a boy of twenty-one years these first sermons are interesting. They are full of the same constructive optimism which characterized the writer all his life. The close of sermon number 1 is so typical of the messages of hope and encouragement which he delivered throughout his life, that he might have given it in the same words at any time in later years: 'They which are for us are more than those who are against us. We are not alone for our Father is ever with us. We are not weak for God is our strength. We are not ignorant for God is our wisdom. Therefore, my brethren, be ye strong in the Lord and the power of his might.' Sermon number 2, 'Love the Fulfilling of the Law,' is even more characteristic, for every Smith student of his day will remember that love — the love of God for us and

our love to God — was his favorite theme. The boy of twenty-one preached love to God as the key to all our religion, and during that long life the words were constantly on his lips. The third sermon evidently was not such a favorite for it was preached only twice that summer.

Clark's evident success in preaching did not influence the professional judgment of the eldest brother. Thomas persuaded his parents that the boy ought to spend the coming winter in a milder climate than that of Massachusetts, but the return to Andover was merely postponed and Clark looked upon his journey chiefly as an opportunity to acquire background and details for future sermons. The invitation to preach on the island of Malta seems to have been the only chance he had to keep his hand in, during his travels, although his future career was constantly before his mind. As has been said, the careful record of all that he saw was sent home each week to the family with the express understanding that all the letters were to be collected and preserved for his later use.

During this journey he began jotting down in notebooks quotations, thoughts, observations for use in sermons or addresses, a habit which he kept up as long as he lived. The notebooks were not diaries; the entries were undated and seldom related, but they show how constantly his thoughts ran along the lines of sermons to be written. A large, thick blank-book bearing the mark of a Naples book shop evidently was begun in Egypt and various entries show that its use continued for fifteen or twenty years. It is plain that scenes or incidents in Egypt and Palestine were never without their possible value for future use, and such use was not infrequent in later life. Of course he indulged in the early-Victorian custom, proper for travellers in the

Holy Land, of collecting flowers from places mentioned in Scripture. In after years his children used to be allowed, as a special treat suitable for Sunday afternoons, to look through the little book with its embossed green leather covers on whose white pages Clark's sister-in-law had arranged the pressed flowers in decorative designs, each with its appropriate quotation. Memory holds vivid certain pages, as the one on which a tiny vine is arranged in the form of a wreath within which, in Maria's neat handwriting, are the words, 'Now Jacob's well was there.'

It has been shown already that Clark's intention to return to Andover was given up when the chance presented itself for more travel and further reëstablishment of his health. His consequent decision to finish his theological studies in Germany was more far-reaching than he knew, for he was brought thus under the influence of the philosophical and theological speculation of German universities, and it was inevitable that this should have an important effect upon his thinking.

Andover never stood for the strictest or most rigid orthodoxy; fundamentalists, indeed, often looked askance upon its so-called liberalism. However, compared with German schools, Andover was conservatism itself, and Clark doubtless was grounded in sound orthodox theology during his short stay there. When, on the other hand, he settled in Berlin for study, the doctrines of the Tübingen school still were current in most of the German universities. It is true that in 1860 its exponents had reacted from its extreme theses, but the views presented in the lecture rooms of the University of Berlin were very different from the faith of Clark's upbringing as well as from what he had been taught in the seminary. His conservative temperament kept him from adopting unreservedly all that he

heard; nevertheless, the consequences of his studies in Berlin and Heidelberg can be traced throughout his life. In spite of his open-mindedness, he always was cautious in receiving new ideas. The fact that they were new meant that they must be balanced against the old and carefully weighed. Change was not necessarily progress. The leaven implanted by these studies worked slowly, therefore, although it never ceased to work. Even though the discarding of some of his early opinions did not take place for many years, he continued to keep abreast of the results of German thought, and from the beginning of his ministry he had a wider outlook and wider information than the majority of American pastors of that day. The effect of this background was cumulative; it increased as the years passed, influencing his thinking more and more strongly, even though he may not have been conscious of how much impetus was given to his broadening vision by his studies in 1860 and 1861.

The gradual change is manifest in the contrast between some of his early writings and those of Smith College days. In an address delivered before the Massachusetts Bible Society in 1871, one finds him, for instance, presenting views on plenary inspiration of the Scriptures which he had quite outgrown ten years later. Another interesting change was in his attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church. His letters from Rome as a young man show marked hostility to the Roman Church and its practices; his descriptions of the Christmas service in Saint Peter's are full of a scorn which is a distinct reflection of his Puritan background and upbringing, an inheritance from anti-papist ancestors. As he came to know men of that church, however, and to understand its history, his feelings gradually changed; he became appreciative and cordial

towards it. He sought friendly relations with its representatives in Northampton. In his work for Church Federation, a cause for which he labored vigorously throughout the Connecticut Valley, he included the Roman Church in his plea for Christian unity, predicting that the day was not far distant when Catholics and Protestants would sit down together at the table of our Lord, a breadth of view which brought scathing criticism upon him from the more narrow-minded.

There is little in his early sermons to suggest his gradual advance to broader thought — indeed there is little to suggest the need of it. He never was a controversialist. His sermons were not concerned with dogma or speculation, however much he might meditate on such questions in his study. From the beginning his sermons were constructive, hopeful, positive, encouraging, full of practical advice and of exhortations to right living. This from his Naples notebook is characteristic: 'Opinions may be changing in regard to statements of doctrine, but they do not with regard to the essentials of conduct. These remain. Exalted heroism, self-sacrificing devotion, self-abnegation, these still exist as they ever have done.'

The love of God was ever his favorite theme, there are more sermons dealing with this than with any other subject. This alone would soften his views; the fact that his conception of Christian doctrine centred increasingly in the thought of God's love would lead him to reject certain extreme orthodox doctrines which were concerned with the idea of God's wrath. In notes for a talk on the Atonement, for instance, one is struck by his repudiation of the orthodox emphasis on God's retributive justice and his finding in the Atonement the supreme expression of the love of God. Neither the philosophical nor the theological aspects of religion in-

terested him, conversant as he was with both. Abstract thinking did not appeal to him. He was interested in preaching and in the practical side of theology. Doubtless his reaction to such questions was partly temperamental, as is so often the case with the reactions of men to matters of belief. His brother Julius likewise had studied theology in Germany, but his interest had been in philosophy. Moreover Julius kept his orthodox views through life, whence one may infer that it took more than German speculation to change Clark's attitude.

Although he was an active pastor only for two years and a half, he gave much time and attention to preaching during the following ten years. In spite of the fact that his interest in Amherst College, in his class work, in the students and the faculty, was genuine and intense, he still regarded the ministry as his life work. With his removal to Northampton, however, although he reserved in his mind the idea of the ministry as a refuge should he not succeed in the new field, his conception of his career changed and from that time he preached only occasionally. He was ready to help in his own church if need arose; for many years he preached every summer at Watch Hill, and perhaps once or twice a year in other New England churches. His interest in preaching now found its chief outlet, however, in his yearly Baccalaureate sermons and in his weekly talks at the vesper service.

Perhaps his most important activity in connection with religious thought after leaving Amherst was the study and reading necessary for his lectures upon Biblical Literature in Smith College. These studies in the Higher Criticism of the Bible produced more of a revolution in his thinking than had been caused by lectures from German professors, although there is no

doubt that the influence of the German lectures had made his mind receptive to this new thought. His approach to the subject was interesting. In preparing himself for his classes in Amherst, he had thrown himself enthusiastically into the study of English literature, pursuing with ardor the then new subject of Celtic poetry. He continued to give at Smith the same lectures on English literature which he had given at Amherst, but he now threw himself into the study of Biblical literature with the same thoroughness and enthusiasm which he had spent on Celtic poetry. His training as a minister had made him familiar with the text of the Scriptures, but his new interest in literary matters doubtless influenced his choice of the angle from which he approached the study of the Bible for his class work. He began to read it as a student of literature and was as fascinated by what this new study revealed as he had been by the mine of Celtic poetry. One wonders whether he would have treated it thus a few years earlier.

In 1875 the Higher Criticism of the Bible was new to American thought and generally considered dangerous. It is interesting, therefore, that President Seelye, conservative as he was, should have adopted with readiness a point of view so contrary to his previous thinking as well as to the attitude of the day. Yet this change of view was more gradual than might be supposed even from the courses of lectures which were given. He read and studied exhaustively upon the subject, but the following shrewd comment shows his frame of mind: 'You remember,' writes Miss Caverno, 'in the president's Bible lectures that he himself inclined to pretty conservative conclusions, but felt no hesitation in offering the radical point of view and seemed to feel it natural that that side would appeal to others.'

It was characteristic of him to present the results of his studies to his classes, not as something strange and revolutionary, but in a matter-of-fact and unaggressive way which disarmed controversy, so that many of his young listeners did not realize until later in life that the ideas offered to them were quite contrary to their fundamental upbringing. Several of these students write of being surprised, on reading their 'Bible notes,' many years later, to find how modern were the theories and discoveries put before them. For others, nevertheless, the new knowledge produced an upheaval at the moment of its reception. Mrs. Cone was not alone in her experience.

'The subject which made the most impression upon me,' she writes, 'was the Old Testament and the president's lectures upon it. The effect was nothing less than an upsetting of my religious foundations and those of my family. We were religious people and were accustomed to a literal interpretation of the Bible. Our minister in Sunday School subscribed to a real serpent in an apple tree, and after the leaven of these lectures had worked for a year or two, he told my father that he deserved to be excommunicated. I suppose it was due to me that Smith College was credited with being a godless place. In my own mind what these lectures gave as to literary values in Genesis and the succeeding books was the most enlightening and refreshing thing I had ever met.'

As one reads these lectures to-day, they sound as fresh and modern as if they had been written for the present generation, nor would a student of to-day find them revolutionary or upsetting, so widespread has become the acceptance of their point of view. They treat first of the sources of our knowledge of the Bible, of the early Greek manuscripts and other matters con-

nected with the general background of the Scriptures. The Pentateuch and the other divisions of the Hebrew Bible are then taken up in order, each book being considered separately and the various theories concerning authorship, history, or other problems presented clearly and impartially. President Seelye devoted particular study and thought to certain books like Job, the Book of Psalms and the Song of Solomon, writing into these lectures more of his own theories and feelings than in most of the others, so that they still have almost a romantic thrill about them. The problems of the Song of Songs so fascinated him that he wrote a special essay upon it, which he evidently read before some meeting or society, stating his own conclusion in regard to the much-discussed poem in these words: 'A simple exquisite song of pure disinterested wedded love is not out of place in a book which makes marriage a sacred rite and which represents the Son of God as hallowing with his presence a wedding feast.'

The New Testament is treated in the same general way as the Old, with some time spent upon the Church Fathers, consideration of the synoptic problem and the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, the succeeding books being taken in turn. Before graduation every student was conversant with the problems and theories connected with the literary aspects of the Bible, and hundreds testify to the enrichment of their lives from what these lectures gave to them.

President Seelye stood throughout New England for the Higher Criticism of the Bible, and his scholarly presentation of its truths was recognized by all who heard him. He frequently was called upon to give addresses upon the subject and it is interesting to compare papers written in 1891 and 1892 with the one

delivered before the Massachusetts Bible Society in 1871. He still asserts: 'The claim of the Bible to be the Book of Books is one which is no longer open for discussion; that claim is incontrovertibly established in view of its past and present history. . . . We need not fear that criticism may change the inherent moral grandeur of the Biblical characters or lessen the value of the light which they throw upon the being and character of God. The Bible is a fact not a chimæra.' Nevertheless, he proceeds: 'If I interpret rightly what is called the higher Biblical criticism of our age, it demands first of all that the Bible should be judged by what it is, rather than by tradition or theological dogma. . . . There is a demand for entire honesty in dealing with the Scriptures. Give us the facts and do not shirk them.' [1]

He was not afraid of the truth. In one of his notebooks he has written in connection with certain parts of Ezra and Nehemiah: 'It is not necessary to say "falsus in uno falsus in omnibus." We do not thus judge history. . . . It is not necessary for us to say that the admission would destroy our faith. . . . Nor are we to concern ourselves about the results of admissions. We are to concern ourselves about the truth and God will care for the results.'

Until the establishment of the Sunday afternoon service in 1879, the Bible lectures and morning prayers were the chief contacts with the students whereby the president's religious thoughts and beliefs might be communicated. Each student was expected to attend morning prayers with the same regularity with which she was expected to attend any of her classes. One of them voices the general feeling when she writes, 'Though morning chapel was in a sense compulsory,

[1] *Changes in Biblical Interpretation*, 1892.

most of us went because we wanted to. Even the girls who had no church connection whatever liked to attend the chapel services, and few there are who do not value the memory of that reverent beginning of each day as a united college family, and who do not recall those brief exercises as one of the main things which bound us together into one body.' [1]

This was the natural time for anything which the president had to say to the collective student body, any announcement, gentle chiding or intimate and stimulating talk, and many such talks are preserved in the memory of students of President Seelye's day. He sets forth his idea concerning it in his 'Early History': 'This service was designed especially to nourish and strengthen those spiritual faculties on whose soundness right conduct depends, and it was to rank equally in importance with other academic requirements. . . . It was hoped to free the service from a perfunctory character and to make it religiously attractive and helpful to all who participated in it.' There is manifold testimony that this hope was realized; the simple service of Scripture, hymn, and prayer stands out for hundreds of alumnae as a precious memory. 'I remember still,' says Miss Cutler, 'the strong inspiration he brought to the chapel services, especially on Monday mornings when he had spent Sunday as he frequently told the college it should be spent, as "a day of rest for the heart."'

With the memories of morning chapel belong those of the Sunday vesper service. This was started as an experiment with some hesitation, but it soon became a vital part of the college life. There was more opportunity in this service for definite expression of thoughts on religious subjects, and President Seelye's notebooks

[1] Letter from Laura Lord Scales.

are full of drafts for such informal addresses, drafts which present the same characteristics as his sermons — hope, encouragement, cheer, assurance of the love of God. The little narrow brown notebooks make interesting reading, for the notes are not mere skeletons, but are elaborated with care, standing substantially as he delivered the address, however spontaneous and extempore his delivery appeared at the service. Notes for talks on certain occasions, like the New Year, Christmas, spring, bring back the ring of his voice, so characteristic are they of his language and point of view.

One can hear him declaring on a Sunday in May: 'The recurring springs are more than we can number, yet every year the season comes to us with the freshness of a new creation. Through how many catastrophes the spring has passed! Earthquakes have rent it, whirlwinds have debased it, floods have overwhelmed it, fire has ravaged it. There is no sign of exhaustion or weariness or disgust. The heavens are as bright, the trees and shrubs and grass start forth again with undiminished energy. The birds sing as gaily as if there had been no previous ages of darkness and death. . . . This youth of nature which is thus blended with its age is most encouraging to us. It speaks to us of the exhaustless life of God, of one who is not impoverished by the expenditure of force. . . . Out of the same abundance shall not every want of the spirit, every aspiration after purity, goodness, holiness be satisfied? Most of you stand at the threshold of life. It is your glorious spring with its suggestions of future harvests. What hope that these anticipations shall be realized? Is it not in this exhaustless life and love of God?'

The theme then takes a surprising turn, surprising because the notes never are dated, but characteristic in that from this same marvel of the spring he draws

courage for the nation under the dark cloud of war. The words must have been spoken in the spring of 1898 for they seem to refer to our war with Spain. 'Not in many years have we as a people been burdened with greater cares and anxieties. We are hurrying on to a most destructive war which will bring unspeakable sorrow and suffering to countless homes. If in this enlightened age, after all that education and religion have accomplished for humanity, disputes between two great Christian nations cannot be settled by reason and mutual concessions without appeal to arms, then what reasonable ground have we to hope for the final salvation of humanity? I know of none except in that lesson which these days emphasize of the exhaustless, enduring life of God. His voice comes to us again from every swelling bud and opening flower: "I am he that liveth and was dead and behold I am alive for ever more and have the keys of death and hell." He will be victorious over the forces of evil. The wrath of man shall praise him and shall never in its most furious outbreak be beyond his restraining power. Thus while we pray that this cup may pass from us, we may repeat in our most sorrowful apprehensions the words:

> '"Behold we know not anything.
> I can but trust that good will fall
> At last far off, at last to all,
> And every winter change to spring."'

It is not surprising that so many alumnae declare that the most valuable thing about their college course was the effect upon them of President Seelye's deep spirituality, his convincing faith, the saneness and sincerity of his religion which was a pervasive force in the college life. Miss Gulliver expresses the feeling of hundreds when she writes of 'the wonderful inspiration and

uplift of his religious faith. That influence of his life, and his spoken word was the main impression of my student days, as it has been the prized possession of my later years.'

'We have to thank you,' wrote an alumna to him, 'for a certain spiritual preparedness, if I may so express it, with which we went out to meet life.' [1] Miss V. J. Smith voices the same debt: 'Nowhere did his personality exert greater influence than in the spiritual field. His was an unwavering faith which by its very strength and uplift answered doubt in others. Could one doubt when he was so secure? Could one quibble when one felt the power he ever drew from a Higher Source? And in after years when the doubts return, how many a dark hour has been helped by the ever-recurring memory of those mighty passages which bear for us forever the connotation of his voice and his certainty. "And when he putteth forth his sheep, he goeth before them, and his sheep follow him for they know his voice."'

Perhaps most precious of all such memories are those of President Seelye's prayers. Prayer was for him no narrow individualistic petition, it was a supplication for strength, wisdom and grace, a thanksgiving for mercies received, a true communion with God. Like his apparently extempore talks, his prayers for special occasions were prepared with extreme care and there are many written out in full among his papers. Naturally the daily prayers at morning chapel were not written, any more than the supplications at family prayers in his home, prayers as beautiful as any that he uttered. His familiarity with the text of the Bible, with the Book of Common Prayer and other liturgies, as well as his own strong liturgical sense made the lan-

[1] Lucie L. Moore, letter to L. C. S.

guage of his prayers a legacy of beauty as well as of comfort and strength, a legacy which he could not help bestowing, so instinctive to him was such utterance.

One of his students took down in shorthand many of the president's prayers, and they have been published with this foreword: 'These prayers were offered by President Seelye at Morning Chapel and Sunday Vespers during his last college year, 1909–1910. The class of 1909, wishing to preserve for our Alma Mater the most precious heritage of our college life, arranged to have them recorded but without his knowledge, thus avoiding any embarrassment to him, for the spoken word arose from the depths of a spiritual experience by which he drew us into the very presence of the Father. The manuscript was treasured by the class of 1909 for fifteen years. President Seelye read it in the summer of 1924 and his consent was gained for its publication in September, just ten days before his passing.'

My father's first reaction to the publication of these prayers had been a natural feeling of repugnance. 'I do not pray for publication!' he had said to his family with a grim smile. Nevertheless, when he realized how strongly the alumnae felt, he gave his consent, and the little book, edited with such reverence and affection, has found a place not only in the hearts of the alumnae, but of many not connected with Smith College.

One opens the book at random and the characteristic themes appear. 'Thou hast breathed into our souls thy spirit, so that we may respond to the great love wherewith thou hast loved us, that we may not live like the brutes which perish but as the children of love. Help us to feel thy presence continually and through these services may we receive the fulness of thy love.' Another begins, on a spring morning: 'O Lord, thou

great Creator, who has made everything beautiful in its season and hast given to each season a beauty of its own, we offer unto thee our praise and our adoration. Thou art more beautiful than all thy works and thou art revealing unto us a beauty greater than eye hath seen or ear hath heard or the heart of man hath conceived. Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; let it enter into our souls that we may be transformed into thine image and that we may manifest in our words and deeds a life that is hid in thee.' Prayers for peace, for charity, for the knowledge of truth are frequent. 'Fill with thy love the lonely place thy providence has caused in any heart' was a phrase all alumnae will remember.

'He was able,' says one letter, 'to gather up into a few choice, simple words the common needs of the young souls around him and to lay them before the Source of all help in a fashion I have never heard equalled.' [1] 'We shall never forget his wonderful prayers,' writes another, 'or the hymns which were his favorites and which were a commentary on his life.' [2] Mrs. Brown of the first class is sure that 'to none could he be so dear as to the little band who were the first to come to him. We had the prophet who wrestled with God at morning prayers and revealed to us as from some peak the scope of the task before him and us. I was one of the first to go forth from morning prayers in a state of exaltation, but it has since been the unforgettable experience of a multitude of young women. We knew by heart his favorite hymns, and all my life I have been singing to myself,

'"Hark the seabird
Wildly wheeling

[1] Letter from Ellen W. Clarke.

[2] Letter from Minnie Barton Foote.

Through the skies.
God attends him,
God defends him
When he cries."'

This hymn does not appear in the later books, but the early classes will remember it, for President Seelye's favorite hymns are a part of the heritage treasured by his alumnae. He had a strong sense of the appropriateness of a hymn for a day or an occasion. The selection for each morning was made with careful thought. Certain hymns like 'The spacious firmament on high' were sung only on brilliant, sunny days. Others were kept for stormy days, like,

'The Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will.'

A constant favorite was:

'O worship the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love.'

Another similar favorite was:

'Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.'

At examination time, or when courage was particularly needed, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' or, 'The Son of God goes forth to war,' were stimulating, and in the dull parts of the term, the students were reminded that

'The common round, the trivial task
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To lead us daily nearer God.'

He knew what the students sang well. When there were distinguished guests at chapel, he took pains to give out a hymn to which they would respond with

spirit and enthusiasm. He knew they were fond of 'Hark, hark, my soul, angelic strains are swelling,' and that it was one of those they sang best, so it became his custom to announce it for the last chapel at Commencement time, until it acquired a place sacred to that day and now brings a lump to the throat of many an alumna.

As religion was a necessary and instinctive part of President Seelye's being, so devotion to his church was a natural and important element in his life. In the old-fashioned sense, he was 'a pillar of the church.' He invariably was present and he expected his entire family to be present at church every Sunday morning. Only actual illness kept any of the family from walking in demure procession down Main Street to the First Congregational Church — weather or weariness were not to be considered. Dinner at one o'clock was carefully arranged so that the maids could go to their high mass. Cold turkey in winter and cold roast beef in summer were unvarying, and whoever first came into the house from church was expected to put the potatoes into the oven for baking. Even on the morning of Baccalaureate Sunday, when the rest of the family availed itself of a unique exception and loafed at home because of the service in the afternoon, President Seelye never failed to be in his accustomed place, erect and alone in the family pew. 'His coming and presence were something of an event to one minister at least,' says Dr. Clapp, 'for he brought the dignity and consecration of a man of God into the House of Prayer. One looked at the Jonathan Edwards tablet as a commanding memorial of the masterful presence of the greatest in our past, and one saw in Dr. Seelye the living embodiment of the best in that austere and noble heritage.' [1]

[1] Memorial sermon by the Rev. Richard H. Clapp.

His attendance at the weekly prayer meeting was not as uniform, but he went frequently and generally was ready to take part in the service. He often helped with the Sunday morning service, preaching when there was no supply, assisting with the communion service or with the baptism of children. As late as June, 1923, he baptized fourteen children, giving also the prayer and benediction. He was the leading member of the most important committees, and at times when the pulpit was vacant, not only was the selection of a new minister left chiefly to him, but it was he who procured the supply for each Sunday of the interim. For more than fifty years, the church turned to him for important decisions and depended upon him in countless ways. Ministers came and went, but L. Clark Seelye always was on hand, ready to give counsel, time, strength, money.

Devoted as he was to the business as well as the religious interests of the church, nevertheless the purely social side of church life did not appeal to him. The modern development of the institutional church was contrary to his conservative instincts, as were the various modern customs which he saw creeping into the service. The introduction of the individual communion cups gave him at first real pain, as did the vested choir, although when he saw that such innovations were the wish of the majority, he withdrew his opposition.

'It was characteristic of him,' says Dr. Clapp, 'that only the primary major interests of the church appealed to him in any wise, and that he largely ignored all incidental methods and objects. I suspect that he had a lurking contempt for all church activities that appealed to the lesser motives for interest in the church and loyalty to it, and he heartily disdained any doubt-

ful or vulgarizing methods. To him religion was too lofty and serious a matter to be trifled with, and needed nothing beyond its own greatest appeal to commend itself to all honest and thoughtful people. So his religion and its constant expression through the church disciplined to high ends his native capacity for energetic, constructive, creative living.'

One sees the influence of his Puritan ancestry in this loyalty to his church and unquestioning devotion to its interests. This manifested itself naturally in many other ways; in his passion for justice and self-sacrifice, in the directness and simplicity of his thought, in his often grave and aloof demeanor. Notwithstanding this unmistakable heritage, however, his actual faith and conduct were the result of his own philosophy of religion. He had certain fixed beliefs which he never changed. In his perception of morality he was a rationalist. He believed in the eternal immutability of moral laws, in an intrinsic goodness and fitness of things independent of man's thoughts; that things are right or wrong regardless of the judgment we may pass upon them. 'There are certain laws of right and wrong action,' he used to say, 'which are as immutable as the rising of the sun and the going down thereof.' He believed with Butler that vice is contrary to the nature and reason of things. 'Liberty,' he declared, 'is obedience to law, and right conduct gives freedom.' These convictions he was ready to proclaim when occasion called for them, but he did not preach them often, trusting to the thought of God's love to accomplish more than philosophy.

He was ready to speak what was in his heart, if his listener were in sympathy, no matter what the time or place. No subject was too lofty for any occasion if it could be received in the spirit in which it was given. A

friend tells of meeting him at a crowded reception, when he, knowing that she had suffered, began to speak of the things of the spirit. With the crowd surging and pressing on all sides, he stood quietly talking of the love of God and the power of Christ to help, unconscious of everything but her need. He was ever ready to bring God to those about him, but he did this with a simplicity and ingenuousness which caused his hearer to receive the word with like simplicity.

The closing words of Dr. Clapp's memorial sermon make a fitting end to this chapter which has tried to present the religious side of the life of this man of God — if one may speak of a religious side of a life pervaded by religion: 'In that surpassing vision of eternal life with which Dante concluded his pilgrimage through the universe of spiritual reality, the redeemed and triumphant society of heaven is represented in the form of a great white rose whose petals are the spirits of just men made perfect, suffused in an ineffable glory of eternal light and love. Here are gathered out of all time and places those valiant spirits who have fought the good fight of faith and laid hold on eternal life. It is easy to think of L. Clark Seelye in this glorious fellowship for he lived out his years in time in the high faith and ardent expectation of one whose citizenship was in heaven and whose concern was to shape the things of earth according to the heavenly pattern.'

CHAPTER XVII

PRESIDENT EMERITUS

THE last Commencement of President Seelye's active service was approached with reluctance and a certain amount of dread by all connected with the college. It was inevitable that the pain of parting should be deep, and expression of emotion was a difficult thing in New England — yet such expression could not be withheld. The devotion to the outgoing president was, as Miss Jordan said, 'an attachment almost clamorous in its ardor.'

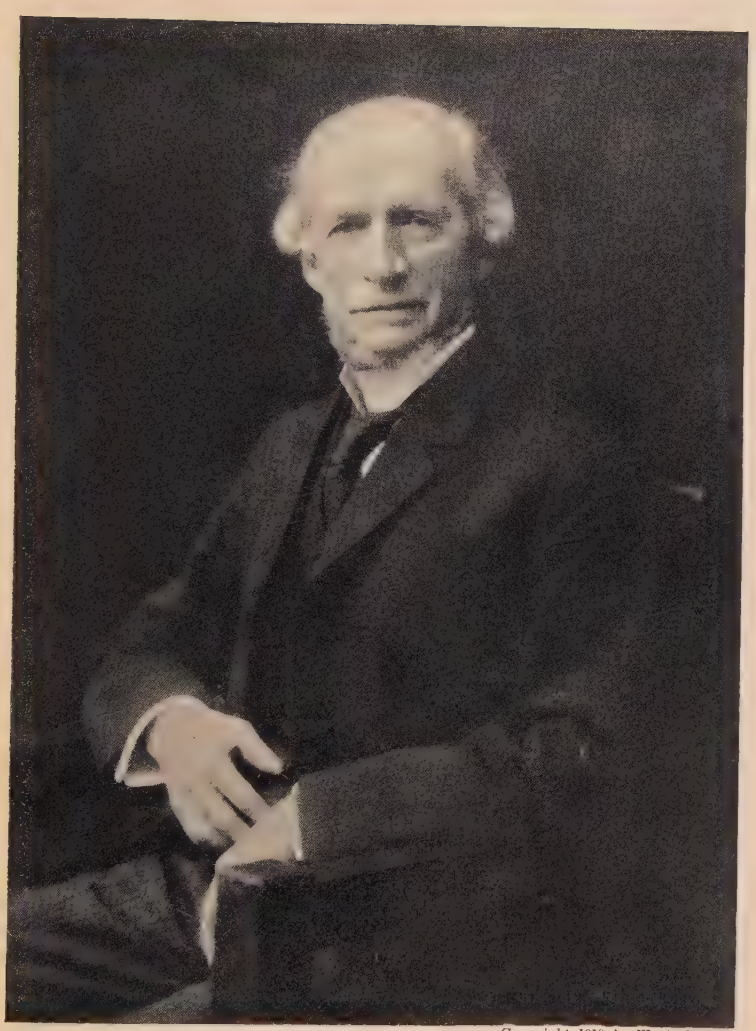
At the request of the alumnae, a special valedictory meeting was arranged, faculty and trustees joining eagerly in preparing for this rare opportunity for utterance of what was in their hearts. Alumnae came from far and near. Not only those whose classes were to hold reunions, but all who could make the journey, crowded to Northampton for a last sight of the beloved president as head of their alma mater. The exercises in commemoration of his thirty-seven years of service were held in the new auditorium, John M. Greene Hall, on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 14, 1910. The large hall, which had seemed so spacious as it was being built, was filled to overflowing with those who came to pay tribute to the vigorous retiring president of seventy-two years.

The occasion was full of repressed emotion. Each one understood what every one else was feeling, but all knew that no undue expression of sentiment would be pleasing to the man who sat there controlled and grave to the point of austerity. Nevertheless the out-

standing feature of the exercises was a deep and genuine affection which pervaded everything that was said. It was no perfunctory farewell gesture but a spontaneous overflow from the heart, an expression of personal devotion accompanying the reverence and honor which were his natural right. 'Each brought what was in heart and hand,' says Miss Jordan in her preface to the published record. 'The presence in each contribution of certain clearly struck notes is therefore significant and interesting. Three things they all show that the man they praised possessed — sympathy, power, inspiration. They naturally assign differing values and importance in his administration to these personal qualities of his, but each recognizes them. And most of all, in his own highly distinguished and spiritually candid response, appear the same traits. . . . In this as in most formal expressions, there was more than met the eyes or ears. There was between the lines and in the pauses, memory, hope, regret — in short, a deal of heart, and for even this pieced-together and inadequate effort at expression, all who shared in it were the better and happier, even though the President's invincible modesty and habitual reserve had been for the once disregarded!'[1]

The presiding officer, Dr. Arthur L. Gillett, announced on behalf of the trustees that the board had conferred on President Seelye the title of President Emeritus. The words which preceded this announcement struck the note which was heard throughout the exercises. 'It is not for me at this time to recite that which he has done for the enlargement or the prosperity or the name or the fame of Smith College. And yet some things we would avow. We know that during these years he has conquered by his great sagacity

[1] Mary A. Jordan, preface to the *Exercises of the Valedictory Meeting.*



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THE RETIRING PRESIDENT
1910

the intellectual allegiance of us all. We are conscious that he has enslaved our imaginations by his high ideals. We feel that he has won to himself by his consummate efficiency our unswerving admiration. Best of all and highest of all, we rejoice that by his winsome personality he has made our hearts his captives. It is, Mr. President, our great privilege to-day, as those who owe much of loyal allegiance to a superior power, to lay before you our tribute. A tribute indeed of words and only words, and yet meant at least to convey something of the pride we feel in the dignity of this ennobling subjugation to your love.'[1]

The same personal affection was evident in the short addresses from representatives of the first and the last classes graduated under President Seelye, 1879 and 1910; in the poem written and read by Anna Hempstead Branch of the class of 1897; in the greeting from the faculty delivered by Professor Henry M. Tyler; in the letter from Dr. John M. Greene; in the greeting from the trustees delivered by Dr. John B. Clark; and in the resolutions drawn up by the trustees and read by Dr. Clark. In speaking of these resolutions, Dr. Clark said: 'There is one thing which is incorporated into the address I am about to read. It could not be adequately incorporated in written words and scarcely in spoken words. I hope you will read it between the lines, for it is there. It is the wealth of personal regard, of profound respect and abiding affection which not four years merely, but almost ten times four of intimate association has created in the minds and hearts of the Trustees of this College.'[2]

An illuminated copy of these resolutions, on vellum bound in leather, with a silver monogram, was presented to President Seelye, and their content is prized

[1] *Exercises of the Valedictory Meeting*, p. 2. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 32.

by his family; perhaps most of all their closing words: 'As the present representatives of the Board of Trust which for these thirty-five years has coöperated with you, and as those who have personally witnessed the growth of the institution and what influences have shaped it, we are gratified to record the extent of the debt that it owes to you, its first and thus far its only President. We would testify to the abiding affection which you have inspired in its graduates, its officers and its friends, and would express our hope that the results of your past labors, as you see them made manifest in the continuing work of the College, may lend to your later years a happiness which will reward the care and toil of the earlier years. In common with the members of your family and the wide circle of your friends we shall find a particular pleasure in tracing future successes in a large measure to you; for though the burdens of the coming period will not rest on your shoulders, a share of its achievements will inevitably be yours. In the momentous hour which terminates your active direction of the work of the College we rejoice with you and for you in the thought that nothing can ever terminate either that work itself or your own connection with it.' [1]

President Seelye had stood with head slightly bowed during the reading of the resolutions. Manifestly much moved, he began, speaking very slowly: 'Members of the Board of Trustees, Members of the Faculty, Alumnae, Students and Friends: My heart is altogether too full to utter in fitting language a proper response to these gracious words to which I have listened. I feel, also that I ought not to trespass longer upon your patience and your endurance by any reply that I can make. I have been somewhat troubled in listening to

[1] *Exercises of the Valedictory Meeting*, p. 36.

these addresses by the contrast between that charming picture which has been drawn before you, and the picture, which I have in my inner consciousness, of the man who has struggled so often with doubt and despondency, who has so often been discouraged in his administration, who has so often lamented his mistakes. I am probably more amazed than any one here present at the growth of Smith College, for I feel how much more that growth means than is represented in any personal ability which I may possess. . . .

'I remember reading not long ago in one of Phillips Brooks's letters the statement, "Success makes a man humble," and I am sure that is my experience to-day. I never felt so sincerely humble as in the presence of this assembly of the graduates and students of Smith College, in the presence of these trustees and in the presence of my peers among the faculty. . . .'[1]

The address proceeds to give credit to other men and other causes for the success of Smith College; such as the favorable moment at which the college was started; the advantage of its position in Northampton; the high quality of the trustees selected by Miss Smith; the benefactors who had come forward to help the college; and the generosity, efficiency and devotion of the alumnae. All this was thoroughly characteristic and many in the audience had heard him say similar things before. They were not prepared, however, for the following: 'I have been most unspeakably indebted also to that high ideal of womanly virtue, intelligence and character which I have been permitted to see exemplified from my earliest childhood to the present time in my homes. Looking at that ideal from day to day I could not doubt the value of womanly dignity and refinement, nor could I doubt the intellectual

[1] *Exercises of the Valedictory Meeting*, p. 38.

capacity of woman for the highest vocation. In my experience those words in the Book of Proverbs have been verified: "Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."' [1] This tribute to the mother and the wife of the president met with immediate applause from an audience which loved and reverenced the wise and gentle woman who sat quietly listening to all that was said, her heart filled with pride and thanksgiving.

President Seelye closed his speech and his administration as follows: 'It is therefore with no feeling of discouragement that I resign the helm to a younger hand, but with joyful expectation that the administration which succeeds mine will be more richly blessed than mine has been; and that the college will make greater progress during the next generation than it has in the past. . . .'

Many eyes were misty as he continued: 'And so now I speak to you for the last time as the official Head of Smith College — henceforth, I understand I am to be called President Emeritus. I do not exactly know what duties the title with which I have been honored by the trustees may impose. If it be the idea of the title that I shall continue as President Emeritus to feel the deepest interest in the welfare of the college and to be ready to give it, when needed, the benefit of my experience, I shall be delighted to accept the obligation. As I bid you farewell, it is with no feeling of gloom or sadness, but with gratitude that the college has been so richly blessed in the past: — that in you I can see my crown and my rejoicing; and that in the future I can hope for the full accomplishment of what I have been trying in part to do.

[1] *Exercises of the Valedictory Meeting*, p. 42.

PRESIDENT SEELYE AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-THREE
On the bench presented by the Class of 1883

"'What matters, I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made.

"'Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.'"[1]

Soon after Commencement Mr. and Mrs. Seelye, with their daughter Henrietta, moved into their new house on Round Hill. During the past few years there had been much deliberation of the question of the best location for the home after retirement. At first it seemed that it might be wiser to live away from Northampton. Each city where a son or daughter dwelt had been seriously considered. Yet thirty-five years of living in one place meant that roots had gone deep into the soil; Northampton always would be home to each one of the family. The decision to build a house and remain there never was regretted.

If the president emeritus missed his connection with the college and his active, full life, he did not admit it. He enjoyed his leisure and freedom. He took a keen interest in the new house and gave vent to his administrative spirit by looking after every detail that concerned it, outside and inside, so that less and less went on without his supervision. Even affairs which belonged within the sphere of the housekeeper, like attending to the provisions, were undertaken by him, and his wife, understanding his need for responsibilities and details to direct, relinquished many of her own activities. He took his walks with the same regularity as before, going downtown soon after breakfast to do the family marketing and to call at post-office or

[1] *Exercises of the Valedictory Meeting*, p. 46.

bank. He had more time for visiting and dropped in frequently to chat with some friend. If he heard of some one who was ill or in trouble, he went immediately to offer sympathy, help and cheer, usually one of the first to bring comfort and solace. As the years passed, he was like a wise Nestor to whom all came for sympathy and advice. His scrupulous discretion was well known, and every one felt safe in casting burdens upon those shoulders whose power to carry the loads of others was never weakened by age.

Naturally it was not possible to continue living near Smith College unconscious of its existence, but with the decision to build a house in Northampton went a firm resolution not to intrude in college affairs; not to give advice unless asked; to forget in present-day matters all former control of the institution. This meant that it was necessary to detach the mind from details that used to occupy it, and to put away from the thoughts much that was taking place. Joined with the necessary self-control, however, there was a sense of genuine relief in the relinquishment of responsibility, even though the old habit of thought persisted for some time. In the fall of 1910, as he was walking downtown with one of his sons, he stopped involuntarily before the new dormitories which were going up on Elm Street — buildings for which he had let the contracts in June. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'they're not doing that roof right, according to the plan!' Then he caught himself and said with a laugh of relief, 'Well, it isn't my responsibility!' and walked on, talking of other things.

In non-administrative affairs of the college he kept his interest until the end. He was an honored guest at all special occasions, and he enjoyed being present at the opening chapel in September, at the Washington's

Birthday celebrations, at the various exercises of Commencement Week. He was a frequent attendant at concerts and lectures in John M. Greene Hall. 'The deference paid him,' writes Miss Fuller, 'always continued in his social contact with the college. He had his seat regularly reserved at vespers and concerts. I remember a humorous incident of a seat being unconsciously reserved for him. When Laurence Binyon was giving a series of lectures at the college, the pressure for seats in a rather small hall became very great. One day, in spite of directions to the contrary, a woman was trying to save a seat for some student. One person after another had sought the seat, only to be refused. Then along came President Seelye and saw the vacant seat. With his usual courteous greeting he said, "Is this seat taken?" The woman began her speech, but it died on her lips before dignity and urbanity personified and, she shrank before him as he passed into the seat. How the amused and delighted spectators in the rear longed to clap!'

As long as L. Clark Seelye was President of Smith College, putting its welfare foremost, Northampton was perhaps a little jealous. Therefore, when he left the campus for his new home on Round Hill the town claimed him as wholly hers. This was manifest in many ways; it appears conspicuously in the speeches at a dinner given in his honor by the Northampton Club, March 28, 1910. Eulogies such as the air was heavy with, that evening, might well have turned a head less inveterately modest. When the guest of honor finally rose, one might have thought that he was appraising some old friend, so dispassionately did he speak of President Seelye, so calmly did he disclaim all praise for him. In the impersonal form of speech which he was fond of using as he grew older he began:

'Were I to follow my own inclination, I should decline to say anything, after all that has been said here tonight of President Seelye. I have known him too long and too well to detract anything from the pleasure I know he must feel at all that has been said. I congratulate him heartily on the high tributes he has received here this evening. Having arrived at an age when our virtues are exaggerated and our failings are overlooked or extenuated, it must all be gratifying to him. I am sorry to be obliged to utter a discordant note or to disturb the complacency with which he has heard what has been said. But I cannot forget the many mistakes and the blunders and the shortcomings which I have noticed in him during our long and intimate acquaintance. I will not detract from the glory which President Seelye has had in his work, but I must say that he has succeeded far better than I supposed he could. In his earlier years he gave no intimation that he would ever succeed in that kind of work. . . . He owes whatever success has come to him to his environment, his helpers and his benefactors. . . .'[1]

During the fourteen years of President Seelye's life on Round Hill, his duties as citizen took much of his time and interest. This hardly could be called a new field of activity, however, for he always had responded loyally to calls from the town. As a staunch Republican he invariably had taken pains to be present at caucuses, primaries, and elections, and he always was interested in city politics. When he came to live in Northampton he immediately became prominent in town meeting. When the village became a city he was one of the framers of the original charter. His assertive personality made him a natural leader in local affairs

[1] *Northampton Daily Herald*, March 29, 1910.

of all kinds. He was a member of the board of directors of the People's Institute, a trustee of the Clark Institute for the Deaf, and served on many temporary boards and in places of trust. He was a member of the first board of superintendents of the Smith Agricultural School, and was chiefly instrumental not only in securing the site for this school, for which provision was made by an early bequest of Sophia Smith's uncle Oliver, but in determining the character of the institution, wisely arranging that it should not duplicate the State Agricultural College which, since Oliver Smith's death, had been established near by in Amherst.

He continued to be a counsellor and leader in all which concerned the town — indeed, as in the management of his home, nothing could go on without his advice, even up to the time of his death. When a chapter of the Red Cross was formed in Northampton, it was he who was its first president. When he was appointed a member of a citizens' advisory committee, in 1910, by Calvin Coolidge, then mayor of Northampton, it was, as usual, he who took the major responsibility. This appointment pleased him, not only because he was glad to serve the town, but because he was glad to work under a man whom he admired and trusted as he did Calvin Coolidge whom he knew well as a co-trustee of the Clark Institute and as a colaboror in various city affairs.

However, it was not his personal regard for a coworker which placed President Seelye on the platform as presiding officer when Calvin Coolidge received the formal notification of his nomination as candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Northampton was delirious with pride as she welcomed the Governor of Massachusetts, on July 27, 1920, at the

vast open air meeting in the recreation field of Smith College. As a matter of course she called him whom she considered her first citizen to represent her on this most glorious occasion in her history. President Seelye was eighty-two at the time, yet his figure was as erect as any on the platform, his voice was as resonant as that of any speaker, and of his introductory address the *Hampshire Gazette* said: 'President Seelye's opening was one of the best things he ever did and should be preserved by people who like to read the best in literature.'

When, the following fall, Northampton again gave vent to its enthusiasm for Coolidge by welcoming him as Vice-President-elect at a crowded meeting in John M. Greene Hall, it was once more President Seelye who presided, and he belied his years by the vigor and felicity of his address. The memorial exercises for President Harding, August 10, 1923, again taxed the capacity of John M. Greene Hall, and again President Seelye, in spite of his eighty-five years, held the multitude, this time his part in the service being the prayer.

Profoundly shocked and grieved as he was by the death of President Harding, he was thrilled and excited by the thought that his young friend Calvin Coolidge would now become President of the United States. His unqualified admiration for the new President was increased by his personal friendship for him; he took the keenest interest in all the accounts of the inauguration, making it the subject uppermost in his mind at the time, and he continued to follow with attention and approval everything that President Coolidge did or said. The fact that Calvin Coolidge was a classmate in Amherst College of President Seelye's youngest son was responsible for the constant

assumption by the aged president emeritus that the President of the United States was still a very young man, an assumption from which he never freed himself. He looked for the best, however, from his young fellow-townsman, nor was he disappointed. His habitual optimism was sometimes tinged with depression as he grew older, especially in contemplating the political situation of the day, but the fulfilment of an early prophecy that Coolidge would one day become President brought back his old hopefulness. Now that Calvin Coolidge was at the helm, the country no longer was going to the dogs, and the last year of L. Clark Seelye's life was made more cheerful by this thought.

Something of the feeling of the town for the president emeritus may be seen in the resolutions adopted after his death by the board of directors of the Northampton Chamber of Commerce: 'The soul of Northampton responded to L. Clark Seelye. It was as if some deep spiritual bond united them. Mr. Seelye understood and loved the city; the city revered and trusted Mr. Seelye. After the long years of association, the best and holiest of our community life was gathered up and made articulate in Mr. Seelye's life. He became the embodiment of Northampton's highest aspirations, the incarnation of the spiritual life of the city. As he walked among us, he expressed in that kindly bearing, the smile of recognition, that dignified carriage, the best within us. And in some mystic way, he united us. The street lost its jealousies as he passed by. As a father brings harmony into his home, so he brought peace and brotherhood into our city. Not only for his greatness of mind, his distinguished leadership, his extraordinary ability, but also for his character and his sheer goodness do we thank the Almighty. He was to us a great spirit, and as a spiritual force his person-

ality must abide forever in the texture of Northampton. Such a life could not but move us to the depths. . . . Thank God for the Christian citizenship of L. Clark Seelye.'

The activities of President Seelye were not confined to Northampton, even after he had passed the limit of threescore years and ten, a limit which hampered his energies amazingly little, although after his eightieth birthday he was in the habit of speaking of himself deprecatingly as an octogenarian. The fourteen years after his retirement were full of business which took him frequently to New York, Boston, Hartford, Springfield, and other places. He was sought as adviser by important corporations. After having been a director of the Holyoke Water Power Company for some years, he was made its vice-president in 1910. For many years he was director of the Glendale Elastic Company of Easthampton. The American Locomotive Company turned to him at a time when a controversy existed among its stockholders and made him chairman of a committee to bring the parties into harmony, a task which he accomplished to the satisfaction of both sides. In spite of advancing years he always made an effort to be present at a meeting of any board on which he sat. To brave a blizzard in order to meet with the Holyoke Water Power Company in Hartford did not trouble him at eighty-four, although the storm was severe enough to keep away several men much younger. Moreover, in addition to attending board meetings, he made a point of being present at stockholders' meetings, and often participated in the discussions.

In August, 1916, he was appointed chairman of a commission to investigate agricultural education at the Massachusetts Agricultural College in Amherst, in

connection with the development of the agricultural resources of the Commonwealth. Work with this commission involved frequent journeys to Boston, drives to Amherst, and visits to county agricultural schools and the agricultural departments of high schools. The report submitted in January, 1918, was, according to the testimony of other members of the committee, largely the work of L. Clark Seelye. Its recommendations and criticisms are clear and helpful and there is no doubt that the State College in Amherst was greatly benefited by the findings.

Within this period falls the last visit to Bethel, undertaken for the occasion of the opening of the new library building in the village. In 1914 the heirs of the Seelye estate presented the old homestead, with several acres of land about it, to the Bethel Free Library, which had been struggling to keep itself afloat since its foundation five years earlier by Miss Maria Parloa of cook-book fame, also a native of the village. Snow and wintry winds did not keep the only surviving one of the Seelye brothers and sisters from travelling alone to his birthplace in order to be present at the dedication of the building on February 12, 1915; nor did the weight of his seventy-seven years burden him, as childhood memories crowded back within the familiar walls. The adaptation of the old home to its new use gave him genuine satisfaction and he was especially pleased with the sympathetic interest and coöperation of the village people, Catholic as well as Protestant.

The bronze tablet presented by him reads: 'This homestead of Seth Seelye and Abigail Taylor Seelye is given to the Town of Bethel by their Children and Grandchildren for a Public Library as a Perpetual Memorial of their Filial Love. Seth Seelye born Feb. 28 1795 Died Mar. 26 1869. Abigail Taylor Seelye

born July 16 1796 Died Nov. 16 1871 Married Oct. 11, 1815. They were Lovers of God and Men and their Supreme and Unfailing Desire was to Promote Whatsoever is Just and Pure and Good.'

Among the activities of these latter years must be mentioned the work on 'The Early History of Smith College, 1871–1910.' In 1913 the trustees of the college had requested President Seelye 'to prepare a history of Smith College from the time Dr. Greene leaves it to the close of his administration.' It was a task undertaken with much reluctance. He says in the preface: 'The request was declined because I did not feel equal to the task, and it was not until the autumn of 1915 that I was persuaded to undertake the work. Had I foreseen how many things would conspire to hinder and to prolong the work, I should have persisted in my declination. The postponement did not lessen the limitations of old age, and the absorbing events of the war made it increasingly difficult and irksome to fix the mind on unrelated subjects. . . . It was difficult to sketch the growth of an institution in which for thirty-seven years *pars magna fui*, without making it more or less of an autobiography. . . . I decided, therefore, to make the history as far as possible impersonal, although conscious in doing so, I should fail to delineate the composite personality that differentiates a college from a business organization, and gives it its most distinctive character and highest value. We may forget what we have been taught; the buildings in which we receive our instruction may be destroyed; but the influence exerted upon us by those with whom we were associated in the intimacy and fellowship of a collegiate family becomes an imperishable part of ourselves that is of superlative worth. If what I have written may revive memories of the most precious things I have not

mentioned, and increase the loyalty of the alumnae to their Alma Mater for what she has done to keep alive and to strengthen the best qualities of mind and heart, I shall feel the work has not been entirely in vain.'

The book, in which the author is mentioned as seldom as possible and always in the third person as Mr. Seelye or President Seelye, is an invaluable record of the first thirty-nine years of the life of Smith College, although its very modesty deprives it of much of the interest that a more personal narrative might have had. Dr. John M. Tyler expresses the opinion of many when he says: 'The worst criticism, and the *true* one, which I made of your father's History of Smith College was that he nowhere admits that for many years he *was* Smith College and so made it. But such an admission or assertion he could not be expected to make, possibly it was obvious to him and needed no statement. I hope so.' [1]

The book was published in May, 1923.[2] President Seelye insisted that the copyright be transferred to the college so that any profits from the book might go to the fund for increasing salaries of professors which the alumnae were raising at that time.

Those serene and peaceful years on Round Hill were not, then, unfruitful, in spite of an ever-so-gradual loss of strength and an imperceptible slackening of interest, hardly noticeable until the eightieth birthday was reached. Even after this birthday, one had to separate the years by a decade to be sure there was a change. Such a decade intervened between the two intimate family festivals which came within this period, the fiftieth and sixtieth wedding anniversaries of Laurenus Clark Seelye and Henrietta Chapin Seelye.

[1] Letter from John M. Tyler.

[2] *The Early History of Smith College, from 1873 to 1910.* Houghton Mifflin Company.

There was a 'prelude' to the Golden Wedding in the summer of 1913, when the entire family was gathered on a little island on the coast of Maine and the thirteen grandchildren were included in the celebration. That day left a precious memory, as did the day of the real celebration, on November 17 of the same year, when only two generations were present, the beloved father and mother and the five married couples of their sons and daughters. In the evening, as the family was grouped in happy intimacy about the bride and groom, the strains of 'Alma Mater' sounded from the lawn. Hundreds of girls were gathered before the house in the starlight, singing to the president emeritus and Mrs. Seelye. For a few moments he stood at the window with his arm around the little bride, lovely with her white hair and silvery gown. Then from the porch he greeted the girls, speaking of the love that glorifies our human lives and giving one of his exquisite tributes to the wife to whom he owed so much of all that had come to him of happiness and success.

Again at the sixtieth wedding anniversary the sons and daughters met to celebrate; again the day was bright with messages and flowers; again the students trooped up the hill at dusk and sang to bride and groom, and the little bride, sweet and frail, stood smiling at the window while the groom, venerable but erect, spoke on the porch to the girls who listened with tears streaming down their faces while he told them of the love that lasts through years and into eternity.

In both bride and groom this anniversary emphasized various signs of loss in the decade passed, though these did not alter their happiness and serenity. In spite of the growing frailty of the wife, she never lost her humor, her delicacy, nor her little housewifely ways; nor did her husband's exquisite thoughtfulness

COMING DOWN THE LINE

THE GOLDEN WEDDING, 1913

for her grow less, nor his cheerfulness nor his courage. One sees his slight form walking through the town, straight and soldierly; one sees him enjoying the little granddaughters growing up in his home; one sees him interested in each item of news which comes from any of his absent children and grandchildren; one sees him on a summer evening strolling through the deserted campus, his cane tapping slowly along the pavement, his mind interested in every detail, noting every change, cherishing every tree and stone, quoting to his companion, pensively yet proudly, 'Pars magna fui.'

One sees him at Commencement time when the affection and devotion of his 'beloved alumnae' make the president emeritus the centre of each event. His figure is erect as he walks down the hill between the two rows of alumnae drawn up on Ivy Day for this cherished glimpse, grown dearer with each passing year. One catches something of the feeling of these graduates old and young, as they await this brief moment of greeting. It is a feeling of which one cannot miss the significance as one reads the reports of different Commencement seasons during this period. The following from the *Quarterly* of 1919 is characteristic of the attitude of the alumnae: 'And as we waited and flung our songs across to our opposites, President Seelye came down the lines with dignified and courtly grace and gave us greeting. It was more than that, it was a benediction, and something dimmed our vision and got into our throats as we tried to sing the old song, "Here's to President Seelye for we love him very dearly."' [1]

Another report, chosen from many similar, contains this in 1923: 'And then came the crowning event of all the happy morning — President Seelye came down the lines. . . . We regret as much as you do that we could

[1] *Smith Alumnae Quarterly*, July, 1919, p. 336.

not get his picture as, hat in hand, with that courtly dignity and grace, he walked erect and slow, looking into the faces of each one of us with an affection that is one of the dearest possessions of us all. . . .'[1]

At his last Commencement in June, 1924, Ivy Day was cold and rainy, but threatening weather did not hold back the aged president emeritus, and the *Quarterly* declared, 'Those of us who were privileged to see his smile on that June day felt that that moment was the rarest in all Commencement.'[2] Reports of class reunions for that Commencement contained words like these: 'No one in '89 disputed the peak of the thirty-fifth reunion — it was the moment when our beloved President Seelye appeared at the door of the Inn where we sat at the class supper.'[3] From the class of '04: 'Word came to us that President Seelye, in spite of the misty air, would give us his accustomed greeting. As he walked down between our long rows, not even the least emotional of us was ashamed of the lump in her throat. To have seen once more his smile and to have been favored with his gallant and beautiful bow would have been enough alone to make our reunion priceless.'[4]

Frail and venerable he looked as he stood to give the invocation at the graduating exercises on June 17, but the figure had not lost much of its erectness nor the voice much of its resonance, as he offered the prayer which was printed in the *Quarterly* with the remark: 'We alumnae can think of no gift of God vouchsafed to our homecoming more precious than the privilege of hearing President Seelye pray for this college, and for its graduates, and for this great company of seniors.'[5]

[1] *Smith Alumnae Quarterly*, July, 1923, p. 408.
[2] *Ibid.*, July, 1924, p. 442.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 457.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 461.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 445.

His speech at the Alumnae Assembly, on the afternoon of the same day, had much of the old energy and strength: 'Beloved Alumnae, my joy and crown! On the seventeenth of June, 1873, in a back room of the Smith Charities, I was elected President of Smith College. This is therefore my presidential birthday. And as on birthdays we look back to see what life has been, so on this birthday I am filled with reminiscences. Fifty-one years ago, Smith College was mainly visionary. . . .' Then follows a short sketch of the early days. 'May I say on my fifty-first presidential anniversary that to few men, I think, has the privilege been granted of seeing their visions fulfilled as mine have been. . . . These visions of my first birthday which have been more than realized may serve as an encouragement for the realization of your fondest hopes for the college of the future. In this progressive life of the higher education of women we may say there is nothing too good to be true. I look forward to increasing power, to increasing usefulness on the part of the college; and to-day I wait to hear again from the President and from the alumnae of what Smith College has done in the past and of what Smith College is likely to do in the future. And so I bid you once more an affectionate farewell, and give you also a word of good cheer.' [1]

Even among the undergraduates, few of whom had ever spoken to him, the tradition of reverence and affection persisted, handed down from class to class. When they streamed up the hill, hundreds strong, to sing to him on his birthday, or on May-Day morning, or the last evening of the term before Christmas, who of them but would cherish the memory of that benign presence as he came out on the porch to greet them? The feeling of the undergraduate body was expressed

[1] *Smith Alumnae Quarterly*, July, 1924, p. 447.

by one of them in the *Smith College Weekly* of October 15, 1924, following his death: 'Much of the material and spiritual endowment of the College which was President Seelye's creation we accept as a matter of course. It has become a commonplace to us. But President Seelye's presence could never become a commonplace. . . . Even to meet him on the street was an event. Out of the throng of everyday persons one saw him coming, with a swinging stride which could belong to no one else, a slender figure, a notable head with clear-cut features and almost always a touch of ruddy color in the cheeks. Nothing could be more simple or unpretentious, but any girl included in the sweep of his courtly, old-fashioned greeting straightened up and felt as if she had been presented at court. Freshmen whose alumnae mothers had taken them to see President Seelye felt themselves and were regarded by others as marked out from the throng. And on high days and great occasions of the College, no matter how careful the preparations, the real touch of grandeur was missing without the presence of President Seelye. . . . Perhaps we have had one thing which the older alumnae missed, a gracious presence unhampered by the petty problems of our daily life and therefore wholly free for the great and universal things. . . . One of President Seelye's gifts was the inspiration of reverence. He felt it himself; he called it out in others. And the reverence which the student body felt for him was shot through and through with real affection.'

Perhaps Miss Cutler gives the real secret of this affection when she says, 'Smith College is the outward expression of his strong and symmetrical soul. It was wonderful how the students responded to his spirit up to the very end of his life. It was youth calling to youth.'

PRESIDENT EMERITUS
About 1922

CHAPTER XVIII

THE LAST SLEEP

On a golden Sunday morning, the 12th of October, 1924, one of the best loved of men fell asleep. He was found lying peacefully with a smile upon his lips when they went to waken him. The days till then had been as usual; the quiet drive on the previous afternoon with the beloved companion of nearly sixty-one years, through the bright autumn woods on the side of Mount Tom; in the evening a little weariness, and toward morning the heart stopped beating. No one of those who would miss him most could wish it otherwise.

His long life had been a happy one. For several years he had been ready to depart; he had hoped to be spared the rigors of another winter; he had even said that he wished he might go in October. He was only waiting, he had declared, for his boat which was long overdue. On a recent birthday he had quoted with a smile the psalmist's words, 'With long life will I satisfy thee!' and with a half laugh, half sob, he had added, throwing out both hands, 'O Lord, I am satisfied!' A quick and sudden passing from this world to the next had always appealed to him as most desirable; he never failed to speak wistfully of such a transit when it was vouchsafed to another. In a letter of 1917 there is this postscript: 'Dr. S—— was found peacefully sleeping his last sleep in his bed this morning. May I be granted as peaceful a death!' Thus, in spite of the sorrow that we should see his face no more, there was the sense of fulfilment, of thankfulness unto the Lord that the end had come as he would have wished.

A hush and awe fell upon the mild and tranquil day as the news spread quickly through the town and college. In the town he would be sorely missed; rich and poor would want his words of counsel, his coöperation, his kindly greeting. In the college few of the hundreds of students knew him personally, but the tradition of affection for the president emeritus was extraordinary. Only a few weeks earlier he had welcomed the returning classes by his presence at the opening chapel exercises. Most of the students were familiar with his straight, frail figure as it passed up and down the streets or through the campus. All knew that he was 'Our beloved President Seelye.' It was fourteen years since he had relinquished the guidance of the college which he had created, but his thoughts and affection had been constantly with it; his influence and ideals pervaded its atmosphere; his spirit was felt by undergraduates, faculty and alumnae. With his passing something rare and never to be replaced had gone and the college began a new chapter.

To the alumnae it was like the loss of a father. His face had been what they had hoped to see when they returned at Commencement or during the year. Now all over the country they were thinking of him. Many Smith Clubs held services of their own at the time of the funeral, and every alumna who could take the journey came to Northampton. Mrs. Cone, of the first class, who came down from Vermont, writes thus of the effect of the news upon her: 'We heard of it early on the Monday morning, that he had gone in his sleep. It did not make me sad — how could it? It was so beautiful and so fitting an end to his beautiful old age. But I was utterly absorbed by thoughts of him and of what Smith College had meant to me and mine. For the first time in my life I was unconscious of what was

going on about me. . . . I was thinking, thinking of my youth and of him as a young man, and of the years of wonderful growth and development and of all the times I had been at the college. When we arrived I felt simply dissolved in emotion.'

College buildings were draped and classes suspended on Wednesday, the day of the funeral service. In the town all shops were closed and shades drawn during the time of the service and flags were everywhere at half mast in honor of him who so long had been Northampton's first citizen. Telegrams, messages and masses of flowers poured into the home, and in all the multitudes of tributes, from the humblest to the most elaborate, the note of affection was predominant. It was a personal bereavement.

President Seelye had expressed the wish that, when the time came, his funeral might take the form of a college service in John M. Greene Hall, and thus it was. In the morning, as the *Quarterly* reported to the alumnae waiting to hear, 'the body of our beloved President lay in state in the hall, so that his friends might come in to pay him their last respects. It was not a place of depression and sadness, but a temple filled with great dignity and beauty. There were flowers everywhere, the organ played softly and a guard of students in white stood reverently near. It was as though President Seelye were indeed sleeping in the place he held most dear.' [1]

In the afternoon all gathered in the same hall for the service which seemed more like a last vespers than a funeral. The atmosphere of a college service was intensified by the hymns sung by the full college choir which discarded its black robes and appeared in the white he always liked. The first hymn, 'Jerusalem the

[1] *Smith Alumnae Quarterly*, November, 1924, p. 4.

golden, with milk and honey blest,' was one of his favorites; the second was the one always sung at the closing chapel exercise of the college year, 'Hark, hark, my soul, angelic strains are swelling'; the last, 'Sing with all the sons of glory, sing the resurrection song,' was not as familiar to the college and few knew that it was sung at the particular request of President Seelye or that it was full of poignant memories for his family. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony had always been a peculiar favorite of his wife and it had come to stand for moments of deep family feeling. On Easter Sunday of 1895, his son and daughter had sung this hymn in church, set to the music of the Ninth Symphony. They had sung it with sheer joy and had continued to sing it all the day. The next day that son was dead. At his funeral this hymn was sung and again the following Sunday at the college vesper service. A few months later, at the daughter's wedding the music from the Ninth Symphony was played at her request. It had long been understood in the family that this resurrection hymn should be sung when the time came for the father to be taken.

Not only the hymns but the prayer brought back visions of President Seelye on that day. The prayer which Dr. Neilson offered was one chosen from the collection mentioned in a foregoing chapter. Although it was one of the unstudied petitions delivered by President Seelye at vespers in 1910, it was so fitting for the occasion and its characteristic phraseology was so familiar that it seemed as if the dead president must have had some prophetic instinct when he gave it. It seems not unsuitable to repeat it here:

'O God, thou great Creator, by whom every thing was made that is made, and who hast made every thing beautiful in its season and who art more beau-

tiful than all thy works, we adore and worship thee. Thou changest the times and the seasons, but thy love is changeless and exhaustless. Thou art ready to hear thy children when they cry unto thee in sorrow as well as in joy. We thank thee for every way in which thou leadest us. We thank thee for all these numberless blessings which thou art granting unto us from day to day; for all thy means of grace. Thou art ever calling unto all thy children, not willing that any should perish but that all should love thee and draw near unto thee. Thou art seeking means to bind men more closely unto thyself. Come, thou spirit of life and light and enter into our souls and transform us by thy wondrous power, that we may be new creatures and be regenerated in hope and love. Thou knowest our hearts; bless us according to thy knowledge and thine abounding grace. Wilt thou satisfy the need of every soul here in thy presence, giving peace where there is unrest, giving light where there is darkness, giving comfort where there is sorrow, lifting up those that are bowed down, succouring those that are greatly tried and tempted, that they may be more than conquerors over every spiritual foe, through the greatness of thy love. Visit the homes that are in sorrow. Fill, we beseech thee, the lonely place which thy providence has caused in any heart. We thank thee for thy love which is stronger than death, which teaches us to look not on the things which are seen but on the things which are unseen, assuring us that thou art ever round about thy children, that thou dost never leave them, and that thou dost give unto us the hope that we shall at last see thee even as thou seest us, and shall be united again in thy love. Our prayer is unto thee, O God, our life and helper and our constant joy. Give unto us the consciousness of thy presence here in the midst of us.

Revive our hope and our faith and through this service may our souls find a pathway to thyself, that we may go from this place with a stronger determination to live a pure life and dedicate ourselves to thy service and do thy will wherever we go. And to thy name be the praise and the glory for ever. Amen.' [1]

A short address by Dr. Neilson, followed by the resurrection hymn, brought the simple exercises to a fitting end. President Neilson endeared himself more than ever to all who listened to him that afternoon. Of an address of which every word was perfect, these were the closing phrases: 'That gallant figure we shall see no more along our paths and under our elms. He has gone to the rest for which he longed and which he so richly earned. But think not that Clark Seelye's work is over. He is with those immortal dead who live again in lives made better by their presence. As long as our chapel bell rings for morning prayers, as long as our classrooms are thronged with eager youth, as long into the future as our dim eyes can see, the spirit of the great first President will pervade the life of Smith College.'

[1] *Prayers of a College Year*, pp. 79–81.

THE END

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Rhees

B SEELYE, L.
Rhees, Harriet Chapin
Seelye.
Laurenus Clark Seelye, first
president of Smith College

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